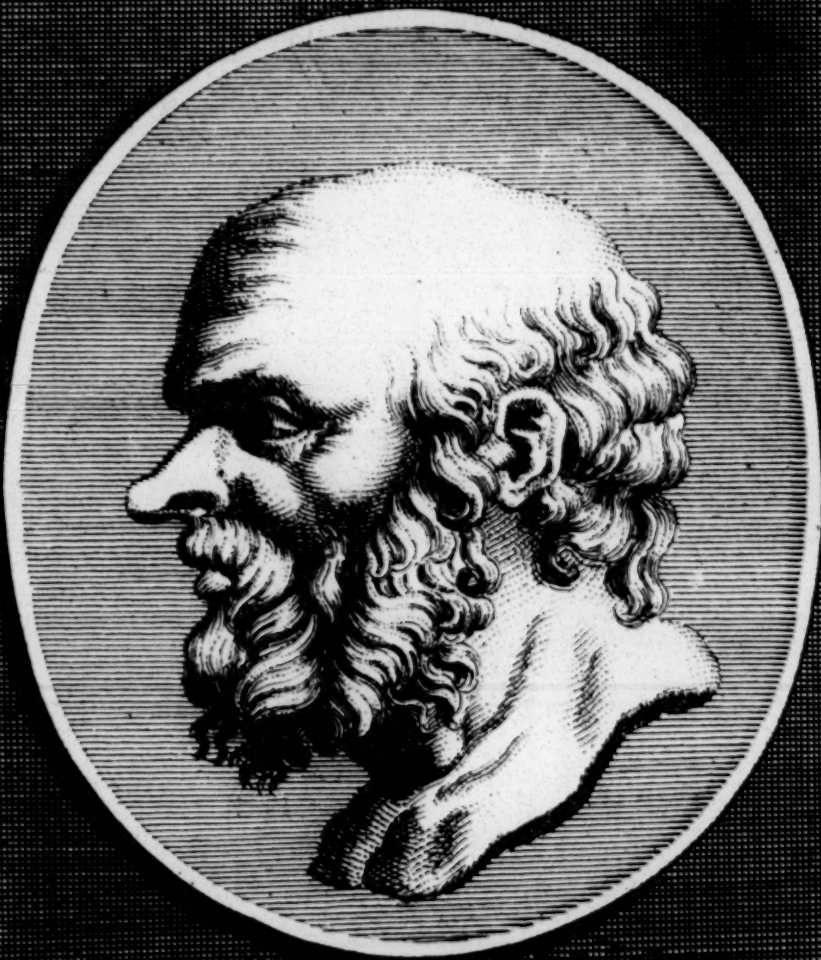




S O C R A T E S.

Apud Leon. Augustinum in gemma.

M. P. G. de Sade.

THE
WORKS
OF
PLATO

ABRIDGED.

With an Account of
His LIFE, PHILOSOPHY,
MORALS, and POLITICKS.

Together with a TRANSLATION of his
choicest DIALOGUES, viz.

Of { *What one ought to do.*
Immortality of the Soul.
Valour.
Philosophy.

THE THIRD EDITION.

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T H E
I N T R O D U C T I O N
T O
S O C R A T E S'S A P O L O G Y.



IN *Eutyphron* we saw how *Socrates* attack'd the Superstition of the *Athenians* and Plurality of their Gods, by exposing the Ridiculousness of the Fable, with which their Divinity was stuff'd; and by that means endeavouring to bring 'em to the Knowledge of the true God. They were a People devoted to Idolatry, and always upon their Guard against Innovations; witness the *Acts of the Apostles*; where we see the *Athenians*, who were disturb'd at the Preaching of *St. Paul*, cry'd out, *He seemeth to be a Setter-forth of strange Gods*. Now a People thus dispos'd could not but be alarm'd by a Doctrine so opposite to their Errors. But that was not the first Spring of their Hatred of *Socrates*. The Vertue and
Vol. II. A 2 generous

generous Liberty of that wise Man, procur'd him many secret Enemies, who, in order to get rid of a publick Cenfor, that always twitted them with their Vices, decry'd him underhand, as being an impious Fellow that meddled with suspected Sciences, and taught the Way of promoting Injustice. *Aristophanes* was the most serviceable Instrument in spreading that Calumny. His Comedy of the Clouds had such an absolute Influence upon the People, that it mov'd them to receive the Accusation brought against this Philosopher more than twenty Years after, branding him for a profligate Wretch that introduc'd new Deities. The Cause being formally brought to a Trial, *Socrates* was obliged to appear before his Judges, and answer those two sorts of Accusers. 'Twas above all upon this Occasion, as being the last Act of his Life, that he admirably kept up the Character of an ancient Philosopher, endow'd with a divine Spirit, and a consummate Wisdom ; who never did an unadvis'd Action, nor spoke so much as one Word amiss. Even Death itself, when threaten'd and presented to his View, could not oblige him to depart one Minute from the Paths of Vertue and Justice. He speaks downright of his Innocence, and does not stoop to the cowardly base methods of begging Votes, that were then in use. He employs neither the Artifice nor Varnish of human Eloquence : he has no recourse to Supplications and Tears ; he does not bring his Wife and Children to soften the Judges with their Groans and Lamentations. His Defence does not favour of any thing that's cringing, cowardly, base or little. His Discourse is high, masculine, generous, and becoming the Liberty of a Philosopher. He gave in his Defences with so much Plainness and Simplicity, that some of the Ancients took Occasion from thence to say, that he did not clear himself of the Charge. 'Tis true he did not speak as Persons upon their Tryal us'd to do. He contented himself with speaking to the Judges as he us'd to do in common Discourse, and with proposing some Questions to his Accusers. So that his Part was rather a familiar Discourse, than a study'd Harangue, which did not suit with his Genius. However,
even

even this his careless *Apology* was true and to the purpose. *Plato*, who was then present, afterwards gather'd it into a Body : and without adding any thing to the Truth, form'd it into a Discourse, set off with an Eloquence almost Divine ; which, to my Mind, does infinitely surpass all the Masterpieces of that Nature yet known. No other Work can shew so much Candor and Ingenuity, join'd with so much Force. But, after all, the most admirable thing in his Discourse is not its Eloquence, but the fine Sentiments 'tis full of. Here Generosity, Reason, Piety, and Justice, are display'd with all their Splendor ; and the Maxims scatter'd here and there may justly be reckon'd Sacred. Who would not wonder at this Lesson of *Socrates* ? viz. *That a Prisoner arraign'd ought not to make it his Business to raise the Pity of the Judge ; that he ought to affect him by his Reasons, and not by his Requests ; and procure an Absolution by Justice, and not by Favour : for a Judge is not plac'd on the Bench to oblige People by violating the Laws, but to do Justice pursuant to them. He swears to this Purpose, and his Oath ought to be inviolable. Now an honest Man should not solicit his Judge to be guilty of Perjury ; and a Judge should not suffer himself to be inveigled : Else, two innocent Persons will become two Criminals. He teaches, that an honest Man ought always to stand to his Post, let the impending Danger be ever so great : that he ought to obey his Superiors, and part with his Life when they demand it. For, says he, there's nothing more criminal and scandalous, than to disobey Superior Powers, whether God or Man. He teaches us not to fear Death ; but Shame, which pursues Men more swiftly than Death itself. He is of Opinion, that our ordinary Exercise should be, discoursing of Vertue, and putting ourselves to the Test of its Rules ; for a Life without Examination is no Life at all. In one Word, this *Apology* is a perfect Model of the due Conduct of an honest Man in all the Conditions of Life, and especially of the Manner how a Person unjustly accus'd ought to defend himself.*

Several Persons who assisted in the Court upon this Occasion, drew up *Socrates's* Apology; in which every one produc'd the Arguments that occur'd to his Memory, or those that affected him most; and all of them kept true to the lofty and magnanimous Temper of this Philosopher. After all the rest, *Xenophon* compiled one upon the Relation of *Hermogenes*, the Son of *Hipponicus*, for he himself was not then at *Athens*. Time has robb'd us of 'em all, except *Plato's* and *Xenophon's*; but 'tis apparent that the one of these is much short of the other. In the first we meet with all the Force of the greatest Disciple of *Socrates*, a Disciple that was present, and came near to the true Original: whereas the other presents us with the Hand of a Disciple that was absent, and goes upon an imperfect Copy. However, * even this imperfect Copy is evidence that the Passages related by *Plato* are true; for *Xenophon* does not only go upon the same Ideas of things, but likewise assures us, that *Socrates* spoke as he says he did.

Do but observe, says *Montagne* †, *by what Reasons Socrates rouses up his Courage to the Hazards of War; with what Arguments he fortifies his Patience against Calumny, Tyranny and Death. You will find nothing in all this borrow'd from Arts and Sciences. The simplest may there discern their own Means and Power. 'Tis not possible more to retire, or to creep more low. He has done human Nature a great Kindness, in shewing it how much it can do of itself. His Plea is plain and puerile, but of an unimaginable Height, and offer'd in the last extremity. His Way of arguing is equally admirable for its Simplicity and its Force. 'Tis an easier matter to speak like Aristotle, and live like Cæsar, than to speak and live as Socrates did. Here lies the greatest Difficulty, and the last Degree of Perfection, that no Art can improve.*

* From thence 'tis evident, says *Xenophon*, that *Socrates* truly spoke in that Fashion.

† Book 3. Chap. 12.

But before I launch into the *Apology*, 'twill be necessary to say something of the familiar Spirit that govern'd *Socrates*, which has made so much Noise in the World. Some look'd upon it as Chimera and Fiction; others gave very different Accounts of it.

'Tis needless to observe, that the Opinion of *Plato*, assigning to every Man, from his very Birth, a particular Genius, or Angel, to take care of him, is a Ray of the Truth taught in the Holy Scriptures, where we hear of Men conducted by Angels, and Jesus Christ himself saying, that *the Angels of little Children do see the Face of God in Heaven without interruption*. That cannot be questioned. Upon which Account, || *Origen* uses those as Calumniators, who would brand the Familiar of *Socrates* for a Fable. A certain Proof that he was truly guided by a good Genius, is, that all his Life long he was pious, temperate, and just; that in all Cases he always join'd in with the right Side; that he never injur'd any Man; that he always proclaim'd War against Vice, and attack'd false Religions; that the whole business of his Life was to make Men more honest, and acquaint 'em with Truth and Justice.

The only Difficulty is, to know how this Familiar gave him to understand its meaning, and what was the Nature of that divine Voice. Doubtless Inspiration was the Manner of Conveyance. And † *Plutarch* naturally leads us to that Thought, where he speaks of the Miracles recounted in *Homer*, who oftentimes introduces Deities coming to succour Men, and to inspire them with the knowledge of what they ought to do or avoid. His Words are these: * *We must either deny the Deity the Title of a moving Cause, or any Principle of our Operations; or else own that it has no other Way of succour-*

|| In the 6th Book against *Celsus*.

† In the Life of *Coriolanus*.

* Here *Plutarch* is out, in giving too narrow a Compass to the Means by which God may succour Men. See the Remark upon that Passage.

ing Men, and co-operating with them, than by calling up and determining the Will, by the Ideas it conveys into us. For it does not push or act upon our Bodies; it influences neither our Hands nor our Feet; but by Virtue of certain Principles and Ideas, which it calls up within us, it stirs up the active Faculty of our Soul; and either pushes on our Will, or else checks it, and turns it another Way.

But some will object, that at this Rate it was not a Voice. It was a Voice; that is, an Impression upon the imaginative Faculty of the Soul: such as happens often while one's asleep, and sometimes when awake; when one fancies that he hears and sees, tho' at the same Time he hears nothing, and sees as little. This was the Opinion that *Plutarch* entertain'd. For he says, * that *Socrates* was a Man of a clear Head, of an easy and calm Temper; that is, he was not mov'd by Trouble, nor disquieted by Passion, and consequently was entirely dispos'd to listen to the Suggestions of that *Genius*, which by Virtue of its Light alone influenc'd the understanding Part of the Soul, and made the same Impression upon it that a Voice does after it has pass'd thro' the Organs of the Body. 'Twas this Voice that *Homer* so admirably describes, when speaking of the Dream that came upon *Agamemnon*, he says, that a divine Voice surrounded him.

There is yet another Difficulty behind: 'Tis, why this Voice had only the Power of diverting *Socrates* from things, and never egg'd him on to any thing: for *Marcilius Ficinus* is certainly out, in pretending to give such a mysterious Account of the Matter, as if the *Genius* of *Socrates* never push'd him on, because he was not of a martial Spirit, and always dissuaded him, because he was naturally heavy: as if the divine Being had only given him the Light to deny, and not to affirm. This is the Way to elude the Argument, by splitting upon greater Difficulties, or pinning the Controversy upon

* In his Treatise of the *Genius* of *Socrates*.

idle and frivolous Distinctions. The more reasonable and natural Account of the Matter, is, that *Socrates* was virtuous to the last Degree, and always bent to take up with whatever he took to be fair and honest; that upon other Scores, he had no business to mind, but to live a simple and uniform Life, and consequently had no other occasion but to be reserv'd and backward, when his Reason offer'd to solicit him either to pass a false Judgment, or to make a wrong Step.

In the *Latin* Translations, this *Apology* is cover'd with Obscurity, because the Translators have not taken Care to divide it, and did not perceive that it was made at three several Times, which are distinctly pointed to in the Translation I now present you with.



T H E
A P O L O G Y
O F
S O C R A T E S.



Know not, *Athenians*, what Impression the Harangues of my Accusers have made upon you: For my Part, I own, that they have almost made me forget myself; so artfully are their Reasons colour'd and set off. And yet, I can assure you, they have not spoke one Word of Truth.

But of all their Calumnies, that which surprizes me most, is, that they counsel you to beware of being seduced

duc'd by my Eloquence, * and endeavour to Work you into a great Opinion of it. For certainly it is the height of Impudence, not to fear the shame of having the Lye given them ; which I am about to do, by shewing that I am not at all eloquent, unless they call him eloquent who can speak nothing but the Truth. If that be their Plea, I own myself a great Orator, but not after their Fashion ; for I once more tell you, that they have not spoke one Word of truth : And I am now about to discover to you the naked Truth, in common and simple Expressions, without the Ornaments of the quaint Turns and pick'd Terms that set off their Discourses. For I have this Confidence in myself, that I speak the Truth, and none of you ought to expect any thing else from me ; and it would be very unsuitable for one of my Age to come before you, like a School-Boy with a study'd Harangue upon a fabulous Subject.

Wherefore the only Favour I desire and beg of you, is, that when you find my Defences given in the most ordinary and common Terms and Ways of Expression, such as I am always wont to make use of in my ordinary Interviews with you on the Exchange and Publick Banks, and the other Places where I us'd to meet you often ; my Request is, that when ye find it so, ye would not be surpriz'd or incens'd against me, for I am about to tell you the Matter of Fact just as it stands.

Tho' I am now seventy Years old, yet this is the first Time that ever I enter'd this Hall : I am a Stranger to it, unacquainted with its Language and Customs. Now were I a Foreigner, you would readily grant me the Favour of giving in my Defences in the Language and Manner of my own Country. In like Manner I now beg of you, as a Stranger to this Hall, and I think my

* They cry'd up his Eloquence, in order to aggravate the Injustice they charged upon him ; alledging, that he confounded the Ideas of Justice, and taught the Way of putting a good Face upon bad Causes.

Petition is just, that you'd grant me the same Favour, and overlook my Ways of Expression, which perhaps are not so good as others (tho' after all, it is possible they may be better) and only to mind whether I speak justly or not: for that ought to be the chief View of a Judge, as the greatest Vertue of an Orator consists in speaking nothing but the Truth.

'Tis but reasonable that I should first begin to answer the Charges of my first Accusers, and afterwards come up with the latter in their Order: For I have had a great many Accusers before this Court these several Years, and all of 'em have advanc'd nothing but what's false. I am more afraid of my old Accusers, than of *Anytus* and his Complices. It is true, the latter display a great deal of Eloquence; but the others are more to be regarded, since they accosted you from your Infancy, and wheedled you into a Belief of what Calumnies they pleased.

They told you, there was one *Socrates*, a wise Man, that inquir'd into the Actions of the Heavens, and the hidden Treasures in the Bosom of the Earth; who has such a dextrous Way of perplexing the Ideas of Justice and Truth, that he can make a bad Cause a good one.

The Men who spread those false Rumours are my most dangerous Enemies; for those who listen to their Surmises, are over-persuaded that Philosophers taken up with such Inquiries, believe no Gods. Besides, these Accusers are very numerous, and they have had a long while to concert their Plot; they are now very ancient, and took Occasion to prepossess you with that Opinion, in an Age that generally is too credulous: For you were then but Infants for the most Part, or at most in the first Years of your Youth, when they laid their Accusation against me before you, and carried it on at their own leisure, without any Opposition: And, which is yet more unjust, I am not allow'd to know my Accusers. They get off with setting up a Comedian at the Head of the Charge, while all those, who through Envy or Malice have wrought you into a Belief of these Falshoods, and continue still underhand to throw the same Calumnies about:

these

these Men I say, are allow'd to lie conceal'd : So that I have neither the Power of calling them to account before you, nor the Pleasure of refuting them in your presence ; and the only Way of defending myself, is, to fight with a Shadow, and speak against I do not know whom.

Wherefore consider, *Athenians*, that I am now to encounter two Sorts of Accusers, those who arraign'd me a great while ago, and those who summon'd me lately ; and I intreat you to believe that I lie under a necessity of giving in my Answers immediately to the first sort.

Now is the Time then, that I am to defend myself, and in so short a Space of Time, I am to endeavour to root out of your Minds a Calumny, that you have entertain'd a long while, and which has taken deep Root in them. I wish with all my heart that my Defences could promote your Advantage as well as my own, and that my Apology might serve some more important Design, than that of justifying myself : But I perceive the Difficulties that lie in the Way ; and am not so blind as not to see, where all this Bustle will terminate. God's Will be done. My Business is to obey the Law, and defend myself.

To return to the first Original of the Charge, upon which I am so much decry'd, and which inspir'd *Melitus* with a Boldness to arraign me before you ; let's see what was the Plea of these my first Accusers : * For their Charge must be put into Form, as if it were writ, and Affidavits made. 'Tis this : *Socrates is an impious Man ; with a criminal Curiosity he pretends to penetrate into all that passes in the Heavens, and to fathom what's contain'd in the Bowels of the Earth. He has the way of giving the Ascendant to Injustice ; and is not content*

* *Socrates* treats the Calumnies of *Aristophanes* and his first Enemies, as if it were a just Charge formally presented upon Oath ; for both the Accuser and the Prisoner are obliged to swear, that they would advance nothing but Truth : And this they call'd *ἐν ᾧ ποσὶα*.

to reserve these Secrets to himself, but communicates them to others.

This is the Accusation : The Heads of which you have seen in the Comedy of *Aristophanes*, where one *Socrates* is represented as hung up in a Basket, giving out that he walks upon the Winds ; with many other such foolish Advances. Now these are Secrets that I am altogether a Stranger to ; I never gave my Mind to these sublime Sciences : Not that I despise them, or condemn those who are well vers'd in 'em, if any such there be, lest *Melitus* should thereupon charge me with new Crimes ; I would only give you to know, that I never meddled with these Sciences, as most of you can witness.

Since ye have so often convers'd with me, and that there is so great a Number of you who know me, I conjure you to declare, if ever you heard me speak of these things, either directly or indirectly. 'This may furnish you with certain Evidence, that all the other Articles of my Indictment are of a Piece with this, as being downright Untruths. And if ever you heard that I either taught, or requir'd a Reward for so doing, I'll justify it to be a downright Calumny.

Not that I disparage those who are capable to instruct and teach Men, such as *Gorgias* of *Leonti*, *Prodicus* of *Ceos*, and *Hippias* of *Elæa*. For these great Men have a wonderful Talent of persuading and retaining all the Youth of whatever City they go to ; young Men that might apply themselves to which of their own Country-men they have a Mind to, without any Charge, are so influenc'd by them, that they quit their own Country-men, and adhere to them only, paying round Sums, and acknowledging infinite Obligations besides. I have likewise heard, that there's yet another very ingenious Master in this City, who came from *Paros* ; for I met him t'other Day in the House of a Man that spends more upon Sophisters, than all the other Citizens put together ; I mean *Callias* : Where happening to speak of *Callias's* two Sons, I address'd myself to him in this Fashion ; Had you two young Horses, would not you want to put them into the Hands of some skilful Man, and pay him

him well, for making them handsome, and giving them all the good Qualities they ought to have? And would not this skilful Man be some good Groom, or expert Husbandman? Now you have two Children, what Master have you pitch'd upon for them? Whom have we in Town, that's well vers'd in human and political Vertues? For doubtless you have consider'd that Question already, upon the Account of your Children. Tell me then, if you know of any? Yes, doubtless, reply'd *Callias*.

Who is it, said I; what Country is he of; and what are his Demands? 'Tis *Evenus*, reply'd
 || Fifty Crowns. he, from *Paros*: He demands || 5 *Mina*. Whereupon I told him, *Evenus* was happy, provided it was true that he knew the Art, and could impart it to others.

As for me, Gentlemen, were I possess'd of such Endowments, I should be proud of 'em, and glory in them: But such is my Misfortune, I have no Title to them. I perceive you'll be ready to reply, **But what have ye done then, Socrates, and what occasion'd these Calumnies you are charg'd with? Had you never done more than your Fellow-Citizens, nor meddled with further Business, these Reports of you would never have had a being. Tell us therefore how the Matter stands, that we may not pass an unadvis'd Sentence.* This, I take it, is a just Objection: Wherefore I'll endeavour to lay before you the Occasion of my being so much decry'd and talked of. Give ear to me, and assure yourselves, that I'll speak nothing but Truth.

The Disrepute I lie under, is only occasion'd by a Sort of Wisdom within me. But what is this Wisdom? Per-

* Thus the Words *τόσον ἡ ἐστὶ περὶ γυμνα* are to be render'd; and not as *de Serres* does, viz. *Quanam hæc est tua Res?* What's your Business then? The Judges knew very well what was *Socrates's* Business, and consequently can't be supposed to put that Question to him. But it is very probable they might ask him what it was that brought him thither, or what he had done to merit those Calumnies. *Marcilius Ficinus* was better acquainted with the Spirit of the *Greek* Language, for he render'd it, *Quodnam tuum est Opus?*

haps 'tis merely human Prudence, for I run a great Risk of being possess'd of none else: whereas those Men I mention'd but now, are wise above a human Pitch.

I can say nothing to this last Sort of Wisdom, because I am a Stranger to it; and those who charge it upon me, are Liars, and mean only to injure my Reputation. But I beg that you *Athenians* would not be startled, if I seem to speak a little favourably of myself: I shan't advance any thing upon my own Authority, but shall produce an unexceptionable Author to vouch on my behalf. For a Witness of my Wisdom, such as it is, I refer you to the God himself that presides at *Delphi*. You are all acquainted with *Chærephon*, who was my Companion from my Infancy, and had the like Intimacy with most of you. He accompany'd you in your Exile, and return'd along with you. So that ye can't but know what Sort of a Man *Chærephon* was, and how eager in all his Undertakings. One Day, being at *Delphi*, he had the Boldness to ask the Oracle (once more I beg you would not be surpriz'd with what I am about to say) I say, he put this Question to the Oracle. Whether there was ever a Man in the World more wise than I? The Priestess made answer, that there was none. His Brother, who is yet alive, can assure you that this is true. Wherefore, I intreat you, *Athenians*, to consider seriously the Reason why I present you with an Account of all these Things: For, it is only to shew you the Spring of those false Rumours, that have taken Air against me.

When I heard the Oracle's Answer, I put the Question to myself; What does the God mean? What is the hidden Sense that lies couch'd under these Words? For, I am sensible, that I am intitled to no Wisdom, neither small nor great. What then does the God mean in giving me out for the wisest of Men, since a Deity cannot lye? Thus I continued a long Time in Suspence about the meaning of the Oracle, till at last, after a great deal of Trouble, it came in my mind to make this Trial. I went to one of our Citizens, that passes for one of the wisest men in the Town, and hop'd that by instancing him,

as

as being a Person more wise than I, I should refute the Oracle. When I examin'd this Man, who was one of our greatest Politicians, and whose Name, I know is a sufficient recommendation; I found that all the World look'd upon him as a wise Man, and that he had the like Thoughts of himself, but in Effect was no such Man. After this Discovery, I made it my Business to convince him, that he was not the Man he took himself to be. Now this was the Occasion which render'd me odious to this Man, and to all those who assisted at that interview.

When I parted with him, I reason'd with myself, and said to myself, I am wiser than this Man. 'Tis possible, that neither he nor I know any thing that's good or valuable: But still there's this Difference: he is possess'd with an Opinion of his own Knowledge, tho' at the same Time he knows nothing; But I, as I know nothing, so I pretend to know as little. So that upon this Score, I thought myself a little wiser than he, because I did not think that I knew what I did not know.

After that I visited another that pass'd for a wiser Man than the former; but found him in the same Circumstances, and by that Discovery gain'd new Enemies. However, this did not discourage me. I continued to make the same Experiment upon others. I was sensible that by so doing, I drew Hatred upon myself, which gave me some Trouble, because I dreaded the Consequences of it. But I was convinc'd that I was bound to prefer the Voice of God to all Considerations, and to

apply myself to the most reputable Men, in order to find out its true meaning. And now that I must tell you, O *Athenians*, the Truth, the whole result of my Inquiry was this: All those who pass'd for the wisest Men, appear'd to me to be infinitely less dispos'd to Wisdom, than those who were not at all so esteemed.

To continue the Account of all my Adventures, in Order to refute the Oracle: Having visited all the great Statesmen, I address'd myself to the *Poets*, both *Tragedians*,

'Tis a common thing, those who are least esteemed are oftentimes the most wise.

gedians, * Dithyrambicks and others; I made no Question, but I should be catch'd napping, as the Saying is, by finding myself far more ignorant than they. I took up some of their most elaborate Performances, and put the Question to them, what was their Meaning, what Plot or Design they carried on in these Pieces? as if I meant to be instructed. Indeed, *Athenians*, I am ashamed to tell you the Truth: But after all, since I must out with it, there was not *one* Man of the whole Company that was not more capable to discourse of, and assign Reasons for the Poems, than their respective Authors. Thus in a little Space of Time, I discover'd that † Poets do not carry on their Work by the Measures of Wisdom, but by a Sort of Enthusiasm, and certain Impulses of Nature, like Prophets and Divines, that speak of a great many fine Things which they do not understand. The Poets seem'd to me to be cast in the same Mould; and at the same Time, I perceiv'd that by Reason of their Poetry, they look'd upon themselves as the wisest of Men, and admirably well vers'd in all other Things, that have no Relation to their Business, and which they do not at all understand. Then I turn'd my Back upon 'em, being convinc'd that I was above them, upon the same Score that entitl'd me to a Preference before the great Politicians.

This is a Mistake of *Plato's*, which I observ'd in his Life.

Having done with the Poets, to conclude my Inquiry, I address'd myself to the Tradefinen. When I accosted them, I was fully convinc'd that I understood nothing belonging to their Profession, and that I should find them

* The Poets, who compiled Hymns to the Honour of *Bacchus*, were so called. These Dithyrambs were full of a sublime Rage, and consisted of bold and new-coin'd Words. And accordingly, in order to be successful in compiling 'em, there was a Necessity of being transported with Fury and Enthusiasm. See our Remarks upon the 2d Ode of the 4th Book of *Horace*.

† Poems are not made by human Wisdom, but by a Sort of Divine Inspiration; as *Socrates* makes it out in the Dialogue call'd *Ion*.

to be Men of clear Understandings and ready Parts : And indeed, I was not deceiv'd. They knew all that I was ignorant of, and upon that Score were infinitely wiser than I. But after all, O *Athenians*, the wisest among them seem'd to fall foul upon the same Shelve with the Poets. * For every Man of 'em presum'd so far upon his Success in the Way of his Business, that he fancied himself to be admirably well vers'd in greater Matters : And this extravagant Fancy alone obscur'd their other commendable Qualities.

Then I put the Question to myself as arguing on the behalf of the Oracle ; whether I should rather chuse to continue such as I was, without either the Knowledge of that Sort of Men, or their Ignorance ; or to be entitled to both, and reduc'd to the same Category with them ? I answer'd, both for myself, and for the Oracle, That it was infinitely preferable to continue as I was. This, Gentlemen, is the Source of that dangerous and mortal Hatred and Enmity, which rais'd all the Calumnies I am now charg'd with, and christen'd me *The Wise*. For all who hear me, believe that I know all things : and by Virtue of that Knowledge, am enabled to discover and expose the Ignorance of others. But I am

God alone is
wise.

of Opinion, that there's none truly wise, but God himself ; and that the Oracle mean'd so much, in giving us to know, that the most extent of human Wisdom is no great Matter ; or, rather, that it is just nothing. And as for the Oracle's mentioning *Socrates*, doubtless my Name

Who is the
wisest of Men.

was only propos'd as an Instance ; signifying to all Men, that the wisest among them, is he, who, like *Socrates*, disclaims all Wisdom in himself.

Having fix'd upon this Truth, I purpos'd to fortify the Idea yet more, and to obey God, in carrying on

* This Presumption of the *Athenian* Tradesmen, is a sufficient Evidence of the Spirit of the People of *Athens*. They loved to meddle with and judge of every thing.

my Enquiry, not only among my own Countrymen, but likewise among Strangers; in order to try if I could meet with any that were truly wise; and in case I found none, to act the Part of an Interpreter to the Oracle, and convince the World that they are Strangers to Wisdom. This my Design does so engross both my Time and my Thoughts, that I have not Leisure either to meddle in publick Business, or to take care of my private Affairs: and thus my Circumstances are so narrow in the World, by reason of that continual Service and Worship* which I render to God.

Beside, a great many young Gentlemen, who are come of rich Families, and have Time at Command, do willingly engage to follow me, and take so much Pleasure in observing the Method in which I confute all other Men, that they afterwards endeavour to imitate me in baffling those they engage with: and it is not to be doubted but that they meet with a plentiful Harvest, by reason of the infinite Number of those vain Men, who fancy they know all things, tho' at the same Time they know nothing, or at least very little.

All those whom they convince of their Ignorance, have their Eyes upon me, and not upon them; and give it out, *that there's one Socrates, a profligate and infamous Wretch, who corrupts the Youth:* and if any Body asks them what *Socrates* does, or what he teaches, they know nothing of the Matter; but to avoid being at a stand, they have recourse to these frivolous Reproaches that are commonly cast upon Philosophers, *viz.* That he dives into the Heavens and the Bosom of the Earth; that he believes in no God, and colours bad Causes with a good Countenance. For they dare not tell the True Matter of Fact, that *Socrates* is too hard for them, and exposes them for making a Shew of knowing what they do not know. Thus it came to pass, that my ambitious,

* By the Worship and Service done to God, he means the Pains he took in convincing the World that they have no Wisdom, and that God alone is entitled to it.

violent, and numerous Enemies, supported by a mutual Union, and back'd by an Eloquence capable to seduce Men, did a great while ago suggest to you the Calumnies they had forg'd against me; and now have taken off and inveigled *Melitus*, *Anitus*, and *Lycon*. *Melitus* stands by the Poets; *Anitus* represents the Politicians and Tradesmen; and *Lycon* appears for the Orators. So that you see I had Reason to tell you in the Beginning of my Discourse, that I should look upon it as a great Miracle, if in so short a Time I could unhinge a Calumny that has had so much Time to take root and fortify itself in your Minds.

This, *Athenians*, is the whole and the naked Truth. I conceal nothing from you, and I disguise as little: tho' at the same Time I am not ignorant, that all my Advantages upon this Score do but exasperate the Wound. But even that is sufficient Evidence that I speak the Truth, and point to the true Source of these Imputations. As often as ye'll take the Pains to convass them, whether now or at another Time, you'll be fully convinc'd that it is so. And this, I take, is a sufficient Apology against my first Accusers.

I am now come up with the latter, and shall endeavour to answer *Melitus*; who, if the World will take his Word for't, is a very honest Man, and very affectionate to his Country. To draw up the Indictment in Form, as I did in Answer to the first; the Purport of it is this: *Socrates is guilty of unjust Things. He corrupts the Youth by not believing the Gods receiv'd by his Country, and introducing new Deities.* To examine every Article apart:

His Plea is, that I am guilty of Injustice, in corrupting the Youth. And I, on the other hand, alledge that *Melitus* is a very unjust Man, for arraigning Men on purpose to make a Shew of taking much Care of Things that he never troubled his Head with. This Charge I am about to make good. I challenge you then, *Melitus*; tell me, is there nothing you mind so much as the promoting the Good and Integrity of young Men as much as is possible?

Melitus. No, sure there's nothing.

Socrates. But pray tell our Judges, who it is that can render the Youth better? For it is not to be question'd, but that you can tell who, since you make that so much your Business. In effect, since you have found out and impeach'd the Person that corrupts them, you ought to tell who is able to set them right. Pray speak You see, *Melitus*, you are put to a *Nonplus*, and know not what to answer. Does not this cover you with Shame? Is not this a convincing Proof that you never minded the Education of Youth? But once more, who is it that's able to better the Youth?

Melitus. The Laws.

Socrates. That is not the Thing, my Friend. I ask you, who 'tis? Who is the Man? For it is a plain Case, that the chief Thing that the Man must be vers'd in, is the Laws.

Melitus. I tell you, *Socrates*, that these Judges are the Men.

Socrates. How do you mean, *Melitus*? What! are these Judges the only Men capable to instruct and better the Youth?

Melitus. Most certainly.

Socrates. But are all these Judges capable so to do? or is it only a particular Number of them?

Melitus. All of 'em.

Socrates. You talk strangely: you have found out a great Number of good Preceptors for us. But pray, is the whole Audience capable likewise to better the Youth, or not?

Melitus. They are all likewise capable.

Socrates. And what do you say of the Senators?

Melitus. The Senators can also do it.

Socrates. But, my dear *Melitus*, do those who hang about the publick Assemblies corrupt the Youth? or are they capable in like Manner to better them?

Melitus. They are all likewise capable.

Socrates. It will follow then, that all the *Athenians* are capable to instruct the Youth without me? and that
it

it is only I who corrupt them. Is not this what you mean ?

Melitus. It is just so.

Socrates. I must needs own, that by this means you fasten a very great Misfortune upon me. However, pray go on, and answer me : What do you think, are Horses in the same Condition ? Can all Men make them better, and is it only one Man that has the Secret of spoiling them ? Or is it not just a contrary Case ; that is, that only one Man, or a small number of Jockeys, know how to better them, and the rest of Mankind, when they make use of them, do only spoil them ? Now, is not the Case of all other Animals just the same ? It is certainly so, whether *Anytus* and you agree to it or not : for it would be an infinite Happiness and Advantage to the Youth, if there were only one Man in the World that could corrupt them, and every body besides were able to redress their Errors. But indeed, *Melitus*, you have given sufficient Proof, that the Education of Youth did never much disquiet you : and upon this Occasion you have plainly given the World to know, that you never minded it. However, pray *Melitus*, answer me as to this Point, whether does a Man benefit more by living with honest Men, or with Knaves ? Return me an Answer, my Friend, for I put no difficult Question to you. Is it not true, that wicked Men do always give some bad Tincture to those who frequent their Company, and that good Men do always benefit those that live with them ?

Mel. Yes, doubtless.

Soc. Is there any Man, who had rather chuse to be prejudic'd than to be benefited by those he lives with ? Answer me, for the Law enjoins you so to do.

Mel. No, there's none.

Soc. But now that you charge me with corrupting and debauching the Youth, whether do you alledge that I did it willingly and knowingly, or against my Will ?

Mel. Willingly and knowingly.

Soc. How then, *Melitus*, does your Wisdom, in the Age you are now of, surpass mine at this Age so far, that you know very well that wicked Men do always prejudice, and good Men benefit those who frequent their Company ; and yet that I should be so ignorant as not to know, that if I debauch any of my Followers, I run the Risk of being prejudic'd by them, and at the same Time continue to draw that Evil upon myself both willingly and knowingly ? In this Point, *Melitus*, I do not believe you at all ; neither do I think that any Man in the World can believe you. For one of those two Things must be true, namely, either that I do not corrupt the Youth at all ; or if I do, that 'tis against my Will and without my Knowledge. Now, turn the Case upon which of these two you will, it is plain that you are a Calumniator and a Lier. Put the Case that I corrupt the Youth against my Will, the Law does not arraign Men for involuntary Crimes. But it orders that such Men as are guilty of them, should be taken aside, inform'd of 'em, and privately reprov'd for their Errors : for 'tis plain, that if I be instructed to the full, I'll cease to be guilty of what I have committed against my Will. Now you have neither counsel'd me nor instructed me ; but have arraign'd me before a Tribunal, which the Law has provided for those who deserve Punishment, and not for those who stand only in need of Remonstrances. This, Gentlemen, is a convincing Proof of what I alledged before ; namely, that *Melitus* never minded the thought of these Things.

But, after all, pray tell how it is that I corrupt the Youth. According to your Information, 'tis by teaching them to disown the Gods acknowledg'd by their Country, and to honour strange ones. Is not this your Idea ?

Mel. It is just so.

Soc. Then, *Melitus*, I conjure you, in the Name of all those Gods whose Interest is now concern'd, to explain your Meaning more clearly, both to me and to our Judges : for I am at a Loss to know, whether you allow that I teach the Youth to believe in any Gods, and only turn

turn their Respect from the Gods of their own Country, to foreign ones; or whether you charge me with believing no God at all, and shaking the Belief of others? Tho' at the Bottom I am effectually persuaded that there are Gods: so that Atheism is none of my Crime.

Mel. I charge you with owning no God.

Soc. You are a strange Man! How can you talk so? What! do not I believe as other Men do, that the Sun and Moon are Gods†?

Mel. Certainly, *Athenians*, he believes in no God: for he says the Sun is a Stone, and the Moon a Piece of Earth.

Soc. My dear *Melitus*, you think you are speaking to *Anaxagoras*, and treat our Judges very contemptuously, in thinking them so void of Letters, as not to know that the Books of *Anaxagoras*, the *Clazomenian* are stuff'd with such stories. Besides, would the Youth be at the Trouble of learning from me such things as are contained in the publick Books which are sold every Day in the *Orchestra* for a Drachma? This would furnish them with a fair Opportunity of deriding *Socrates*, for attributing to himself such things as are not only none of his, but likewise absurd and extravagant. But pray tell me, do you alledge that I own no God?

Mel. Yes I do.

Soc. You advance incredible Things, my dear *Melitus*, and are not consistent with yourself. Suffer me to tell you, *Athenians*, that *Melitus* seems to me to be very insolent, and that he has laid this Accusation against me, out of a youthful Presumption to insult over me: for he's come hither, as it were to try me, in proposing a Riddle, and saying within himself, I'll see if *Socrates*, who passes for so wise a Man, will be able to discern that I'm upon the Banter, and advance contra-

† *Socrates* threw in this ironical Expression, in order to expose the Ridiculousness of the Religion of the *Athenians*, who looked upon the Sun and Moon as Gods, which are only the Work of God's Hands,

dictory Things, or if I can gull him and all the Audience. In effect, his Information presents us with a palpable Contradiction: as if he had said, *Socrates is guilty of Injustice in owning no Gods, and in owning Gods.* And this is Banter all over. That's the Notion I have of it. I beg you would listen to me, and, pursuant to my first Request, would not be incenc'd against me for addressing you in my ordinary Way of speaking.

Answer me *Melitus*; is there any Man in the World that believes that there are human Things, and yet denies the Being of Men? Pray answer, and do not make so much Noise. Is there any Man who believes that there are certain Rules for managing of Horses, and yet believes there is no such Thing as a Horse? Is there any man that troubles himself with Tunes for a Flute, and yet believes that no Man can play upon it? There's no such Man to be sure: for since you will not answer yourself, I'll answer for you. But pray answer me to this Point: Is there any Man that believes Divine Things, and yet denies the Being of a God?

Mel. No, certainly there's none.

Soc. What Pains have I taken to wrest that Word out of you! * You acknowledge then that I believe and teach the Being of Deities. So that whether they be new or old, you still own that I believe in Deities. And to this purpose you swore in your Information. Now, if

* These Passages are more important than at first View they seem to be. Whoever believes that there are such Creatures as the Children of Gods, believes that there are Gods. The acknowledging of Angels implies the Belief of Gods: which is the Thing that *Socrates* points to. These inferior Gods are Children and Ministers of the supreme God, the God of Gods. Now *Socrates* own'd an infinite Number of these subordinate Beings, which he look'd upon as a continued Chain descended from the Throne of God to the Earth, and as the Bonds of commerce between God and Men, and the Medium which unites Heaven and Earth. This Notion of his might be taken from *Homer's* mysterious Chain; or perhaps he had heard of *Jacob's* Ladder, the Top whereof reach'd to Heaven, when the Foot stood upon the Earth; upon which the Angels of God ascended and descended. *Gen.* 28. 12.

I believe that there are Deities, I must necessarily suppose that there are Gods. Is not it so? Yes, doubtless. I take your Silence for consent. But these Deities or Demons, do not we take them for Gods, or the Children of Gods? Answer me.

Mel. Yes, doubtless.

Soc. And by consequence you acknowledge that I believe there are Demons, and that these Demons are Gods. You have now a fair Proof of my Allegation; namely, that you propos'd to me a Riddle, in order to divert yourself to my Cost, in alledging that I own'd no Gods, and yet believe there are Demons. For if Demons are Children of † God, or Bastards, if you will, since they are said to be born of Nymphs or other Women, who is the Man that owns the Children of Gods, and yet denies the Being of the Gods themselves? This is as great an Absurdity, as if one spoke of Colts and Eaglets, and yet denied the Being of Horses or Eagles. So that, *Melitus*, 'tis a plain Case, that you laid this Accusation against me, in order to make Trial of my Parts; or else you must own that you have no lawful Pretence for citing me before this Tribunal. For you will never convince any Man who has one Grain of Sense, that the same Man who believes there are such Things as relate to the Gods and to Demons, does yet believe that there are neither Demons, nor Gods, nor Heroes. That's altogether impossible. But I need not enlarge my Defences before you, *Athenians*: what I have already said will suffice to make it out, that I am

† *Socrates* speaks thus in compliance with the Opinion of the People, who believ'd the Demons ow'd their Being to the Correspondence of the Gods with their Nymphs or Women. Now upon this Occasion, it was not his Business to attack that Error. 'Tis certain, that *Socrates* was not of that Opinion; for he had learnt of *Pythagoras*, that Demons or Angels and Heroes, that is devout Men and Saints, are the Sons of God, because they derive from him their Being, as Light owes its Original to a luminous Body. And in his *Timæus*, speaking of the Generation of Angels, or Demons, he says, 'tis above the Reach of human Nature.

not guilty of Injustice, and that *Melitus's* Charge is groundless.

As for what I told you in the beginning, about drawing the Hatred of the Citizens upon me, you may rest satisfied that it is just so; and that if I die, I owe my Death, not to *Melitus*, nor to *Anytus*, but to that Spirit of Hatred

The Hatred and Envy of the People is always pernicious to honest Men.

and Envy that reigns among the People, which has ruin'd so many honest Men, and will still continue to bring others to the like Fate. For it is not to be hoped that my Death will conclude the Tragedy. Were it so, my Life would be but too well spent.

But perhaps some will say, *Are not you ashamed, Socrates, that you apply'd yourself to a Study that now puts you in Danger of your Life?* To this Objection I'll give you a satisfying Answer. Whoever is the Man that puts it to me, I must tell him, that he's much out, in believing that a Man of any Valour or Vertue ought to regard the Considerations of Death or Life. The only Thing he ought to mind in all his Enterprizes, is, to see that his Actions be just, and such as become an honest Man. Otherwise it would follow from your Proposition, that the Demi Gods who died at the Siege of *Troy*, were all of 'em imprudent, especially the Son of *Thetis*, who was infinitely more careful to avoid Shame than Death; insomuch that his Mother seeing him impatient to kill *Hector*, accosted him, as I remember, in these Terms: † *My Son, if you revenge the Death of Patroclus, by killing Hector, you'll certainly die yourself.* Now her Son was so little mov'd by her Threats, and condemn'd Death so much, that he was infinitely more afraid to live like a Coward, and not resent the Death of his Friends. *May I die immediately* (said he) *provided I do but punish the Murderer of Patroclus; provided I do not lie expos'd to Contempt, and accounted an useless Burden to the Earth.*

† In the 2d Book of the *Iliads*.

Now what do you think? Does he stand upon the Consideration of Danger and Death? It is a certain Truth, *Athenians*, that every Man who has pick'd out to himself an honourable Post, or is put into it by his

Superiors, ought to stand up steddily, Shame is more to be dreaded than Death. maugre all the Danger that surrounds him, without considering either Death, or what is yet more terrible, but bending his whole Care to avoid Shame.

So that I should be guilty of a monstrous Crime, if, after the faithful Services I have done, in exposing my Life so often in the Posts I was prefer'd to by our Generals, at *Potidæa*, *Amphipolis*, and *Delium*, I should now be so transported with the Fear of Death, or any other Danger, as to abandon the Post in which God has now placed me, enjoining me to spend my Life time in the Study of Philosophy, in examining myself and others. That indeed would be a criminal Desertion, and would justly occasion the Arraignment of me before this Tribunal, as being a profligate Man, that owns no Gods, disobeys an Oracle, fears Death, and believes himself wise

For to fear Death, is nothing else but to believe ourselves to be wise when we are not; and to fancy that we know what we do not know. In effect no body knows Death; no body can tell but it may be the greatest Benefit of Mankind: and yet men are afraid on't, as if they knew certainly that it were the greatest of Evils. Now is not this a scandalous Ignorance, for Men to fancy they know what they do not know?

For my Part I differ in that Point from all other Men, and if in any thing I seem more wise than they, it is in this, that as I do not know what passes in the Region below, so I do not pretend to know it. All that I know is this, that there's nothing more criminal or scandalous, than to be guilty of an unjust Thing, and to disobey those who are better than we, or placed above

Disobedience to our Superiors is not only criminal, but shameful.

us, whether Gods or Men. So that I shall never dread or endeavour to avoid those Evils that I do not know ; and which, for any Thing I know, may really be good. But I shall always dread and avoid those Evils which I certainly know to be such.

Now, after all the Sollicitations of *Anytus*, in representing to you the Necessity of bringing me to a Trial, and now that I am upon it, that you cannot dispense with my Life, lest your Sons who are already so much addicted to my Doctrine should be entirely corrupted : Supposing, I say, that after all these Remonstrances, you should say to me, *Socrates*, we have no regard to the Allegations of *Anytus* ; we dismiss and absolve you, but upon this Condition, that you shall give over the Pursuit of your Philosophy and wanted Enquires ; and in Case you be found guilty of a Relapse, you shall certainly die. If you cast my Absolution upon these Terms, I answer you, *Athenians*, That I honour and love you, but that I'll rather obey God than you ; and that while I live I'll never abandon the Exercise of Philosophy, in admonishing and checking you according to my usual Custom, and addressing myself to every one I meet, in this Fashion : *Since you are so honest a Man, and a Citizen of the famousst City in the World, equally renowned for Wisdom and Valour, are not you ashamed to make it your whole Business to amass Riches, and to purchase Glory, Credit and Honour ; and at the same Time to slight the Treasures of Prudence, Truth and Wisdom, and not to think of improving your Soul to the highest Perfection it is capable of ?* If any Man denies this to be his Case, and maintains, that he minds the Concerns of his Soul, I will not take his Word for't, but I'll interrogate, examine, and confute him : if I find that he is not truly vertuous, but makes a shew of being such, I'll make him ashamed and twit him with his Ignorance, in preferring vile and perishing Things to those which are infinitely more valuable, and will never part from us.

Wisdom is a
Treasure that
Death itself cannot rob us of.

In this Fashion will I discourse the Young and the Old, the Citizens and Foreigners ; but above all, you Citizens, for whom I am most concern'd. For, be it known to you, that I am commission'd by God so to do ; and I'm fully persuaded that your City never enjoy'd so great an Advantage, as this my continu'd Service to God. All my Business is to persuade you, both Young and Old, that you ought not to doat so much upon your Body, your Riches, and other Things you are fond of, but

Riches and all good Things are the Product of Vertue.

should love your Souls. I ever tell you, that Vertue does not flow from Riches ; but on the contrary, that Riches spring from Vertue ; and that all other Advantages accruing to Men, whether in publick or private Stations, take Rise from the same Fountain.

If by speaking these Things I corrupt the Youth, then of Necessity the Poison must lie in those Maxims : for if they alludge that I advance any Thing different from those, they either are mistaken, or impose upon you. After that, I have only to say, that whether you do as *Anytus* desires or not ; whether you dismiss me or detain me ; I shall never act contrary to them, tho' I were to die for it a thousand Times. Be not disturb'd, *Athenians*, at what I've said, but vouchsafe me the Favour of a patient hearing : as I take it, your Patience will not be in vain ; for I have several other Things to acquaint you with ; which may be of Use to you. You may assure yourselves, that if you put me to Death, me who love your City so passionately, you'll prejudice yourselves more than me. Neither *Anytus* nor *Melitus* can hurt

Ill Men cannot do any real Injury to the Good.

me : 'tis impossible they should. For God does not permit that the better sort of Men should be injur'd by those who are worse. All Men may kill us, or put us to Flight, or bespatter us with Calumnies ; and questionless *Anytus* and the rest look upon these Things as great Evils, but for my Part I am not of their Opinion. In my mind, the greatest of all Evils is the doing what *Anytus* does in per-

persecuting an innocent Person, and endeavouring to take away his Life by flagrant Injustice.

So that upon this Occasion, *Athenians*, 'tis not out of love to myself, but out of love to you, that I make this Defence. Do not sin against God by your Sentence, and prove unmindful of the Present he has made you. For if you condemn me to Death, you will not easily light upon such another Citizen, whom God has united to your City, † like a Fly to a Horse, (tho' perhaps you may look upon the Comparison as ridiculous) the Horse being generous and sprightly, but heavy by reason of his Fatness, and standing in Need of something to rouse and awaken him. As I take it, God has pitch'd upon me, to rouse and spur you up, and to be always among you: and upon my Word you'll scarce light on another that will perform his Office as I have done. So, if you believe me, you'll dismiss me.

But perhaps, like Men awaken'd when they have a Mind to sleep, you'll be uneasy, and reject my Advice, and in Compliance with *Anytus's* Passion, will condemn me upon very slight Grounds. Let it be so. But then you'll pass the Remainder of your Life in a profound Lethargy, unless God take a particular Care of you, and send you another Man like me.

But to make it out that 'tis God who united me to your City, I present you with an infallible Proof, *viz.* That there's something more than human in my neglecting my own private Affairs for so many Years, and devoting myself wholly to your Interest, by taking you aside one after another, like a Father, or an elder Brother, and incessantly exhorting you to apply yourselves to Vertue.

† When *Socrates* says, They would look upon his Comparison as ridiculous, he twits the *Athenians* with the Delicacy and Niceness of their Ears and Taste: for the Comparison is not at all ridiculous, as being much the same with that made Use of by the Prophet *Jeremiab*, ch. 46. 20. *Egypt is like a very fair Heifer, but Destruction cometh out of the North.*

Had I reap'd any Benefit or Advantage by my Exhortations, you might have something to say : but you see my very Accusers, who revile me with so much Impudence, have not had the Face to charge me with that, nor to offer the least Evidence of my demanding any Reward ; and besides, my Poverty is an Evidence for me that cannot lye.

'Tis possible some may think it strange and unaccountable, that I should have meddled in giving private Advices, and yet had not the Courage to appear in the Conventions of the People to assist my Country with Counsel. The Thing that hinder'd me so to do, *Athenians*, was this familiar Spirit, this divine Voice, that ye have often heard me speak of, and that *Melitus* has endeavour'd so much to ridicule. This Spirit has stuck by me from my Infancy : 'tis a Voice that does not speak but when it means to take me off from some Resolution ; for it never presses me to undertake any Thing. It always thwarted me when I mean'd to meddle in the Affairs of State, and that very seasonably : for had I embarked in such Matters, I had long e're now been out of the World, and had neither benefited you nor myself. Pray be not disturb'd if I speak my Mind without Disguise. Whoever offers frankly and generously to oppose the whole Body of a People, whether you or others, and means to hinder the Commission of Iniquity in the City, will never escape with Impunity. 'Tis absolutely necessary that he who stands up for Justice, should live a plain private Life, remote from publick Stations. This I'll make good, not by Words, but by Matter of Fact ; upon which I know ye lay much Strefs.

Give ear to the Relation of my Adventures, and you'll find that I am incapable of yielding to any Man, for fear of Death, in an unjust Thing ; and that by Reason of my not complying, I must unavoidably fall a Sacrifice to Injustice. I am about to talk of Things that indeed are disagreeable, but at the same Time are very true, and such as have been transacted in your own Councils.

You

You know, *Athenians*, that I never bore any Magistracy *, but was only a Senator. Our *Antiochian* Tribe was just come in their Turn to the *Prytanæum*, when, contrary to all the Laws, you at the same Time resolv'd to indict the ten Generals, for not taking up and interring the Corps of those who were kill'd or drown'd in the || Sea-Fight at the Isles of *Arginusæ*; and would not condescend to try them separately: a Piece of Injustice that you afterwards was sensible of, and (a) regretted. Now I was only Senator, who upon that Occasion dar'd to stand up and oppose the Violation of the Laws. I protested against your Decree, (b) and notwithstanding all your Menaces and Outcries, and the Advances of the Orators that were preparing an Accusation against me, I chose rather to endanger myself on the Side of the Law and Justice, than to suffer myself to be frighted by Chains, or Death, into a tame Compliance with such horrid Iniquity.

This happened under the popular Form of Government: but after the Establishment of *Oligarchy*, the thirty Tyrants (c) sent for me and fourteen more to the (d) *Tholus*, and order'd us to bring *Leon* from *Salamina*, in order to be put to Death (e); for by such Orders they meant to cast the Odium of their ill Actions upon several Persons. Upon this Occasion I gave them to

* The People of *Athens* were divided into Tribes, and 50 Men were chosen by turns out of each, who govern'd 35 Days; and were call'd *Prytani*, or Senators.

|| This Battel was fought by *Callicratides*; the *Lacedemonian* General, against the ten *Athenian* Generals, who obtained the Victory. *Vid. Xenoph. lib. 1. Histor. Græc.*

(a) They afterwards repented of what they had done, and ordered the Seducers of the People to be prosecuted for Defamation.

(b) *Xenophon* gives the very same Testimony of *Socrates*.

(c) The 30 Tyrants were set up in the first Year of the 94th Olymp. being the 64th or 65th of *Socrates's* Age.

(d) The *Tholus* was a Sort of Clerks Office, where the *Pritani* dined, and the Clerks sat.

(e) In the 2d Year of the 39th Olymp.

know, not by Words, but by Deeds, that, to speak coarsly, I made no Account of Death, and that my only Care was to avoid the Commission of Impiety and Injustice. Notwithstanding the Greatness of these thirty Tyrants, all their Power did not move or influence me to violate the Law, and betray my Conscience.

Upon our departure from the *Tholus*, the other four went to *Salamina*, and brought off *Leon*; and as for me, I retir'd to my House: and doubtless my Disobedience had been punish'd by Death, had not that Form of Government been establish'd soon after. There are Witnesses enough to vouch for the Truth of all that I advance.

Now judge yourselves, if I could have liv'd so many Years, had I imbarc'd in the Affairs of State: 'tis so far from that, *Athenians*, that neither I nor any Man living could have done it. However, you see the only Thing I always aim'd at, whether in publick or private, was never to go along with any Man, no not with Tyrants themselves, in an unjust Thing.

As for the young People, whom my Accusers would have pass for my Disciples, I affirm, that I never made a Trade of teaching. Indeed, if any Persons, whether young or old, were at any Time desirous to see me and hear my Principles, I never declin'd to give 'em Satisfaction, for as I do not speak for Money, so I will not hold my peace for Want of it. I am at all Times equally free to the Rich and the Poor, and willing to give 'em all possible Leisure for asking their Questions; or if any of 'em chuse rather to hear me, I give 'em Satisfaction by answering my own Questions: and if any of these be found either good or bad, I am neither to be praised nor blamed; for I am not the Author either of their good or bad Qualities. I never engag'd to teach 'em any Thing, and in effect I never did teach 'em. If any of 'em boasts that he ever heard from me, or was privately taught any Thing beside what I avow publickly to the whole World, you may assure yourselves he does not speak the Truth.

Ye have now heard, *Athenians*, the Reason why most People love to hear me, and converse so long with me. I have told you the the naked Truth, *viz.* that they take a singular Pleasure in seeing those Men baffled who pretend to be wise, and are not. And that, you know, is not at all disagreeable. I have likewise told you, that I received my Orders so to do from God himself, by Oracles, Dreams, and all other Methods which the Deity makes use of to make known his Pleasure to Men.

If I did not speak Truth, you might easily convict me of a Lye: for had I debauched the Youth, of Necessity those who are now old, and conscious that I perverted their Youth, would rise up and prosecute me; or if they did not, to be sure their Fathers, Uncles, or Brethren, would find it their Duty, to demand Revenge upon the Debaucher of their Sons, Nephews, or Brethren. Now I see many of those here present, particularly *Crito* the Father of this *Critobulus*, a Man of the same City and Age with myself; *Lyfanius* the *Sphesian*, Father to this *Eschines*; *Antipho*, a Citizen of *Cephisia*, and Father to *Epigenes*; and several others whose Brethren assist at this Meeting, as *Nicostratus* Son to *Zotidas*, and Brother to *Theodotus*. 'Tis true *Theodotus* is dead, and so has no Occasion for his Brother's Assistance. Besides those, I see *Paralus* the Son of *Demodocus*, and Brother to *Theages*; *Adimantus*, Son to *Aristo*, and Brother to *Plato*, who is now before you; *Aiantodorus*, Brother to * *Apollodorus*: and a great many more, of whom *Melitus* was oblig'd to have pitch'd upon one or two at least for Witnesses.

If it was an Oversight in him, there's yet Time enough; I allow him to do it now: pray let him name them if he can. But you'll find, *Athenians*, 'tis quite otherwise;

* This *Apollodorus* was likewise present. He was a Man of a very weak Head, but one that lov'd *Socrates* entirely. When *Socrates* was condemn'd, and going to Prison he cry'd out, 'That which afflicts me most, *Socrates*, is to see you die in Innocence.' *Socrates* stroking his Head with his Hand, smil'd, and said, 'My Friend, would you rather see me die in Guilt?'
all

all these Men, whose Children, whose Brethren *Melitus* and *Anytus* alledge I have debauch'd and entirely ruined; these very Men, I say, are all on my Side. I do not offer to take Shelter under those whom I have debauch'd: perhaps they might have Reasons for defending me. But I put the Case upon those, whom I have not at all seduc'd; Men advanc'd in Years, and near Relations to these young Men. What other Reason should move them to protect me, but my Innocence and rightful Title? Do not they know that *Melitus* is a Lyar, and that I advance nothing but what is true? These, *Athenians*, are Arguments that may be urg'd in my Defence: and the others, which I pass over in Silence, are of the same Force and Weight.

But perhaps there are some among you, who calling to mind their being formerly arraigned in the same Place where I now stand, will be incens'd against me, upon the Account, that when they were in much less Danger, they made suppliant Addresses to their Judges with Tears; and to move their Compassion more effectually, presented their Children, with their Friends and Relations, in this Place; whereas I have no recourse to such Refuges, notwithstanding that in all Probability I run the most dangerous Risk that can be. 'Tis possible, I say, that the Consideration of this Difference may whet their Passion against me, and move them to cast me with Indignation.

I am unwilling to believe that there are any such here; but if there be, the most reasonable Excuse I can plead is this: I have Relations as well as they have. To use *Homer's* Expression, *I am neither sprung from Oak nor Stone, but am born like other Men.* I have three Sons, the eldest of whom is yet young, and the other two are but Infants: and yet I shall not bring 'em hither to get myself clear'd upon the Consideration of them.

Now, what is the Reason that I won't do it? 'Tis neither a proud Stiffness of Humour, nor any Contempt of you; and as for my fearing or not fearing Death, that is another Question: 'tis only with Respect to your Honour, and that of the whole City, that I decline it.

For

For 'tis neither handsom nor creditable, either for you or me, to make Use of such Means at my Years, and under such a Reputation as I have : 'tis no Matter whether it is merited or unmerited ; since 'tis sufficient that by an Opinion generally receiv'd, *Socrates* has the Advantage of most Men. If those who pass among you for Men of an uncommon Rank, preferable to the rest for Wisdom, Courage, or any other Vertue, should stoop to such unaccountable base and mean Actions, as if they were apprehensive of some great Evil accruing to them upon your condemning them to die, and expected Immortality by Vertue of your Absolution : if these Men, I say, should be guilty of such Meanness, they'd affront the City extremely ; for they'd give Strangers Occasion to imagine, that the most virtuous Men among the *Athenians*, those who are entitled to Honours and Dignities, by way of preference to all others, are nothing different from the lowest spirited Women. Now this, *Athenians*, you ought to beware of ; you that are possess'd of some Reputation and Authority. And supposing I design'd to do any such Thing, you would be obliged to stop me, and give me to know that you'd sooner condemn one that means to excite your Compassion by these tragical Scenes, and by that means to expose your City to be ridicul'd ; than one who with Tranquility and Repose expects what Sentence you please to pronounce.

But to wave the Topick of the City's Glory, which is sensibly wounded by such Indignities ; Justice itself forbids supplicating the Judge, or extorting an Absolution by Requests. A Judge ought to be persuaded and convinc'd. He is not The Duty of a plac'd upon the Bench to oblige Men Judge. by violating the Laws, but to do Justice pursuant to the Laws. He is sworn so to do by an Oath that ought to be inviolable. 'Tis not in his Power to favour whom he pleases : he is oblig'd to do Justice. We ought not therefore to bring you into a Custom of Perjury ; and you ought to hinder those who attempt it : for both those who tempt you, and you who comply, do
equally

equally wound Justice and Religion, and both are involv'd in the Guilt.

Wherefore, *Athenians*, do not you expect that I'll have recourse to such Things as I take to be neither creditable, just, nor pious; especially upon this Occasion, where I stand arraign'd of Impiety by *Melitus*. Should I move you by Prayer, and force you to break your Oath, that would be Evidence that I taught you to believe no Gods; and thus in offering to justify myself, I should entangle myself in the very Charge of my Adversaries, and prove against myself that I believe in no Gods. But I am very far, *Athenians*, from being of that Principle. I am more convinc'd of the Being of a God, than my Accusers are; and am so well satisfy'd in the Point, that I resign myself to you and to God, that ye may judge as ye think fit, both for yourselves and for me.

[*Socrates having spoken in this Manner, the Judges put it to the Vote, and he was found guilty by thirty-three Voices. After which, Socrates began again to speak.*]

I Am not at all troubled, *Athenians*, at the Sentence ye have now pronounc'd. Several Things keep me from being disturb'd; especially one Thing, *viz.* That I was fully prepar'd before-hand, and have met with nothing more than I expected: for I did not think to have come so near to an Absolution, but expected to be cast by a greater Majority of Votes. I finding now that I am only cast by thirty three Votes, I fancy I have escaped *Melitus's* Prosecution; and not only so, but I think 'tis evident, that if *Anytus* and *Lyson* had not join'd in the Accusation, || he had lost his 1000 Drachms, since he had not the fifth Part of the Votes on his Side. *Melitus*

|| An Accuser was obliged to have one half of the Votes, and a fifth Part more, or else was fin'd in 1000 Drachms, *i. e.* 100 Crowns. *Theophrast.* in his Book of Laws; and *Demosthenes* against *Andrætion*.

then thinks I deserve Death in a good Time ! and as for me, what Punishment || shall I allot to myself ? You shall see plainly, *Athenians*, that I'll pitch upon what I deserve. Now what is it that I must condemn myself to, for not concealing what Good I've learnt in my Lifetime, for slighting what others court very earnestly, I mean Riches, Care of Domestick Affairs, Offices, Dignities ; and for never embarking in a Party, or engaging in any Office, which Things are commonly practis'd in this our City ? I have look'd upon myself as a Man of more Honesty and Goodness, than to preserve my Life by such pitiful Shifts. Besides, you know I never would engage in any Profession that did not enable me at once to promote your Advantage and my own ; and that my only Aim was, to be always in Readiness to procure to each of you in private, the greatest of all good things, by persuading you not to set your Mind upon your Possessions, till you had taken Care of yourselves in studying Wisdom and Perfection ; just as a City ought to be taken Care of, before the Things that belong to it ; and in like Manner, every other principal Thing is entitled to a Preference in our Thoughts, before its Apurtenances.

After all these Crimes, what is my Dmerit ? Doubtless, *Athenians*, if you proportion the Reward to the Merit, I deserve some considerable Good, suitable to such a Man as I am. Now what is't that's suitable for a

|| To understand this, we must know, that when the Criminal was found guilty, and the Accuser demanded a Sentence of Death ; the Law allow'd the Prisoner to condemn himself to one of these three Punishments, *viz.* Perpetual Imprisonment, a Fine, or Banishment. This Privilege was called *ᾠσιμᾶσαι* ; and was first enacted on the behalf of the Judges, that they might not scruple to pass Sentence upon those who by condemning themselves own'd their Guilt. *Socrates* was catch'd in this Snare ; but *Xenophon* testifies that he did not condemn himself at all, and would not allow his Friends to do it, because 'twas in effect an acknowledgment of the Crime. Only, in obedience to the Laws, and in order to proclaim his Innocence, instead of a Punishment, he demanded a Reward worthy of himself.

poor

poor Man that's your Benefactor, and wants Leisure and Opportunity for exciting and exhorting you? Nothing suits better with such a Man, than to be entertain'd in the *Prytanæum*; that's more due to him than to those of you that have brought off the Trophies of Victory from the Horses and Chariot-Races in the Olympick Games. For these Victors purchase you a seeming Happiness by their Victories: but as for me, I make you really happy by mine. Besides,

Those Victors
were look'd up-
on as Gods,

they stand not in Need of such a Supply, but I do. In Justice therefore you ought to adjudge me a Recompence worthy of myself; and to be maintain'd upon the Publick is no more than I deserve.

Perhaps you may charge me with Arrogance and Self-conceit, in speaking thus to you, as you did but now, when I spoke against the Supplications and Prayers of Prisoners. But there's nothing of that in the Case: pray hear me.

'Tis one of my Maxims, That *knowingly and willingly, we ought not to do the least Harm to any Man*. My Time is so short, that I cannot upon this Occasion stay to recommend it to you. If the same Law prevail'd here that is observ'd elsewhere, enjoining that a Tryal upon Life and Death should last, not one, but several Days, I am persuaded I could make you sensible of its Importance. But how is it possible to wipe off so many Calumnies in so short a Space of Time? However, being convinc'd that I ought to injure no Man, how should I behave towards myself, if I own'd myself worthy of a Punishment, and pass'd Sentence against myself? What! should I be afraid of the Punishment adjudg'd by *Melitus*, a Punishment that I cannot positively say whether 'tis Good or Evil, and at the same Time pitch upon another Sort of Punishment that I am certain is evil? Shall I condemn myself to perpetual Imprisonment? Why should I live always a Slave to the eleven Magistrates? Shall it be a Fine, and continuing in Prison till I pay it? That is much at one, for I have nothing to pay it with. It remains then that I should chuse Banishment; and perhaps

perhaps you will confirm my Choice. But indeed *Athenians*, I must needs be much blinded by the Love of Life, if I did not perceive that, since you who are my Fellow-Citizens could not brook my Conversation and Principles, but were always so gall'd by them, that you were never at ease till you got yourselves rid of me, much more will others be unable to brook them. That would be a pure Way of living for *Socrates*, at these Years to be expell'd *Athens*, and wander from City to City like a Vagabond in Exile ! I am very well satisfied, that where-ever I went the younger Sort would listen to me just as they do here : if I thwart them, they'll solicit their Fathers to expel me ; and if I do not, their Parents and Kinsmen will expel me upon their Account.

But perhaps somebody will say : *Why, Socrates, when you go from hence, cannot you hold your Peace, and live quietly ?* I see plainly, that to persuade you to any Thing, is a most difficult Enterprize : for if I tell you that my Silence would be Disobedience to God, and upon that Account || I cannot hold my Peace ; you will not believe me, you'll look upon the whole Story as a misterious Irony. And if on the other hand I acquaint you, that a Man's greatest Happiness consists in discoursing of Vertue all the Days of his Life, and entertaining himself with all the other Things you have heard me speak of, either in examining myself or others, since a Life without Examination is no Life ; you'll believe me yet less. However, 'tis just as I tell you, tho' you cannot believe it. But, after all, I am not accustom'd to think myself worthy of any Punishment. Indeed, if I were rich, I would amerce myself in such a Sum as I might be able to pay. But I am

A Man's greatest Happiness consists in discoursing of Vertue.

A Life without Self-Examination is no Life.

|| 'Twere impossible in *Socrates* to disobey God, and conceal the Truths he was obliged to reveal. What a noble Example is this in a Pagan !

not

not in a Condition, unless you would allow the Fine to be proportioned to my Indigency; and so perhaps I might make shift to pay a *Mina* of Silver. Indeed *Plato*, who is here present, and *Crito*, and *Critobulus*, and *Apollodorus*, would have me stretch it to 30 *Mina*'s, which they'll answer for: And accordingly I amerce myself in thirty *Mina*'s, and I give you them for very creditable Surety.

[*Socrates having amerc'd himself in Obedience to the Laws, the Judges took the Matter into Consideration, and without any Regard to the Fine, condemn'd him to die. After the Sentence was pronounc'd, Socrates began again, thus:]*

INDEED, *Athenians*, your Impatience and Precipitancy will draw upon you a great Reproach, and give the Envious Occasion to censure your City, for condemning that wise Man, *Socrates*: For to heighten the Scandal, they'll call me wise, tho' I am not. Whereas, had you staid but a short while, my Death had come of itself, and thrown into your lap what you now demand. You see my Age has run the most of its Round, and draws very near to a Conclusion. I do not make this Address to all my Judges, but only to those that voted my Condemnation. Do you think that I had been condemn'd, if I had thought it my Duty to try every means for procuring my Absolution; and if so, do you think I had wanted persuasive and touching Expressions? 'Tis not such Words that I have been wanting in, but in Boldness, in Impudence, and in a Desire to gratify you, by telling you such Stories as you love to hear. Doubtless you had been infinitely well pleas'd, to see me cry, groan, whine, and stoop to all the other mean Shifts that are commonly made use of by Prisoners at this Bar. But upon this Occasion, I did not think it my Duty to stoop to any Thing so base and scandalous; and now that the Sentence is past, I do not repent of avoiding the Indignity, for I chuse rather

to die upon the Defence I have now made, than to live by such Prayers and Supplications as you require. Neither Civil nor Military Justice allows an honest Man to save his Life any how. For in Duels it happens often; that a Man may easily save his Life by throwing down his Arms, and begging quarter of his Enemy: And in like Manner in all other Dangers, a Man that's capable of saying or doing any Thing, may hit upon a thousand Expedients for avoiding Death. To escape dying, *Athenians*, is not the greatest Difficulty; Shame falls in upon us more swiftly and is much harder to avoid. And accordingly in this Juncture, I, who am stiff and old, am only attack'd and overtaken

'Tis infinitely more difficult to avoid Shame, than Death.

by the slowest of the two; whereas my Accusers, who are vigorous and strong, are catch'd by the swiftest; I mean, Infamy. Thus am I about to be deliver'd up to Death by your Orders, and they (a) are surrender'd to Infamy and Injustice by the Orders of Truth. I am very well contented with my Sentence, and so are they with theirs. Thus Things are as they ought to be, and our Shares could not have been more justly or better divided.

In the next Place, I have a mind to foretell you, who have condemn'd me, what will be your Fate; for I am now just arriv'd at the Minute, (b) that affords a Man the steadiest Thoughts, and enables him to prophesy,

(a) *Socrates* is condemn'd by the Injustice of Men, but his Judges are condemn'd by the Orders of Truth. Thus were the *Athenians* only criminal, both with respect to God in disowning *Socrates's* God, and trampling under Foot the Oracle of *Apollo*; and with respect to Men, in debauching the Youth, particularly *Alcibiades*, *Hipponicus*, *Critias*, and an infinite Number of others. *Max. de Tyr.*

(b) At the Point of Death Mens Thoughts are steadier than in the Career of Life; because at that Time Passion is dethron'd, and the Soul begins to retrieve its Liberty. This was *Homer's* opinion: and there's no Difficulty in tracing a higher Source for it, than that Poet,

upon

upon the Approach of Death. I tell you then, that no sooner shall you have put me to Death, but (c) the Vengeance of God will pursue you with more Cruelty than you have shewn to me. By ridding yourselves of me, you design'd only to throw off the troublesome Task of giving an Account of your Lives ; but I tell you beforehand, you shall not compass your End.

A greater Number of Persons will rise up and censure you. Tho' you perceived it not, 'twas my presence that has hitherto restrain'd them. But after my Death, they will make you very uneasy ; and for as much as they are younger than I, will prove more troublesome and hard to be rid of. For if you fancy to yourselves, that putting such Persons to Death is an effectual Way to restrain others, and prevent their upbraiding you, you are much mistaken.

That Way of ridding yourselves of your Censors, is neither honest nor practicable. A better Way, which is at once very easy and honest, is, not to stop their Mouths, but to amend your Lives. So much for those who voted my Condemnation.

As for you, *Athenians*, who gave your Votes for my Absolution, I would gladly discourse you, while the head Magistrates are busy, till I be carried to the Place of Execution : I beg therefore a Minute's Audience, for since we have so much Time, why may not we confer together. I mean to represent to you a Thing that happen'd to me but now, and give you to understand what

The unjust do it imports. 'Tis a marvelous Thing, not deserve the *my Judges* (for in calling you *my Name of Judges. Judges*, I am not at all mistaken) that I met with but now. The Divine Law, that has advis'd me so often, and upon the least Occasion never fail'd to divert me from whatever I mean'd to pursue,

(c) This Prediction was fulfill'd in a raging Plague, that soon after laid *Athens* desolate ; and all the Misfortunes that overtook this unjust Republick, and indeed all *Greece* were taken for a certain Mark of Divine Vengeance,

that was not fit for me ; this Law has not given me any Sign this Day, on which I have met with what most Men take to be the greatest of Evils : It did not discover itself to me, neither in the Morning when I came (d) from my House, nor when I enter'd this Hall, nor when I began to speak. At other Times it frequently interrupted me in the Middle of my Discourse ; but this Day it has not thwarted me in any Thing that I designed, either to say or to do. Now I am about to tell you what this means. It is very probable that what I am now to encounter is a very great Good ; for certainly 'tis a Mistake to look upon Death as an Evil. And for an evident Proof of the contrary, let's consider, that, if I had not been to meet with some good Thing to Day, God, under whose Care I am, would not have fail'd to acquaint me, pursuant to his usual Custom. Let's fathom the Depth of this Matter, in Order to demonstrate, that the Belief of Death's being a good Thing, is a well grounded Hope.

One of these two Things must be true ; (a) Either Death is a Privation of Thought, or it is the Soul's Passage from one Place to another. If it be a Privation of Thought, and, as 'twere, a peaceable Sleep undisturb'd by Dreams, then to die is great Gain. After one Night

(d) For *Socrates* was not imprison'd till after his Condemnation.

(a) By this Dilemma, *Socrates* does not call in Question the Immortality of the Soul, but points to the two Opinions of Philosophers, some of whom thought the Soul fell with the Body ; and others, that the former surviv'd the latter. Now he offers to prove that Death is not ill in either of these Opinions : For, says he, if the Soul dies, 'tis annihilated, and consequently void of Thought ; and if it survives, we are happier after Death than before. Some decry *Socrates*'s Ratiocination, in alledging a third State of the Soul, where after Death it stays to undergo the Punishment due to its Crimes. But that's a meer Quibble ; for *Socrates* speaks only of good Men, who having obeyed God, may expect a blessed Immortality : For he likewise taught, that the Wicked suffer eternal Punishment in the World to come ; as we shall see in his *Phædon* : And he did not in the least pretend that those Wretches had no Occasion to fear Death.

of

of such Tranquility, free from Disturbance, Care, or the least Dream; I'm confident, if a Man were to compare that Night with all the other Nights and Days of his past Life, and were oblig'd to tell in Conscience and in Truth, how many Nights or Days of his whole Lifetime he had pass'd more happily than that one: I'm confident, I say, that not only a private Man, but the great King himself, would find so small a Number, that it would be very easy to count 'em. Now if Death does in any Measure resemble such a Night, I have justly given it the Appellation of great Gain; since its whole Time is only a long continued Night.

If Death be a Passage from this Place to another, and the Regions below are a Place of Rendezvous for those who liv'd here; pray, my Judges, what greater Good can a Man imagine? For if a Man quits his counterfeit Judges here, for true ones in the Regions below, who, they say, administer Justice with so much Equity, such as *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus*, *Æacus*, *Triptolemus*, and all the other Demi-Gods, who were so just in this Life; will not that be a happy Change? At what Rate, would not you purchase a Conference

He ranks these three Poets together, as being the Authors of the Pagan Theology.

with *Musæus*, *Hesiod*, and *Homer*? For my Part, if such a Thing were practicable, I'd die a thousand Times to enjoy so great a Pleasure. What Transports of Joy shall I encounter, when I meet *Palamedes*, *Ajax* the *Telamonian*, and

all the other Heroes of Antiquity, who in this Life were Victims of Injustice! How agreeable will it be to put my Adventures in the Balance with theirs! But the infinitely greatest and most valuable pleasure will consist in

No Evil can betide the just, either in this, or a future Life.

spending the Time in putting Questions and Interrogatories to those great Men, (b) in Order to strike out the Distinction between the truly Wise, and those who falsely fancy themselves to be

(b) By interrogating them upon all the Actions of their Life, and the Reasons that influenc'd 'em: For *Socrates* here speaks of the

be such. Who would not give all he has in this World for a Conference with him, who led the numerous Army against *Troy*, or *Ulysses*, or *Sisyphus*, and 100000 other Men and Women, whose Conversation and Discoveries would afford an inexpressible Felicity? These Men are infinitely more happy than we, and invested with Immortality. Upon which Account, my Judges, you ought to encounter Death with steady Hopes, as being persuaded of this certain Truth, (c) That an honest Man needs fear no Evil, either in this, or the future Life, and that the Gods take Care of all his Concerns :

No Evil can be-
tide the Just,
either in this, or
a future Life.

For what has now happened to me, is so far from being the Effect of Chance, that I am fully convinc'd, 'tis infinitely better for me to die, and be rid of the Encumbrances of this Life. And for that Reason, God, who regulates my Conduct, did not thwart me to Day. So that I have no Resentment against my Accusers, or those who voted my Condemnation ; notwithstanding that they mean'd, not to do me any Kindness, but to prejudice me, which might afford me just Grounds of Complaint. One Thing I have to beg of 'em is this ; That when my Children grow up, if they make you uneasy, as I did, that you * would punish 'em severely. But if you find that they prefer Riches to Vir-

the Wisdom they were really possess'd of, or fancied themselves to possess in this World ; and does not at all imply that any in a blessed State are capable of believing themselves wise, when they are not.

(c) This was the Presumption of a *Heathen*, who was ignorant of the fatal Effects of Sin and Corruption ; for which the wisest ought always to tremble. So that this Maxim of *Socrates* is only applicable to those, whose Sins, through God's Mercy, are not imputed to them.

* *Socrates* is so content to die for the Sake of Justice, that he assur'd his Judges to treat his Children in the same Fashion, if so they prov'd so happy as to give 'em the same Trouble that he did ; that is, if, they made it their Business to correct their Injustice, their Idolatry, and all their other Vices,

tue, and take themselves to be somewhat, when in Effect they are nothing ; pray be not wanting in checking them, and exposing them, for not minding those Things which deserve all their Care, and believing themselves to be what they are not. But now, 'tis true, we should all retire to our respective Offices, you to live and I to die. But whether you or I are going upon the better Expedition, † 'tis known to none but God alone.

† *Socrates* did not speak this out of Ignorance, for he knew very well that the just were happier in their Death, than the Wicked in their Life. But the People that had but just condemn'd him, were not in a Condition to relish that Maxim ; upon which Account, *Socrates* tells 'em that *God alone knew* ; and accordingly God quickly gave 'em all to know the Difference between the Fate of *Socrates*, and that of his Judges. The *Athenians* repented their putting to Death an innocent Person, and publicly lamented the loss of him, whom they had condemn'd by a publick Sentence. The Schools and Places for Exercise were shut up ; *Socrates's* Statue was erected, and a Chappel consecrated to his Memory ; and his Accusers prosecuted, *Melitus* was torn in Pieces, *Anytus* was expell'd the *Heraclea*, where he shelter'd ; and all the Abettors of the Conspiracy, were look'd upon as curst, and excommunicated, and reduced to such a Pitch of Despair, that most of 'em laid violent Hands on themselves.





THE
INTRODUCTION
TO
C R I T O .



SOCRATES, in his Apology, has furnish'd us with an admirable Model of an honest Man's Defences, when unjustly arraign'd. And in this Dialogue, which is intitled, *Of what is to be done*, he gives us a yet more perfect Plan of the Conduct of a good Man, and the Obedience

he owes to Justice and the Laws, even in dying when they require it, tho' at the same Time 'twere easy for him to escape. While *Socrates* lay in Prison, his Friends being more concern'd for his Life than himself, had retain'd the Goaler. Every Thing was in Readiness for accomplishing his Escape; and *Crito* goes into the Prison before Day, to tell him the good News, and persuade him not to slight the precious Opportunity. *Socrates* hears him, and commends his Zeal: But before he would comply, starts the Question, Whether it was just for him to depart from the Prison, without the Consent of the *Athenians*. So that the Point to be decided in this Dialogue, is, whether a Man unjustly condemn'd to die, can innocently

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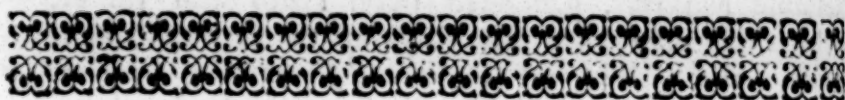
withdraw

withdraw himself from the Hand of Justice and the Law: *Socrates* was the only Man of the Age he lived in, that call'd that in question; and, which is yet more surprising, were he now alive, he would be the only Man in this our Age. All that we see before our Eyes, or read of in our Histories; in a Word, all the Instances of what Men have done through the Love of Life, and the Fear of Death, have so debauched our Judgments, that we are scarce capable to judge of what true Justice requires, and are apt to call every thing just, that's universally practis'd. Now there cannot be a more capital Error. However, since the Conduct of a *Heathen*, that chose rather to die, than to break the Course of Justice, would seem to us the Effect of Folly, or strong Prejudice, let's try if we can hit upon any solid Rule, that may reclaim us by its Authority, and convince us by its Light. The Christian Religion affords a great many such: But we shall confine ourselves to one, which in a sovereign Degree is justly intitled to both these Characters. *St. Paul*, being in Prison in *Macedonia*, one Night the Prison-Doors opened, and his Chains dropp'd off, and he was so far from making his Escape, that he hinder'd others to do it. *Peter* being imprison'd by *Herod*, who had resolv'd to put him to Death after the Passover, made his Escape the Night before the Day of Execution. But how did he do it? God did not content himself with unlocking his Chains, and opening the Prison-Doors, but sent an Angel, who push'd him on, and forc'd him to go along. This was the Conduct of the Saints. When the Prison be open, they do not offer to make their Escape. Nothing less than an Angel can oblige them to depart the Prison. *Socrates*, who was no Saint, but follow'd as close as possible the same Light that guides and illuminates the Saints, observes the same Conduct; When open'd the Prison and untied his Chains, but his Angel was silent, and he would not stir. He preferr'd an innocent Death before a criminal Life: But before he came to a Resolution, he heard the Reasons of his Friend, who speaks with a great Deal of Force, and omits nothing that could move him: And after that

with

with a Divine Eloquence, confronted him with incontestable Maxims, grounded upon Truth and Justice, in which one may trace the Rays of the Evangelical Doctrine, viz. *That we ought to slight the Opinions of Men, and regard only the Judgment of God; that it is not living but living well, that should be our Wish; that Justice is the Life, and Injustice the Death of the Soul; that we ought not to injure our Enemies, or resent the Injuries we receive; that 'tis better to die, than to Sin; that we must obey the Law of our Country; that the Injustice of Men cannot justify our Disrespect to the Laws; and that the Laws of this World have Sister-Laws in the other, which revenge the Affronts put upon 'em here.*

These were the Principles that *Socrates* went upon. Those who take the Pains to examine 'em and weigh their Consequences, will be fully satisfied, not only that *Socrates* acted the Part of an honest Man in refusing to make his Escape, but likewise, that he could not be a good Man if he did otherwise. And 'twas with this View, that *Quintilian* said, This Philosopher, by quitting the small Remainder of his Life, retriev'd all the former part of his Life, and likewise gain'd a Life to all Ages. 'Tis such Thoughts as these that our Souls should always have in View, in Order to keep out Vice; for if once we relent and allow the Enemy to gain some Ground, under a specious Pretence and a taking Appearance, it will quickly master all, and overturn all the Banks that should stop its Course.



C R I T O :

O R,

Of what we ought to do.

Socrates and Crito.

Soc.



H A T's the Matter you come here so soon, *Crito*? As I take it, 'tis very early.

Crit. 'Tis true.

Soc. What a-Clock may it be then?

Crit. A little before the Break of Day.

Soc. I wonder the Goaler let you in.

Crit. He is one I know very well. I have been with him here often ; and he is in some Measure obliged to me.

Soc. Are you but just come ; Or is it long since you came?

Crit. I have been here a pretty while.

Soc. Why did you not awaken me then when you came in?

Crit. Pray God forbid, *Socrates*. For my own Part,

The Tranquillity of *Socrates* on the Eve preceding his Death.

I would gladly shake of the Cares and Anxiety that keep my Eyes from closing. But when I enter'd this Room, I wonder'd to find you so sound asleep, and was loth to awaken you that I might not rob you of these happy Minutes. Indeed, *Socrates*, ever since I knew you, I have been always charmed

charm'd with your Patience and calm
Temper ; but in a distinguishing Man-
ner in this Juncture, since in the Cir-
cumstances you are in, your Eye looks so easy and un-
concern'd.

His Calmness
and Patience.

Soc. Indeed, *Crito*, it would be a great Indecency in
one of my Age to be apprehensive of Death.

Crit. Ay! And how many do we see every Day, un-
der the like Misfortunes, whom Age does not exempt
from those Fears !

Soc. That's true. But after all, what brought you
hither so early ?

Crit. I came to tell you a troublesome Piece of News,
which, tho' it may not seem to affect you, yet it over-
whelms both me and your Relations and Friends with
insufferable Grief. In fine, I bring the most terrible
News that ever could be brought.

Soc. What News ? Is the Ship arriv'd from *Delos*,
upon the Return of which I am to die ?

Crit. It is not yet arriv'd ; but without doubt it will
be here this Day, according to the Intelligence we have
from some Persons that came from *Sunium*, and left it
there. For at that Rate, it cannot fail of being there to-
morrow, and so to-morrow you must unavoidably die.

Soc. Why not, *Crito* ? Be it so, since 'tis the Will
of God. However, I do not believe that Vessel will ar-
rive this Day.

Crit. What do you ground that Conjecture upon ?

Soc. I'll tell you : I am not to die till the Day after
the Arrival of the Vessel.

Crit. At least those who are to execute the Sentence say
so.

Soc. That Vessel will not arrive till to-morrow, as I
conjecture from a certain Dream I had this Night, about
a (a) Minute ago. And it seems to me a Happiness,
that you did not awaken me.

(a) He speaks on this Fashion, because the Dreams of the Morn-
ing were look'd upon as more distinct and true. *Certiora & colat-
tiora somniari affirmant sub extimis Noctibus, quasi jam emergente ani-
marum Vigore producto Sopore.* Tertul. de Anima.

Crit. Well, what is the Dream?

Socrates's remarkable Dream. Phthia was Achilles's Country.

Soc. I thought, I saw a very handsome comely Woman, clad in white, come up to me, who calling me by Name, said, *(b)* *In three Days thou shalt be in the fertile Phthia.*

Crit. That's a very strange Dream, *Socrates.*

Soc. 'Tis a very significant one, *Crito.*

Crit. Yes, without Doubt. But for this Time, prithee, *Socrates*, take my Advice and make your Escape. For my Part, if you die, besides the irreparable Loss of a

The Vulgar People can never conceive that a Man condemn'd to die will not make his Escape, if he can.

Friend, which I will ever lament, I am afraid that a great many People, who are not well acquainted neither with you nor me, will believe that I have forsaken you, in not employing my Interest for promoting your Escape, now that 'tis in my Power. Is there any Thing more scandalous, than to lie under the Disrepute of being wedded to my Money more than my Friend? For, in short, the People will never believe, that 'twas you who refus'd to go from hence, when we press'd you to be gone.

Soc. My dear *Crito*, why should we be so much concern'd for the Opinion of the People? Is it not enough,

(b) In the 9th Book of the *Iliads*, *Achilles* threatening to retire, says to *Ulysses*; *After to-morrow you shall see the Hellespont covered with my Ships, and if Neptune afford me a happy Voyage, in three Days I shall arrive at the fertile Phthia.* 'Twas this last Verse that *Socrates* had from the Mouth of the Woman in his Dream; for our Dreams always bear a Proportion to our *Genius's*, *Habits*, and *Ways of Thinking*. Nothing can be a stronger Evidence of the gentle and easy Thoughts that *Socrates* had of Death, than his Application of this Passage, by which he represents Death as a fortunate Voyage to ones own Country. The *Grammarians*, who were always ty'd up to the Letter, were never able to point out the Beauty and Delicacy of this Passage: for they only turn'd it into a coarse Idea of Death upon the Resemblance of the Word *Phthia* with *φθίω* to corrupt; as if a *Grecian* could ever have mistaken *φθίω* for *φθίσω*.

that the more sensible Part, who are the only Men we ought to regard, know how the Case stands?

Crit. But you see, *Socrates*, there's a Necessity of being concern'd for the Noise of the Mob; for your Example is a sufficient Instance, that they are capable of doing, not only small, but the greatest of Injuries, and display their Passion in an outrageous Manner, against those who are once run down by the vulgar Opinion.

Soc. * Would to God, *Crito*, the People were capable to do the greatest of Injuries! Were it so, they would likewise be capable of doing the greatest Good: That would be a great Happiness. But neither the one nor the other is possible. For they cannot make Men either wise Men or Fools.

Crit. I grant it. But pray answer me: Is it not out of Tenderness to me and your other Friends, that you will not stir from hence? For fear, lest upon your Escape we should be troubled and charged with carrying you off, and by that Means be oblig'd to quit our Possessions, or pay a large Sum of Money, or else suffer something more fatal than either? If that be your Fear, shake it off, *Socrates*, in the Name of the Gods. Is not it highly reasonable that we should purchase your Escape at the Rate of exposing ourselves to these Dangers, and greater ones, if there be Occasion? Once more my dear *Socrates*, believe me and go along with me.

Soc. I own, *Crito*, that I have such Thoughts, and several others besides in my View.

Crit. Fear nothing I intreat you; for in the first Place, they require no great Sum to let you out. And on the other Hand, you see what a pitiful Condition † those are in, who probably might arraign us: A small Sum of Money will stop their Mouths; my Estate alone will serve for that. If you scruple to accept of my Of-

* This is a noble Principle of *Socrates*. None can do the greatest Harm, but those who are able to do the greatest Good. And this can only be attributed to God, not to Men.

† Those who made a Trade of accusing at *Athens*, were a poor Sort of People, whose Mouths were easily stopp'd with Money.

fer, here is a great Number of Strangers, who desire nothing more than to furnish you with what Money you want. *Simmias* the *Theban* himself, has brought up very considerable Sums. *Cebes* is capable of doing as much, and so are several others. Let not your Fears then stifle the Desire of making your Escape. And as for what you told me t'other Day, in the Court, that if you made your Escape, you should not know how to live; pray let not that trouble you: Whithersoever you go, you'll be beloved in all Places of the World. If you'll go to *Theffaly*, I have Friends there, who will honour you according to your Merit, and think themselves happy in supplying you with what you want, and covering you from all Occasions of Fear in their Country. Besides, *Socrates*, without doubt you are guilty of a very unjust Thing in delivering up yourself, while 'tis in your Power to make your Escape, and promoting what your Enemies so passionately wish for. For you not only betray yourself, but likewise your Children by abandoning them, when you might make a Shift to maintain and educate 'em: You are not at all concern'd at what may befall them tho' at the same Time they are like to be in as dismal a Condition, as ever poor Orphans were. A Man ought either to have no Children, or else to expose himself to the Care and Trouble of breeding them. You seem to me to act the softest and most insensible Part

This was the Judgment of Men; the Steadiness of *Socrates* pass'd for Laziness and Insensibility.

World will

Because he did not stoop to the Judges, but spoke rather like an Accuser than a Prisoner.

in the World; whereas you ought to take up a Resolution worthy of a generous Soul; above all, you, who boast that you pursued nothing but Virtue all the Days of your Life. I tell you, *Socrates*, I am asham'd upon the Account of you and your Relations, since the World will believe 'twas long of our Cowardliness that you did not get off. In the first Place, they'll charge you with standing a Trial that you might have avoided; then they'll censure your Conduct in making your Defences? and at last, which is the most shameful of all, they'll upbraid

upbraid us with forsaking you thro' Fear or Cowardice, since we did not accomplice your Escape. Pray consider of it, my dear *Socrates*; if you do not prevent the approaching Evil, you'll bear a Part in the Shame that will cover us all. Pray advise with yourself quickly. But now I think on it, there is not Time for advising, there's no Choice left, all must be put in Execution the next Night; for if we delay longer all our Measures will be broke. Believe me, I intreat you, and do as I bid you.

Soc. My dear *Crito*, your Good-will is very commendable, provided it agrees with right Reason; but if it swerves from that, the stronger it is, the more is it blame worthy. The first Thing to be consider'd, is, whether we ought to do as you say, or not? For you know 'tis not of yesterday that I've accustomed myself only to follow the Reasons that appear most just, after a mature Examination. 'Tho' Fortune frowns upon me, yet I'll never part with the Principles I have all along profess'd. These Principles appear always the same, and I esteem them equally at all Times. So, if your Advice be not backed by the strongest Reasons, assure yourself I will never comply, not if all the Power of the People should arm itself against me, or offer to frighten me like a Child, by laying on fresh Chains, and threatening to deprive me of the greatest Good, and oblige me to suffer the cruellest Death. Now, how shall we manage this Enquiry justly? To be sure, the fairest Way is to resume what you have been saying of the vulgar Opinions; that is, to enquire, whether there are some Reports that we ought to regard, and others that are to be slighted; or whether the saying so is only a groundless and childish Proposition. I have a strong Desire, upon this Occasion, to try in your Presence, whether this Principle will appear to me in different Colours from what it did while I was in other Circumstances, or whether I shall always find it the same, in Order to determine me to a Compliance or Refusal.

Reason and Justice ought to regulate our Estimate of the Kindness of Friends.

If I mistake not, 'tis certain, that several Persons who thought themselves Men of Sense, || have often maintained in this Place. That of all the Opinions of Men, some are to be regarded and others to be slighted. In the Name of the Gods, *Crito*, do not you think that was well said? In all human Appearance, you are in no Danger of dying to-morrow ; and therefore 'tis presum'd that the Fear of the present Danger cannot work any change upon you. Wherefore, pray consider it well: Do not you think they spoke justly, who said, that all the Opinions of Men are not always to be regarded, but only some of them ; and those not of all Men, but only of some? What do you say ? do not you

What choice we ought to make of Opinions.

think 'tis very true ?

Crit. Very true.

Soc. At that Rate then, ought not we to esteem the good Opinions, and slight the bad ones ?

Crit. Ay, doubtless.

Soc. Are not the good Opinions then those of wise Men, and the bad ones those of Fools ?

Crit. It cannot be otherwise.

Soc. Let's see then, how you will Answer this. A Man that makes his Exercises, when he comes to have his Lesson, whether shall he regard the Commendation or Censure of whoever comes first, or only of him that is either † a Physician or a Master ?

Crit. Of the last to be sure.

Soc. Then he ought to fear the Censure, and value the Commendation of that Man alone ; and slight what comes from others.

Crit. Without doubt.

|| This probably had been maintain'd in some of the former Conferences in Prison : for *Socrates*'s Friends met every Day in the Prison to keep him company.

† For they perform those Exercises either for their Health, or else to improve their Dexterity and Strength : For the first they follow'd the Orders of a Physician ; and for the other, they were directed by a Master.

Soc.

Soc. For that Reason, this young Man must neither eat nor drink, nor do any Thing, without the Orders of that Master, that Man of Sense, and he is not at all to govern himself by the Caprices of others.

Crit. That's true.

Soc. Let's fix upon that then. But suppose he disobeys this Master, and disregards his Applause or Censure? and suffers himself to be blinded by the Caresses and Applauses of the ignorant Mob; will not he come to some Harm by this Means?

Crit. How is it possible it should be otherwise?

Soc. But what will be the Nature of this Harm that will accrue to him thereupon? where will it terminate? and what Part of him will it affect?

Crit. His Body, without Doubt; for by that Means he'll ruin himself.

Soc. Very well, but is not the Case the same all over? Upon the Point of Justice or Injustice, Honesty or Dishonesty, Good or Evil, which at present are the Subject of our Dispute, shall we rather refer ourselves to the Opinion of the People, than to that of an experienced wise Man, who justly challenges more Respect and Deference from us, than all the World besides? And if we do not act conformably to the Opinion of this one Man, is it not certain that we shall ruin ourselves, and entirely lose that which only lives and gains new Strength by Justice, and perishes only through Injustice? Or must we take all that for a Thing of no Account?

Crit. I am of your Opinion.

Soc. Take heed, I intreat you; if by following the Opinions of the Ignorant, we destroy that which is only preserved by Health and wasted by Sicknes, can we survive the Corruption of that, whether it be our Body, or somewhat else?

The Soul lives only by Justice.

Crit. That's certain.

Soc. Can one live then after the Corruption and Destruction of the Body

Crit. No, to be sure

Soc.

Soc. But can one survive the Corruption of that which lives only by Justice, and dies only thro' Injustice? Or is this Thing (whatever it be) that has Justice or Injustice for its Object, to be less valued than the Body?

Crit. Not at all.

Soc. What, is it much more valuable then?

Crit. A great Deal more.

Soc. Then my dear *Crito*, we ought not to be concerned at what the People say, but what

In all our Actions we ought only to regard the Truth, *i. e.* God, who alone is Truth itself.

that says, who knows what's just and what's unjust: and that alone is nothing else but the Truth. Thus you see, you establish'd false Principles at first, in saying that we ought to pay a Deference to the Opinions of the People, upon

what is just, good, honest, and its Contraries. Some perhaps will object, that the People are able to put us to Death.

Crit. To be sure, they'll start that Objection.

To live is nothing, but to live well is all in all.

Soc. 'Tis also true. But that does not alter the Nature of what we were saying; that's still the same. For you must still remembre, that 'tis not Life, but a good Life that we ought to court.

A good Life consists only in Honesty and Justice.

Crit. That's a certain Truth.

Soc. But is it not likewise certain, that this good Life consists in nothing else but Honesty and Justice.

Crit. Yes.

Soc. Now, before we go farther, let's examine upon the Principles you've agreed to, whether my Departure from hence without the Permission of the *Athenians*, is just or unjust. If it be found just, we must do our utmost to bring it about; but if 'tis unjust, we must lay aside the Design. For as to the Considerations you alled-

A Character of the Mob.

ged just now, of Money, Reputation, and Family; these are only the Thoughts of the baser Mob, who put innocent Persons to death, and would afterwards bring 'em to Life, if 'twere possible. But as for us who bend our

our Thoughts another Way, all that we are to mind, is whether we do a just Thing in giving Money, and lying under an Obligation to those who promote our Escape; or whether both we and they do not commit a Piece of Injustice in so doing? If this be an unjust Thing, we need not reason much upon the Point, since 'tis better to abide here and die, than to undergo somewhat more terrible than Death.

Death is preferable to the Commission of an unjust Thing.

Crit. You are in the right of that, *Socrates*; let's see then how it will fall.

Soc. We shall go hand in hand in the Enquiry. If you have any Thing of weight to answer, pray do it when I have spoken, that so I may comply; if not, pray forbear any farther to press me to go from hence without the Consent of the *Athenians*. I shall be infinitely glad if you can persuade me to do it; but I cannot do it without being first convinced. Take Notice then whether my way of pursuing this Enquiry satisfies you, and do your utmost to make answer to my Questions.

Crit. I will.

Soc. Is it true, that we ought not to do an unjust Thing to any Man? or is it lawful in any Measure to do it to one, when we are forbid to do it to another? Or is it not absolutely true, that all Manner of Injustice is neither good nor honest, as we were saying but now?

Difference of Times and Persons will not justify the doing Injustice to any Man.

Or, in fine, are all these Sentiments which we formerly entertained, vanished in a few Days? And is it possible, *Crito*, that those of Years, our most serious Conferences, should resemble those of Children, and we at the same Time not be sensible that 'tis so? Ought we not rather to stand to what we have said, as being a certain Truth, that all Injustice is scandalous and fatal to the Person that commits it; let Men say what they will, and let our Fortune be never so good or bad?

Injustice is scandalous and fatal to him that is guilty of it.

Crit. That's certain.

Soc.

Soc. Then we must avoid the least Measure of Injustice ?

Crit. Most certainly.

Soc. Since we are to avoid the least Degree of it, then we ought not to do it to those who are unjust to us, notwithstanding that this People thinks it lawful ?

Crit. So I think.

Soc. But what ! ought we to do Evil or not ?

Crit. Without Doubt we ought not.

Soc. But is it Justice, to repay Evil with Evil, pursuant to the Opinion of the People, or is it unjust ?

Crit. 'Tis highly unjust.

Soc. Then there's no Difference between doing Evil and being unjust ?

Crit. I own it.

Soc. Then we ought not to do the least Evil or Injustice to any Man, let him do by us as he will. But take heed, *Crito*, that by this Concession you do not speak against your own Sentiments. For I know very well, there are few that will go this length : and 'tis impossible for those who vary in their Sentiments upon this Point to agree well together. Nay, on the contrary, the Con-

Socrates owns that few will grant this Truth, that we ought not to seek Revenge, or repay Evil for Evil.

tempt of one another's Opinions, leads 'em to a reciprocal Contempt of one another's Persons. Consider well then, if you are of the same Opinion with me ; and let us ground our Reasonings upon this Principle, That we ought not to do Evil for Evil, or treat those unjustly who are unjust to us. For my Part, I never did, nor never will entertain any other Principle. Tell me then if you have chang'd your Mind ; if not, give ear to what follows.

Crit. I give Ear.

Soc. Well : a Man that has made a just Promise, ought he to keep it, or to break it ?

Crit. He ought to keep it.

Soc. If I go from hence without the Consent of the *Athenians*, shall not I injure some People, and especially those who do not deserve it? Or shall we in this follow what we think equally just to every body?

It is a visible Wrong to the Laws and the State.

Crit. I cannot answer you, for I do not understand you.

Soc. Pray take Notice: when we put ourselves in a Way of making our Escape, or going from hence, or how you please to call it, suppose the Law and the Republick should present themselves in a Body before us, and accost us in this Manner: *Socrates*, what are you going to do? To put in Execution what you now design, were wholly to ruin the Laws and the State.

Socrates introduces the Laws and the State speaking to him.

Do you think a City can subsist when Justice has not only lost its Force, but is likewise perverted, overturned, and trampled under Foot by private Persons? What Answer could we make to such and many other Questions? For what is it that an Orator cannot say upon the Overturning of that Law, which provides that Sentences once pronounced shall not be infring'd? Shall we answer, that the Republick has judged amiss, and passed an unjust Sentence upon us? Shall that be our Answer?

The ordinary Answer of those who trample under Foot Justice and the Laws.

Crit. Ay, without any Scruple, *Socrates*.

Soc. What will the Laws say then? *Socrates*, is it not true, that you agreed with us to submit yourself to a publick Trial? And if we should seem to be surprized at such Language, they'll continue perhaps,

A Refutation of that Plea.

Be not surprized, *Socrates*, but make Answer, for you yourself used to insist upon Question and Answer. Tell then what Occasion you have to complain of the Republick and of us, that you are so eager upon destroying it?

Are

† *Are not we the Authors of your Birth? Is not it by our means that your Father married her who brought you forth? What Fault can you find with the Laws we established as to Marriage? Nothing at all, should I answer. As to the nourishing and bringing up of Children, and the Manner of your Education, are not the Laws just that we enacted upon that Head, by which we obliged your Father to bring you up to Musick and the Exercises? Very just, I'd say. Since you were born, brought up, and Educated under our Influence, durst you maintain that you are not our Nurse-Child and Subject as well as your Father? And if you are, do you think to have equal Power with us, as if it were lawful for you to inflict upon us all we enjoin you to undergo? But since you cannot lay claim to any such Right against your Father or your Master, so as to repay Evil for Evil, Injury for Injury, how can you think to obtain that Priviledge against your Country and the Laws, insomuch that if we endeavour to put you to Death, you'll counteract us, by endeavouring to prevent us, and to ruin your Country and its Laws? Can-you call such an Action just, you that are an inseperable Follower of true Virtue?*

The Regard we ought to have to our Country.

Are you ignorant that your Country is more considerable, and more worthy of Respect and Veneration before God and Man than your Father, Mother, and all your Relations together? That you ought to honour your Country, yield to it, and humour it more than an angry Father? That you must either reclaim it by your Council, or obey its Injunctions, and suffer without grumbling all that it imposes upon you? If it orders you to be whipp'd, or laid in Irons, if it sends you to the Wars, there to spend your Blood, you ought to do it without demurring; you must not shake off the Yoke, or flinch or quit your Post; but in the

† This is an admirable Way of making out the Obligation of all Men to obey the Laws of their Country, by Virtue of the Treaty made between 'em.

Army, in Prison, and every where else, ought equally to obey the Orders of your Country, or else assist it with wholeſom Council. For if offering Violence to a Father or a Mother is a Piece of grand Impiety, to put a Force upon one's Country is a much greater. What ſhall we answer to all this, *Crito*? Shall we acknowledge the Truth of what the Laws advance?

Crit. How can we avoid it?

Soc. Do you ſee then, *Socrates*, (continue they) what Reason we have to brand your Enterprize againſt us as unjuſt? Of us you hold your Birth, your Maintenance, your Education; in fine, we have done you all the Good we are capable of, as well as to the other Citizens. Indeed, we do not fail to make Publick Proclamation, that 'tis lawful for every private Man, if he does not find his Account in the Laws and Customs of our Republick, after a mature Examination, to retire with all his Effects whither he pleaſes. And if any of you cannot comply with our Customs, and deſires to remove and live elsewhere, not one of us ſhall hinder him, he may go where he pleaſes. But on the other hand, if any one of you continues to live here, after he has conſidered our Way of adminiſtring Juſtice, and the Policy obſerved in the State, then, we ſay, he is in Effect obliged to obey all our Commands, and we maintain that his Diſobedience is unjuſt on a three-fold Account; for not obeying thoſe to whom he owes his Birth; for trampling under Foot thoſe that educated him; and for violating his Faith after he engaged to obey us, and not taking the Pains to make Remonſtrances to us, if we happen to do an unjuſt Thing. For notwithstanding that we only propoſe Things without uſing any Violence to procure Obedience, and give every Man his Choice either to obey us, or reclaim us by his Counſel or Remonſtrances, yet he does neither the one nor the other. And we maintain, *Socrates*, that if you execute what you are now about, you will ſtand charged with all theſe Crimes, and that in a much higher Degree than if another private Man had committed the ſame Injuſtice. If I asked 'em the Reason, without doubt they'd ſtop my Mouth by telling me, that I ſubmitted my
ſelf

self in a distinguishing Manner to all these Conditions. And we, (continue they) have great Evidence that you were always pleased with us and the Republick; for if this City had not been more agreeable to you than any other, you had never continued in it, no more than the other *Athenians*. None of the Shows could ever tempt you to go out of the City, except once, that you went to see the * Games at the *Isthmus*: You never went any where else, excepting your Military Expeditions, and never undertook a Voyage, as others are wont to do.

i.e. So as to follow them. You never had the Curiosity to visit other Cities, or enquire after other Laws as being contented with us and our Republick. You always made a distinguish-

ing Choice of us, and on all Occasions testified that you submitted with all your Heart to live according to our Maxims. Besides, you having had Children in this City is an infallible Evidence that you liked it. In fine, in

For if he had sentenced himself to Banishment, the *Athenians* had confirmed it.

this very last Juncture you might have been sentenced to Banishment if you would, and might then have done, with the Consent of the Republick, what you now Attempt without their Permission. But you were so stately, so unconcerned at Death, that in your own Terms you preferred Death to Banishment. But now you have no Regard to these fine Words; you are not further concerned for the Laws, since you are going to overturn them. You

All our Actions conformable to the Laws of a Country, are so many Ratifications of the Treaty made with it.

do just what a pitiful Slave would offer to do, by endeavouring to make your Escape contrary to the Laws of the treaty you have signed, by which you oblig'd yourself to live according to our Rules. Pray answer us: Did not we say right in affirming that you agreed to this Treaty, and submitted yourself to these Terms not only in Words, but in

* These Games were celebrated at the *Isthmus* of *Corinth* to the Honour of *Neptune* every three Years, after they were received by *Theſeus*.

needs? What shall we say to all this, *Crito*? And what can we do else but acknowledge that 'tis so?

Crit. How can we avoid it, *Socrates*?

Soc. What else then, continue they, is this Action of yours but a Violation of that Treaty, and all its Terms? That Treaty that you were not made to sign either by Force or Surprize, not without Time to think on it: For you had the whole Course of your seventy Years to have removed in, if you had been dissatisfied with us, you were unconvinced of the Justice of our Proposals. You were either pitched upon *Lacedemon* nor *Crete*, notwithstanding that you always cryed up their Laws; nor any of the other *Grecian* Cities, or strange Countries. You have been less out of *Athens* than the lame and the blind; which is an invincible Proof that the City pleased you in a distinguishing Manner, and consequently that we are not such. And yet at this Time you counter-act the Treaty. But, if you'll take our Advice, *Socrates*, we would have you to stand to your Treaty, and not expose yourself to be ridiculed by the Citizens, by stealing out from hence. Pray consider what Advantage can redound either to you or your Friends, by persisting in that good-Design; Your Friends will infallibly be either exposed to Danger or banished their Country, or have their Estates forfeited. And as for yourself, if you retire to any neighbouring City, such as *Thebes* or *Megara*, which are admirably well governed, you'll there be looked upon as an Enemy. All that have any love for their Country will look upon you as a Corrupter of the Laws: Besides, you'll fortify in them the good Opinion they have of our Judges, and move 'em to approve the Sentence given against you: For a Corrupter of the Law will at any Time pass for a Debaucher of the Youth, and of the vulgar People. What, will you keep out of these well-governed Cities, and these Assemblies of just Men? But may you have enough to live upon in that Condition? Or will you have the Face to go and live with them? And pray what will you say to 'em, *Socrates*? Will you preach to them, as you did here, that Virtue, Justice,

Justice, the Laws, and Ordinances ought to be revered by Men? Do not you think that this will sound very ridiculous in their Ears? You ought to think so. But perhaps you'll quickly leave these well-governed Cities, and go to † *Theffaly* to *Crito's* Friends where there is less Order, and more Licentiousness; and doubtless in that Country they'll take a singular Pleasure in hearing you relate in what Equipage you made your Escape from this Prison, that is, covered with some old Rags, or a Beast's Skin, or disguised some other Way, as fugitives are wont to be. Every body will say, 'This old Fellow, that has scarce any Time to live, had such a strong passion for living, that he did not stand to purchase his Life by trampling under Foot the most sacred Laws. Such Stories will be bandied about of you at a Time when you offend no Man; but upon the least Occasion of Complaint, they'll tease you with a thousand other Reproaches, unworthy of you. You'll spend your Time in sneaking and insinuating yourself into the Favour of all Men, one after another, and owning an equal Subjection to 'em all. For what can you do? Will you feast perpetually in *Theffaly*, as if the good Cheer had drawn you thither? But what will become then of all your fine Discourses upon Justice and Virtue? Besides, if you design to preserve your Life for the Sake of your Children; that cannot be in Order to bring 'em up in *Theffaly*, as if you could do 'em no other Service but make 'em Strangers. Or if you design to leave 'em here, do you Imagine that during your Life they'll be better brought up here, in your Absence, under the Care of your Friends? But will not your Friends take the same Care of 'em after your Death that they'd do in your Absence? You ought to be persuaded that all those who call themselves your Friends, will at all Times do them all the Service they can. To conclude, *Socrates*, submit yourself to our Reasons,

* *Theffaly* was the Country where Licentiousness and Debauchery reign'd. And accordingly *Xenophon* observes, that 'twas there that *Critias* was ruin'd,

follow the Advice of those who brought you up, and do not put your Children, your Life, or any Thing whatsoever, in the Balance with Justice ; to the end, that when you arrive before the Tribunal of *Pluto*, you may be able to clear yourself before your Judges. For do not you deceive yourself : If you perform what you now design, you'll neither better your own Cause, nor that of your Party ; you will neither enlarge its Justice nor Sanctity either here or in the Regions below. But if you die bravely, you owe your Death to the Injustice, not of the Laws, but of Men : Whereas if you make your Escape by repulsing so shamefully the Injustice of your Enemies, by violating at once both your own Faith and your Treaty, and injuring so many innocent persons as yourself, your Friends, and your Country, together with us ; we will still be your Enemies, as long as you live : And when you are dead, our Sisters, the Laws in the other World, will certainly afford you no joyful Reception, as knowing that you endeavoured to ruin us. Wherefore do not prefer *Crito's* Counsel to ours.

The Laws are just, and Injustice comes from Men.

Methinks, my dear *Crito*, I hear what I have now spoke, just as † the Priest of *Cybele* fancy they hear the Cornets and Flutes ; and the sound of these Words makes so strong an Impression in my Ears, that it stops me from hearing any thing else. These are the Sentiments I like ; and all you can say to take me off of

† *Socrates* means, that all these Truths make no slight Impression upon him, but pierce him, and inspire him with an Ardour, or rather a holy Fury, that stops his Ears from hearing any Thing to the contrary. The Sound of the Cornets and Flutes of the Priests of *Cybele* inspir'd the Audience with Fury ; and why should the Sound of Divine Truths fall short of the same Virtue, and leave their Hearers in a lukewarm Indifferency ? This Temper of *Socrates* justifies and explains what *Diogenes* said of him : When somebody ask'd *Diogenes* what he thought of *Socrates* ? he answered, *That he was a mad Man* ; for *Socrates* shew'd an incredible Warmth in pursuing whatever he took to be just.

them will be to no purpose. However, if you think to succeed, I do not hinder you from speaking.

Crit. I have nothing to say, *Socrates*.

Soc. Then be easy, and let us bravely run this Course since God calls and conducts us to it.





T H E
I N T R O D U C T I O N
T O
P H E D O N.



SOCRATES in his *Apology*, and in his *Crito*, teaches us how we ought to form our Lives ; and here he instructs us how to die, and what Thoughts to entertain at the Hour of Death. By explaining his own Views and Designs, which were the Springs of all his Actions, he furnishes us with a Proof of the most important of all Truths, and of that which ought to regulate our Life. For the Immortality of the Soul is a Point of such Importance, that it includes all the Truths of Religion, and all the Motives that ought to excite and direct us. So that our first Duty is to satisfy ourselves in this Point: Self-Love and mere human Interest ought to spur us up to understand it ; not to speak, that there is not a more fatal Condition than to be ignorant of the Nature of Death, which appears as terrible as unavoidable : for according to the Notion we have of it, we may draw Consequences directly opposite, for managing the Conduct of our Lives, and the Choice of our Pleasures.

Socrates

Socrates spends the last Day of his Life in discoursing with his Friends upon this great Subject: he unfolds all the Reasons that require the Belief of the Immortality of the Soul, and refutes all the Objections they moved to the contrary, which are the very same that are made use of at this Day. He demonstrates the Hope they ought to have of a happier Life; and lays before them all that this blessed Hope requires to make it solid and lasting, to prevent their being deluded by a vain Hope, and after all, meeting with the Punishment allotted to the Wicked, instead of the Rewards provided for the Good.

This Conference was occasioned by a Truth that was casually started, *viz.* That a true Philosopher ought to desire to die, and to endeavour it. This Position taken literally, seemed to insinuate, that a Philosopher might lay violent Hands on himself. But *Socrates* makes it out, that there's nothing more unjust; and that for so much as Man is God's Creature and Property, he ought not to remove out of this Life without his Orders. What should it be then that made the Philosopher have such a Love for Death †? What is the Ground of this Hope? Here we are presented with the Grounds assign'd by a Heathen Philosopher, *viz.* Man is born to know the Truth, but he can never attain to a perfect Knowledge of it in this Life, by reason that his Body is an Obstacle: perfect Knowledge is reserved for the Life to come. Then the Soul must be immortal, since after Death it operates and knows. As for Man's being born for the Knowledge of Truth, that cannot be called in Question, since he was born to know God.

From thence it follows, that a true Philosopher hates and contemns this Body, which stands in the Way of his Union to God; that he wishes to be rid of it, and looks upon Death as a Passage to a better Life. This solid Hope gives Being to that true Temperance and Valour which is the Lot of true Philosophers; for other

† It could be nothing but the Hope of the good Things he expected in another Life.

Men are only valiant thro' Fear, and temperate thro' Intemperance : their Virtue is only a Slave to Vice.

They object to *Socrates*, that the Soul is nothing but a Vapour that vanishes and disperses itself at Death. *Socrates* combats that Opinion with an Argument that has a great deal of Strength in his Mouth, but becomes much stronger when supported by the true Religion, which alone can set it in its full Light. The Argument is this : In Nature, Contraries produce their Contraries. So that Death being an Operation of Nature, ought to produce Life, that being its Contrary ; and by Consequence the Dead must be born again : the Soul then is not dead, since it must revive the Body.

Before we proceed farther, 'tis fit to take Notice of an Error that is couched under this principle, which only the Christian Religion can at once discover and refute. 'Tis, that *Socrates*, and all other Philosophers, are infinitely mistaken in making Death a natural Thing. There's nothing more false. Death is so far from being natural, that Nature abhors it; and it was far from the Design of God in the State in which Man was first created. For he created him holy, innocent, and by Consequence immortal ; 'twas only Sin that brought Death into the World. But this fatal League betwixt Sin and Death could not triumph over the Designs of God, who had created Man for Immortality. He knew how to snatch the Victory out of their Hands, by bringing Man to life again, even in the Shades and Horrors of Death itself. Thus shall the Dead revive at the Resurrection, pursuant to the Doctrine of the Christians, which teaches that Death must give up those whom it has swallowed down. So that the Principle that *Socrates* did not fully comprehend, is an unshaken Truth, which bears the Marks of the ancient Tradition that the Heathens had alter'd and corrupted.

The third Argument alledg'd by *Socrates* as a Proof of the Immortality of the Soul, is that of Remembrance ; which likewise bears the Marks of that antient Tradition corrupted by the Heathens. To find out the Truth

couched under this Argument, I advance the following Conjectures.

It seems the Philosophers grounded this Opinion of Remembrance upon some Texts of the Prophets, that they did not well understand ; such as that of *Jeremiah*, *Before I formed thee in the Belly, I knew thee.* And perhaps their Opinion was fortified by the Ideas and Instinct we have of several Things that were never learnt in this World. In short, we meet with unquestionable Marks of certain Resentments that revive some Lights within our Minds, or the Remains of a past Grandeur that we lost by Sin. And from whence do those proceed ? That inexplicable Cypher has no other Key but the Knowledge of Original Sin. Our Soul was created so as to be adorned with all Manner of Knowledge suitable to its Nature ; and now is sensible of its being depriv'd of the same. The Philosophers felt this Misery, and were not admitted to know the true Cause ; in order to unriddle the Mystery, they invented this Creation of Souls before the Body, and a Remembrance that is the Consequence thereof. But we who are guided by a surer Light, know, that if Man were not degenerate, he would still enjoy the full Knowledge of the Truths he formerly knew : and if he had never been any other than corrupted, he would have had no Ideas of these Truths. This unties the Knot. Man had Knowledge before he was corrupted, and after his Corruption forgot it. He can recover nothing but confused Ideas, and stands in Need of a new Light to illuminate them. No human Reason could have fathomed this. It faintly unravelled Part of the Mystery as well as it could, and the Explication it gave discovers some Footsteps of the ancient Truth : for it points both to the first State of Happiness and Knowledge, and to the second of Misery and Obscurity. Thus may we make an useful Application of the Doctrine of Remembrance, and the Errors of Philosophers may oftentimes serve to establish the most incomprehensible Truths of the Christian Religion, and shew that the Heathens did not want Traditions relating to 'em.

The forth Argument is taken from the Nature of the Soul. Destruction reaches only compounded Bodies: But we may clearly perceive, that the Soul is simple and immaterial, and bears a Resemblance of something divine, immortal, and intelligent: for it embraces the pure Essence of Things; it measures all by Ideas which are eternal Patterns, and unites itself to them when the Body does not hinder it: so that 'tis spiritual, indissoluble, and consequently immortal, as being not capable of Dissolution by any other Means than the Will of him who created it.

Notwithstanding the Force of these Proofs, and their Tendency to keep up this Hope in the Soul, *Socrates* and his Friends own, that 'tis almost impossible to ward off Doubts and Uncertainties: for our Reason is too weak and degenerate to arrive at the full Knowledge of Truth in this World. So that 'tis a wise Man's Business to chuse from amongst those Arguments of the Philosophers, for the Immortality of the Soul, that which to him seems best, and most forcible, and capable to conduct him safely thro' the dangerous Shelves of this Life, till he obtain a full Assurance either of some Promise, or by some Divine Revelation; for that is the only Vessel that is secure from Danger. By this the most refined Paganism pays Homage to the Christian Religion, and all Colour or Excuse for Incredulity is took off: For the Christian Religion affords Promises, Revelations, and, which is yet more considerable, the Accomplishment of them.

They moved two Objections to *Socrates*: One, that the Soul is only the Harmony resulting from the just Proportion of the Qualities of the Body: The other, that tho' the Soul be more durable than the Body, yet it dies at last, after having made use of several Bodies; just as a Man dies after he has worn several suits of Clothes.

Socrates, before he makes any Answer, stops a little, and deploras the Misfortune of Men, who by hearing the Disputes of the Ignorant, that contradict every thing, persuade themselves that there's no such Thing as clear,

solid, and sensible Reasons, but that every Thing is uncertain. Like as those who being cheated by Men, become Men-haters ; so they being imposed upon by Arguments, become haters of Reason ; that is, they take up an absolute Hatred against all Reason in general, and will not hear any Argument. *Socrates* makes out the Injustice of this procedure. He shews, that when two Things are equally uncertain, Wisdom directs us to chuse that which is most advantageous with the least Danger. Now, beyond all Dispute, such is the Immortality of the Soul ; and therefore it ought to be embraced. For if this Opinion prove true after our Death, are not we considerable Gainers ? And if it prove false, what do we lose ?

Then he attacks that Objection which represents the Soul as a Harmony, and refutes it by solid and convincing Arguments, which at the same Time prove the Immortality of the Soul.

His Arguments are these : Harmony always depends upon the Parts that conspire together, and is never opposite to them ; but the Soul has no Dependance upon the Body, and always stands on the opposite Side. Harmony admits of less and more, but the Soul does not : from whence it would follow, that all Souls should be equal, that none of 'em are vicious, and that the Souls of Beasts are equally good, and of the same Nature with those of Men : which is contrary to all Reason.

In Musick, the Body commands the Harmony ; But in Nature, the Soul commands the Body. In Musick the Harmony can never give a Sound contrary to the particular Sounds of the Parts that bend or unbend, or move : but in Nature the Soul has a contrary Sound to that of the Body ; it attacks all its Passions and Desires, it checks, curbs, and punishes the Body. So that it must needs be of a very different and opposite Nature : which proves its Spirituality and Divinity. For nothing but what is spiritual and divine can be wholly opposite to what is material and earthly.

The second Objection was, That tho' the Soul might outlive the Body, yet that does not conclude its Immortality; since we know nothing to the contrary, but that it dies at last, after having animated the Body several Times.

In answer to this Objection, *Socrates* says he must trace the first Original of the Being and Corruption of Entities. If that be once agreed upon, we shall find no Difficulty in determining what Things are corruptible and what not. But what Path shall we follow in this Enquiry? Must it be that of Physicks? These Physicks are so uncertain, that instead of being instructive, they only blind and mislead us. This he makes out from his own Experience. So that there's a Necessity of going beyond this Science, and having Recourse to Metaphysics, which alone can afford us the certain Knowledge of the Reasons and Causes of Beings, and of that which constitutes their Essences. For Effects may be discovered by their Causes; but the Causes can never be known by their Effects. And upon this Account we must have Recourse to the Divine Knowledge, which *Anaxagoras* was so sensible of, that he usher'd in his Treatise of Physicks by this great Principle, that Knowledge is the Cause of Being. But instead of keeping up to that Principle, he fell in again with that of second Causes, and by that Means deceived the Expectation of his Hearers.

In Order to make out the Immortality of the Soul, we must correct this Order of *Anaxagoras*, and sound to the Bottom of the abovementioned Principle: which if we do, we shall be satisfied that God placed every thing in the most convenient State. Now this best and most suitable State must be the Object of our Enquiry. To which Purpose we must know wherein the particular Good of every particular Thing consists, and what the general Good of all things is. This Discovery will make out the Immortality of the Soul.

In this View *Socrates* raises his Thoughts to immaterial Qualities, and eternal Ideas: that is, he affirms that there's something that is in itself good, fine, just, and great,

great, which is the first Cause ; and that all Things in this World that are good, fine, just or great, are only such by the Communication of that first Cause : since there is no other Cause of the Existence of Things, but the Participation of the Essence proper to each Subject.

This Participation is so contrived, that Contraries are never found in the same Subject. From which Principle it follows by a necessary Consequence, that the Soul, which gives Life to the Body, not as an accidental Form that adheres to it, but as a substantial Form, subsisting in itself, and living formally by itself, as the corporeal Idea, and effectually enlivening the Body, can never be subject to Death, that being the Opposite of Life : and that the Soul being incapable of dying, cannot be worsted by any Attack of this Enemy ; and is in Effect imperishable, like the immaterial Qualities, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance : but with this Difference, that these immaterial Qualities subsist independently and of themselves, as being the same Thing with God himself ; whereas the Soul is a created Being, that may be dissolv'd by the Will of its Creator. In a Word, the Soul stands in the same Relation to the Life of the Body, that the Idea of God does to the Soul.

The only Objection they could invent upon this Head, was, that the Greatness of the Subject, and Man's natural Infirmary, are the two Sources of Man's Distrust and Incredulity upon this Head. Whereupon *Socrates* endeavours to dry up those two Sources.

He attacks their Distrust, by shewing, that the Opinion of the Soul's Mortality, suits all the Ideas of God. For, by this Mortality, Vertue would be prejudicial to Men of Probity, and Vice beneficial to the Wicked ; which cannot be imagined. So that there's a Necessity of another Life for rewarding the Good, and punishing the Bad. And the Soul being immortal, carries along with it into the other World its good and bad Actions, its Vertues and Vices, which are the Occasion of its eternal Happiness or Misery. From whence by a necessary Consequence, we may gather what Care we ought to have of it in this Life.

To put a Stop to the Torrent of Incredulity, he has recourse to two Things, which naturally demand a great Deference from Man, and cannot be denied without a visible Authority. The first is, the Ceremonies and Sacrifices of Religion itself, which are only Representations of what would be put in Execution in Hell. The other is, the Authority of Antiquity, which maintain'd the Immortality of the Soul : in pursuit of which, he mentions some ancient Traditions, that point to the Truth published by *Moses* and the Prophets, notwithstanding the Fables that over overwhelm them. Thus we see, a Pagan supplies the want of Proof, which is too natural to Man, and silences the most obstinate Prejudices, by having recourse to the Oracles of God, which they were in some Measure acquainted with ; and by so doing, makes answer to *Simmias*, who had objected, that the Doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul stood in Need of some Promise or Divine Revelation to procure its Reception. 'Tho' some blinded Christians reject the Authority of our Holy Writ, and refuse to submit to it ; yet we see a Pagan had so much Light as to make Use of it to support his Faith, if I may so speak, and to strengthen his sweet Hope of a blessed Eternity. He shews that he knew how to distinguish the fabulous Part of a Tradition from the Truth, and affirms nothing but what is conformable to the Scriptures, particularly the last Judgment of the Good and the Bad ; the necessary Purgation of those who depart this Life under a Load of Sin ; the eternal Torments of those who committed mortal Sins in this Life, the Pardon of Venial Sins after Satisfaction and Repentance ; the Happiness of those who during the whole Course of their Lives renounced the Pleasures of the Body, and only courted the Pleasure of true Knowledge, that is, the Knowledge of God ; and beautified their Souls with proper Ornaments, such as Temperance, Justice, Fortitude, Liberty, and Truth. He does not joke upon the groundless *Metempsychosis*, or return of Souls to animate Bodies in this Life ; but speaks seriously, and shews that after Death all's over, the Wicked are thrown for ever into the bottomless Abyss,

and the Righteous conveyed to the Mansions of Bliss. Those who are neither righteous nor wicked, but committed Sins in this Life, which they always repented of, are committed to Places of Torment, till they be sufficiently purified.

When *Socrates* made an End of his Discourse, his Friends asked what Orders he would give concerning his Affairs. *The only Orders I give,* replied he, *is to take Care of yourselves, and to make yourselves as like to God as possible.* Then they asked him, how he would be interred? This Question offended him. He would not have himself confounded with his Corps, which was only to be interred. And tho' the Expression seems to import little, he shew'd that such false Expressions gave very dangerous Wounds to the Souls of Men.

He goes and bathes. His Wife and Children are brought to him. He talks to 'em a Minute, and then dismisses them. Upon his coming out of the Bath, the Cup is presented to him. He takes it, recollects his Thoughts within himself, prays, and drinks it off with an admirable Tranquility of Mind. Finding that he approached his End, he gave 'em to know that he resigned his Soul into the Hands of him who gave it, and of the true Physician who was coming to heal it. This was the Exit of *Socrates*. Paganism never afforded such an admirable Example. And yet a certain modern Author is so ignorant of its Beauty, that he places it infinitely below that of *Petronius*, the famous Disciple of *Epicurus*. *He did not employ the last Hours of his Life,* says that Author, *in discoursing of the Immortality of the Soul, &c. but having chose a more pleasurable and natural Sort of Death, imitated the sweetness of the Swans, and caused some agreeable and touching Verses to be recited to him.* This was a fine Imitation. It seems *Petronius* sung what they read to him. But this was not all. *Nevertheless,* continues he, *he reserved some Minutes for thinking of his Affairs, and distributed Rewards to some of his Slaves, and punished others.*

Let them talk of Socrates, says he, and boast of his Constancy and Bravery in drinking up the Poison! Petronius is not behind him; nay, he is justly entitled to a Preference upon the Score of his forsaking a Life infinitely more delightful than that of the sage Grecian, and that too with the same Tranquility of Mind, and Evenness of Temper.

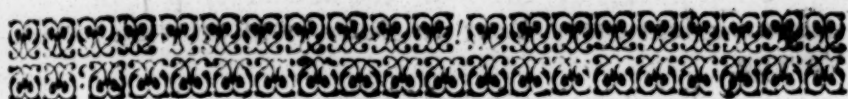
We have no need of long Comments to make out the vast Difference between the Death of *Socrates*, and that of this *Epicurean*, whom *Tacitus* himself, notwithstanding his Paganism, did not dare to applaud. On one side, we are presented with the View of a Man that spent his last Minutes in making his Friends better, recommending to them the Hope of a blessed Eternity, and shewing what that Hope requires of them; a Man that died with his Eyes intent upon God, praying to him and blessing him, without any Reflections upon his Enemies who condemn'd him so unjustly. On the other Side, we meet with a voluptuous Person, in whom all Sentiments of Verue are quite extinguish'd; who to be rid of his own Fears, occasioned his own Death; and in his Exit would admit of no other Entertainment but agreeable Poems and pleasant Verses; who spent the last Minutes of his Time in rewarding those of his Slaves, who doubtless had been he Ministers and Accomplices of his Sensualities, and seeing those punished, who perhaps had shewn an Aversion to his Vices, and diserved him in the Way of his Pleasures. A good Death ought to be ushered in by a good Life. Now, a Life spent in Vice, Effeminacy and Debauchery, is much short of one entirely taken up in the Exercise of Vertue, and the solid Pleasures of true Knowledge, and adorned with the venerable Ornaments of Temperance, Justice, Fortitude, Liberty, and Truth. One of *Socrates's* dying Words was, That those who entertained bad Discourses upon Death, wounded the Soul very dangerously. And what would not he have said of those who scruple not to write 'em?

But 'tis probable this Author did not foresee the Consequence of this unjust Preference. He wrote like a Man of this World, that never knew *Socrates*. Had he

known him, he had certainly formed a juster Judgment. And in like Manner, if he had known *Seneca* or *Plutarch*, he had never equalled or preferred *Petronius* to them. Had he made the best use of his Understanding, he would have seen Reasons to doubt, that the *Petronius* now read, is not the *Petronius* of *Tacitus*, whose Death he so much admires; and would have met with some such Objections, which at least give Occasion to suspect its being supposititious. But to return to *Socrates*.

His Doctrine of Death's being no Affliction, but, on the contrary, a Passage to a happier Life, made a considerable Progress. Some Philosophers gave such lively and forcible Demonstrations of it in their Lectures, that the greatest Part of their Disciples laid violent Hands on themselves, in order to overtake that happier Life. *Ptolemæus Philadelphus* prohibited *Hegesias* of *Cyrene* to teach it in his School, for fear of dispeopling his Countries. And the Poets of that Prince's Court siding with their Prince, as they commonly do, us'd all means to decry that Doctrine, and those who were prevailed upon to embrace it. 'Twas their pernicious Complaisance that occasioned what we now read in *Callimachus* against the Immortality of the Soul; and above all, that famous Epigram, *Cicero* alledged to have been writ against *Cleombrotus* of *Ambracia*, but was certainly design'd likewise against *Plato*. 'Tis to this purpose: *Cleombrotus* of *Ambracia* having paid his last Compliment to the Sun, threw himself headlong from the Top of a Tower into Hell; not that he had done any Thing worthy of Death, but only had read *Plato's Treatise of the Immortality of the Soul*.

But after all, it redounds to the Glory of *Socrates* and *Plato*, and the Doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul, that none but such Enemies as these oppose it.



P H E D O N :

O R,

A Dialogue of the Immortality of the Soul.

Echecrates and Phedon.

Echec.



H E D O N, were you by when *Socrates* drank the Poison ? or did any body give you an Account how he behaved in that Juncture ?

Phed. I was present.

Echec. What were his last Words

then, and how dy'd he ? You'll oblige me much with the Relation : for the *Phliasians* have but little Correspondence with the *Athenians*, and 'tis

The Inhabitants
of *Phlius*, a City
in the *Pelopon-*
nesus.

a great while since we had any stranger

from *Athens* to acquaint us how 'Things went. We only heard that he died after drinking the Poison, but could not understand any Particulars relating to his Death.

Phed. What ! did not you hear how he was arraigned ?

Echec. Yes, truly, somebody told us that ; and we thought it strange that his Sentence was so long in being put in Execution after his Trial.

Phed.

Phed. † That happened only by Chance : for the Day before his Trial, the Stern of the sacred Ship which the *Athenians* sent every Year to *Delos*, was crown'd for the Voyage.

Echec. What is that sacred Ship ?

Phed. If you believe the *Athenians*, it is the same Ship in which *Theseus* transported the fourteen young Children to *Crete*, and brought 'em safe back again ; and 'tis said the *Athenians* at that Time vow'd to *Apollo*, that if the Children were preserved from the Impending Danger, they would send every Year to *Delos* Presents and Victims aboard the same Vessel : And this they do ever since. As soon as the Ship is cleared, and ready to put to Sea, they purify the City, and observe an inviolable Law for putting none to Death before the return of the Ship. Now sometimes it stays long out, especially if the Winds be contrary. This Festival, which is properly called *Theoria*, commences when the Priest of *Apollo* has crown'd the Stern of the Ship. Now, as I told you, this happened on the Day preceeding *Socrates's* Trial. And 'twas upon that Account that he was kept so long in Prison, after his Commitment.

Echec. And during his Imprisonment, what did he do ? What said he ? Who was with him ? Did the Judges order him to be kept from Visits ? And did he die without the Assistance of his Friends ?

Phed. Not at all : several of his Friends staid with him to the last Minute.

Echec. If you're at Leisure, pray relate the whole Story.

Phed. At present I have nothing to do, and so shall

† *Phedon's* Discourse implies that the Time of the Ship's Departure was uncertain : 'twas either anticipated or retarded, as the Condition of the Ship and other Occurrences required. This Uncertainty occasions the Difficulty of finding the true Date of *Socrates's* Death.

endeavour to satisfy your Demands. * Besides I take the greatest Pleasure in the World in speaking or hearing others speak of *Socrates*.

Echec. Assure yourself, *Phedon*, you shall not take more Pleasure in speaking, than I in hearing. Begin pray, and above all, take Care to omit nothing.

Phed. You'll be surprized when you hear what a Condition I was then in. I was so far from being sensibly touch'd with the Misfortune of a Friend whom I loved very tenderly, and who died before my Eyes, that I envied his Circumstances, and could not forbear to admire the Goodness, Sweetness, and Tranquility, that appeared in all his Discourses, and the Bravery he shewed upon the Approach of Death. Every Thing that I saw, furnishes me with a Proof that he did not pass to the Shades below without the Assistance of some Deity, that took Care to conduct him, and put him in Possession of that transcendant Felicity of the Blessed. But as, on one hand, these Thoughts stifled all the Sentiments of Compassion that might seem due at such a mortifying Sight; so, on the other hand, they lessened the Pleasure I was wont to have in hearing all his other Discourses, and affected me with that sorrowful Reflection, that in the space of a Minute this divine Man would leave us for ever. Thus was my Heart toss'd with contrary Motions, that I could not define. 'Twas not properly either Pleasure or Grief, but a confused Mixture of these two Passions, which produc'd almost the same Effect in all the By-standers. One while we melted into Tears, and another while gave surprizing Signs of real Joy and sensible Pleasure. Above all, || *Apollodorus* distinguished himself upon this Occasion; you know his Humour.

Echec. Nobody knows it better.

* *Phedon* had been infinitely obliged to *Socrates*; for being taken Prisoner in War, and sold to a Merchant that bought Slaves, *Socrates*, who was mighty fond of his Genius, obliged *Alcibiades* or *Crito* to ransom him, and received him into the Number of his Friends and Disciples.

|| The same *Apollodorus* is spoken of in the *Apology*.

Phed.

Phed. In him was the difference of these Motions most observable. As for me, and all the rest, our Behaviour was not so distinguishing, as being mixed with the Trouble and Confusion I spoke of just now.

Echec. Who was there then besides yourself ?

Phed. There were no other *Athenians*, but *Apollodorus*, *Critobulus*, and his Father *Crito*, *Hermogenes*, *Epigenes*, *Æschines*, *Antisthenes*, *Ctesippus*, *Menexemus*, and a few more. *Plato* was sick.

Echec. Were there no Strangers ?

Phed. Yes ; *Simmias* the *Theban*, with * *Cebes*, and *Phedondes* ; and from *Megara*, *Euclides* and *Terpsion*,

Echec. What ! Were not *Aristippus*, and *Cleombrotus* there ?

Phed. No, sure ; † for 'tis said, they were at *Ægina*,

Echec. Who was there besides ?

Phed. I believe I have named most of those that were there.

Echec. Let's hear then what his last Discourses were.

Phed.

* The same *Cebes*, who made the Table that we now have ; which is an Explication of an Allegorical Table that he supposes to have been in the Temple of *Saturn* at *Thebes* ; and contains a very ingenious Scheme of a Man's whole Life. It hints at all the Doctrine of *Socrates*, and the Style resembles that of *Plato*.

† The Delicacy and Salt of this Satire, is thus explained by *Deme-trius Phalereus*. *Plato*, says he, had a Mind to suppress the Scandal that *Aristippus* and *Cleombrotus* drew upon themselves, by feasting at *Ægina*, when *Socrates*, their Friend and Master, was in Prison, without deigning to go to see him, or even to assist on the Day of his Death, though they were then at the Entry of the *Athenian* Harbour. Had he told the whole Story, the Invektive had been too particular. But with an admirable Decency and artfulness he introduces *Phedon*, giving a List of those who assisted at his Death, and making Answer to the Question, (Whether they were there or not) That they were at *Ægina* ; pointing at once to their Debauchery and Ingratitude. This Stroke is the more biting, that the Thing itself paints out the Horror of the Action, not he that speaks. *Plato* might securely have attack'd *Aristippus* and *Cleombrotus* ; but he chose rather to make use of this Figure, which in Effect gives the greater Blow. This is a notable Piece of delicate Satire. *Athenæus*,
by

Phed. I shall endeavour to give you a full Account : For we never missed one Day in visiting *Socrates*. To this end, we met every Morning in the Place where he was try'd, which joined to the Prison ; and there we waited till the Prison Doors were open ; at which Time we went straight to him, and commonly passed the whole Day with him. On the Day of his Execution, we came thither sooner than ordinary, having heard as we came out of the City, that the Ship was return'd from *Delos*. When we arriv'd, the Goaler that us'd to let us in, came to us, and desir'd we should stay a little, and not go in till he came to conduct us. For, says he, the eleven Magistrates are now untying *Socrates*, and acquainting him that he must die, as this Day. When we came in, we found *Socrates* * unty'd, and his Wife *Xantippe* (you know her) sitting by him with one of his Children in her Arms ; and as soon as she spy'd us, she fell a crying and making a Noise, as you know Women commonly do on such Occasions. *Socrates*, said she, *This is the last Time your Friends shall see you*. Upon which, *Socrates*, turning to *Crito*, says, *Crito, pray send this Woman home*. Accordingly 'twas done. *Crito's* Folks carried *Xantippe* off, who beat her Face and cry'd bitterly. In the mean Time, *Socrates*, sitting upon the Bed, softly strokes the Place of his Leg where the Chain had been ty'd, and says, *to my Mind what Men call Pleasure, is a pretty odd Sort of a Thing, which agrees admirably well with Pain ; tho' People believe 'tis quite contrary, because they cannot meet in one and the same Subject*. For,

These Magistrates were the Overseers of the Prison and Prisoners, and executed the Sentences of the Judges.

How Pleasure agrees with Pain.

by charging *Plato* with Slander upon this Score, prejudiced himself more than *Plato*, who will always be cry'd up for having this Zeal for his Master.

* At *Athens*, after the Sentence was pronounced to the Criminal, they unty'd him, as being a Victim to Death, which it was not lawful to keep in Chains.

whoever

whoever enjoys the one, must unavoidably be possessed of the other, as if they were naturally joined.

Had *Æsop* been aware of this Truth, perhaps he had made a Fable of it ; and had told us, that God designing to reconcile these two Enemies, and not being able to compass his End, contented himself with tying them to one Chain ; so that ever since the one follows the other, according to my Experience at this Minute. For the Pain occasioned by my Chain, is now followed with a great deal of Pleasure.

I am infinitely glad, replies *Cebes*, interrupting him, that you have mentioned *Æsop*. For by so doing, you have put it in my Head to ask you a Question that many have asked me of late, especially * *Evenus*. The Question relates to your Poems in turning the Fables of *Æsop* into Verse, and making a Hymn to *Apollo*. They want to know what moved you, that never made Verses before, to turn Poet since you came into the Prison ? If *Evenus* asks the same Question of me again, as I know he will, what would you have me to say ?

You have nothing to do, says *Socrates*, but to tell him the plain Matter of Fact as it stands, *viz.* That I did not at all mean to rival him in Poetry, for I knew such an Attempt was above my reach ; but only to trace the meaning of some Dreams, and put myself in a Capacity of obeying, in case Poetry happened to be the Musick that they allotted for my Exercise. For you must know, that all my Life-time I have had Dreams, which always recommended the same Thing to me, sometimes in one Form, and sometimes in another. *Socrates*, said they, apply yourself to Musick. This I always took for a sim-

What moved
Socrates to
make Verses af-
ter his Condem-
nation.

His Dreams or-
dering him to
apply himself to
Musick.

* *Evenus* of *Paros*, an Elegiack Poet, the first that said Habit was a second Nature.

ple Exhortation, like that commonly given to those who run Races, ordering me to pursue my wonted Course of Life, and carry on the Study of Wisdom, that I made my whole Business, which is the most perfect Musick. But since my Trial, the Festival of *Apollo* having retarded the Execution of my Sentence, I fancied these Dreams might have ordered me to apply myself to that vulgar and common Sort of Musick; And since I was departing this World, I thought it safer to sanctify myself by obeying the Gods, and essaying to make Verses, than to disobey them. Pursuant to this Thought, my first Essay was a Hymn to the God, whose Festival was then celebrated. After that, I considered, that a true Poet ought not only to make Discourses in Verse, but likewise Fables. Now finding myself not disposed to invent new Fables, I apply'd myself to those of *Æsop*, and turned those into Verse, that came first into my Mind.

Wisdom is the perfectest Musick.

How to sanctify one's self before one dies.

'Tis not Verse, but Fable, that makes a Poet; which is pursued at length in *Aristotle's Poeticon*.

This, my dear *Cebes*, is the Answer you're to give *Evenus*: Assuring him, that I wish him all Happiness; and tell him, that if he be wise he'll follow me. For in all Appearance I am to make my Exit this Day, since the *Athenians* have given Orders to that Effect.

What Sort of Counsel is that you give to *Evenus*? replies *Simmias*; I have seen that Man often: And by what I know of him, I can promise you, he'll never follow you with his Will.

What, says *Socrates*, is not *Evenus* a Philosopher?

I think so, says *Simmias*.

Then, replies *Socrates*, he, and all others that are worthy of that Profession, will be willing to follow me. I know he will not kill himself, for that, they say, is not lawful. Having spoke these Words he drew his Legs off the Bed, and sat

For a Poet ought to be a Philosopher; or else he's a sorry Poet.

Self-Murder is unlawful.

down

down upon the Ground: in which Posture he entertain'd us the whole remaining Part of the Day.

Cebes put the first Question to him, which was this: How do you reconcile this, *Socrates*, that 'tis not Lawful to kill one's self, and at the same Time that a Philosopher ought to follow you?

What, replies *Socrates*, did neither you, nor *Simmias*, ever hear your Friend * *Philolaus* discourse that Point?

No, reply'd they, he never explained himself clearly upon that Point.

As for me, replies *Socrates*, I know nothing but what I have heard, and shall not grudge to communicate all that I have learned. Besides, there's no Exercise so suitable for a Man upon the Point of Death, as that of examining and endeavouring thorowly to know what Voyage this is that we must all make, and making known his own Opinion upon it.

What is the Ground of that Assertion, says *Cebes*, that 'tis not lawful for a Man to kill himself? I have often heard *Philolaus*, and others say, that it was an ill Action, but I never heard them say more.

Have patience, says *Socrates*, you shall know more presently, and perhaps you'll be surprized to find it an eternal Truth that never changes; whereas most other

Man cannot deliver himself, but must wait till God deliver him.

Things in this World alter according to their Circumstances: this is still the same, even in the Case of those to whom Death would be more agreeable than Life. Is it not a surprizing Thing, that such Men are not allow'd to possess themselves of the Good they want, but are obliged to wait for another Deliverer?

Jupiter only knows that, replies *Cebes* smiling.

* *Philolaus* was a *Pythagorean* Philosopher, who could not fail to assert his Master's Doctrine, of the unlawfulness of Self-Murder. He wrote only one Volume, which *Plato* purchased at 400 Crowns.

This may seem unreasonable to you, says *Socrates*, but after all, it is not so. The Discourses we are entertained with every Day in our Ceremonies and Mysteries, viz. *That God has put us in this Life, as in a Post which we cannot quit without his Leave, &c.* These, I say, and such like Expressions, may seem hard, and surpass our Understanding. But nothing is easier to be understood, or better said, than this, *That the Gods take Care of Men, and that Men are one of the Possessions that belong to the Gods.* Is not this true ?

Very true, replies *Cebes*.

Would not you yourself, continues *Socrates*, be angry if one of your Slaves killed himself without your Order, and would not you punish him severely if you could ?

Yes, doubtless, replies *Cebes*.

By the same Reason, says *Socrates*, a Man should not kill himself, but should wait for an Express Order from God for making his Exit, like this sent me now.

That stands to Reason, says *Cebes*; but your saying, That a Philosopher ought nevertheless to desire to die, is what I think strange, and I cannot reconcile these two Opinions; especially, if it be true, what you said but now, that the Gods take care of Men, as being their property: For that a Philosopher should not be troubled to be without the Gods for his Guardians, and to quit a Life where such perfect Beings, the better Governours of the World, take Care of him, seems very unreasonable to me. Do they imagine they'll be more capable to govern themselves, when left to themselves ? I can easily conceive, that a Fool may think it his Duty to flee from a good Master at any Rate; and will not be convinced, that he ought to stick to what is good and never lose Sight of it: But I affirm, that a wise Man will desire never to quit a Dependance upon a perfecter Being

The Discourses to the People in the Ceremonies and Mysteries of the Pagan Religion.

Man's being God's Property, is a Proof that he has no right to kill himself.

Cebes objects that Men should be unwilling to leave this Life, since the Gods are their Guardians here.

The wise will ever desire to depend upon God.
than

than himself. From whence I infer the contrary of what you advanced, and conclude, that the wise are sorry to die, and Fools are fond of Death.

Cebes's Objection is only a Quibble without any Solidity.

Socrates seemed to be pleased with *Cebes's* Wit ; and turning to us, told us, that *Cebes* has always something to object, and takes Care not to assent at first to what is told him.

Indeed, replies *Simmius*, I must say, I find a great Deal of Reason in what *Cebes* advances. What can the Sages pretend to gain, by quitting better Masters than themselves, and willingly depriving themselves of their Aid ? Do you mind that ; 'tis you alone that he addresses himself to, meaning to reprove you for your Insensibility, in being so willing to part with us, and quit the Gods, who, according to your own Words, are such good and wise Governours.

You are in the right of it, says *Socrates* : I see you mean to oblige me to make formal Defences, such as I gave in at my Tryal.

That's the very Thing, replies *Simmius*.

Then, says *Socrates*, you must satisfy yourselves, so that this my last Apology may have more Influence upon you, than my former had upon my Judges. For my

Socrates refutes *Cebes's* Objection, and proves, that the wise should desire Death.

The Gods take care of Men in the other World. || He means, that perhaps he has not Goodness enough to make good his Hopes of being received into the Assembly of the Just.

Part (*continues he*) if I thought I should not find in the other World Gods as good and as wise, and Men infinitely better than we, 'twould be a Piece of Injustice in me not to be troubled at Death. But, be it known to you *Simmius*, and to you *Cebes*, that I hope to arrive at the Assembly of the || Just. Indeed in this Point, I may flatter myself ; but as for my finding in the World Masters infinitely good and wise, that I can assure you of, as much as Things of that Nature will bear ; and therefore it is, that Death is no Trouble to me, hoping that there's something reserv'd for the Dead, after this Life ; and that the Good meet

meet with better Treatment in the World to come, than the bad.

How, replies *Simmius*, would you have quitted this Life, without communicating those Sentiments to us? This, methinks, will be a common Good; and if you convince us of all that you believe with reference to this Point, you have made a sufficient Apology.

The Good are better treated in the other World, than the Bad. The Doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul should be communicated to others.

That's what I design to try, says *Socrates*; but I would first hear what *Crito* has to say: I thought he had a Mind to offer something a pretty while ago.

I have Nothing to say, replies *Crito*, but what your Executioner has been pushing me on to tell you this great while, that you ought to speak as little as you can, for fear of over-heating yourself, since nothing is more contrary to the Operation of Poison; insomuch, that if you continue to speak so, (a) you'll be obliged to take two or three Doses.

Let him do his Office, says *Socrates*; let him make ready two Doses of Poison, or three if he will.

I knew you would give me that Answer, replies *Crito*; but still he importunes me to speak to you.

Pray let that alone, says *Socrates*, and suffer me to explain before you, who are my Judges, for what Reasons, a Man enlightened by Philosophy, ought to die with Courage and a firm Hope, that in the other World he shall enjoy a Felicity beyond any Thing in this. Pray do you, *Simmius* and *Cebes*, listen to my Arguments.

True Philosophers make it the whole Business of their Life-time to learn to die. Now 'tis extremely ridiculous for them, after they run out a whole Course incessantly, in order to compass that one End, to flinch

True Philosophers learn to die all their Life-time.

(a) Probably the Executioner meant by this Advice to keep fair with *Socrates*, and save his Money; for he was to furnish the Hemlock, of which a Pound (the common Dose) cost 12 Drachms, i. e. 3 Livres and 12 d. See *Plutarch* upon the Death of *Phocion*, who was obliged to pay his Executioner for a Dose of Poison.

and be afraid when it comes up to them, when they are just in a Capacity of obtaining it after a long and painful Search.

Whereupon *Simmias* laugh'd, and told him, In earnest, *Socrates*, you make me laugh, notwithstanding the small Occasion I have to laugh in this Juncture. For I am certain the greatest Part of those who hear you talk so, will say you talk much better of the Philosophers than you believe. Above all, the *Athenians* would be glad that all the Philosophers would learn that Lesson so well, as to die in effect ; and they'll be ready to tell you, Death is the only Thing they are worthy of.

A Satirical Rub upon the *Athenians*, who could not abide Philosophers.

Simmias, replies *Socrates*, our *Athenians* would so speak the Truth, but without knowing it to be such : For they are ignorant in what Manner Philosophers desire to die, or how they are worthy of it. But let us leave the *Athenians* to themselves ; and talk of things within our own Company. Does Death appear to be any Thing to you ?

Yes, without doubt ; replies *Simmias*.

Is it not, continues *Socrates*, the Separation of Soul and Body ; so that the Body has one separate Being, and the Soul another ?

What is Death

Just so, says *Simmias*.

Let's try then, my dear *Simmias*, if your Thoughts and mine agree. By that means we shall set the Object of our present Enquiry in a clearer Light.

Philosophers do not court Pleasure.

Do you think a Philosopher courts what the World calls Pleasure, as that of Eating, Drinking, &c.

Not at all, *Socrates*.

Nor that of Love ?

By no means.

Do you think they pursue or mind the other Pleasures relating to the Body, such as good Clothes, handsome Shoes, and the other Ornaments of the Body ? Whether do you think they value or slight those Things, when Necessity does not enforce their Use ?

In

In my Mind, replies *Simmias*, a true Philosopher must needs condemn them.

Then you believe, continues *Socrates*, that the Body is not at all the Object of the Care and Business of a Philosopher : But on the contrary, that his whole Business is to separate himself from it, and mind only the Concerns of his Soul.

Most certainly.

Thus, continues *Socrates*, 'tis plain upon the whole, that a Philosopher labours in a more distinguishing Manner than other Men, to purchase the Freedom of his Soul, and cut of all Commerce between it and the Body. I am likewise of the Opinion, *Simmias*, that most Men will grant, that whoever avoids those Corporeal Things, and takes no Pleasure in them, (a) is not worthy to live ; and that he who does not use the Pleasures of the Body, is near to Death.

All the Philosophers Business is to cut off all Commerce between Soul and Body.

You speak Truth, *Socrates*.

But what shall we say of the acquiring of Prudence ? Is the Body an Obstacle or not, when employ'd in that Work ?

I'll explain my meaning by an Example : Have Seeing and Hearing any Thing of Truth in them, and is their

Testimony faithful ? Or, are the Poets in the right in saying, that we neither see nor hear Things truly ? For,

if these two Senses of Seeing and Hearing are not true and trusty, the other, which are much weaker, will be far less

such. Do not you think so ?

Yes, without doubt, replies *Simmias*.

The Body's being an Obstacle in the acquirement of Prudence, is a Proof of this Truth.

The Uncertainty of the Senses.

(a) 'Tis a Truth acknowledged by almost all the World, that he who does not enjoy the Pleasures of the Body, is not worthy to live. That 'tis a true Saying, That a Philosopher is worthy of nothing but Death.

When does the Soul then, continues *Socrates*, find out the Truth? We see, that while the Body is joined in the Enquiry, this Body plainly cheats and seduces it.

The Body deceives the Soul.

That's true, says *Simmias*.

Is it not by reasoning that the Soul embraces Truths? And does it not reason better than before, when 'tis not encumbered by Seeing or Hearing Pain or Pleasure? When shut up within itself, it bids adieu to the Body, and entertains as little Correspondence with it as possible; and pursues the Knowledge of Things without touching them.

The Soul reasons best, when undisturbed by the Body, and separated from it.

That's incomparably well spoken.

Is it not, especially upon this Occasion, that the Soul of a Philosopher despises and avoids the Body, and wants to be by itself!

I think so.

What shall we say then, my dear *Simmias*, of all the Objects of the Soul? For Instance, shall we call Justice something or nothing?

We must certainly give it the Title of *Something*.

Shall we not likewise call it *Good* and *Fine*?

Ay, doubtless.

But did you ever see these Objects with the Eyes of your Body?

No, to be sure.

Or with any other Sense? Did you ever touch any of those Things I now speak of, such as Magnitude, Health, Fortitude, and, in a Word, the Essence of all other Things? Is the Truth of them discovered by the Body? Or is it not certain, that whoever puts himself in a Condition to examine them more narrowly, and trace them to the Bottom, will better compass the End, and know more of them?

The Essence of Things is known not by the Senses, but by the Operation of the Soul alone.

That's very true.

Now the simplest and purest Way of examining Things, is to pursue every Particular by Thought alone, without offering to support our Meditation by seeing, or backing our Reasonings by any other corporeal Sense; by employing the naked Thought without any Mixture, and so endeavouring to trace the pure and genuine Essence of things without the Ministry of the Eyes or Ears: the Soul being, if I may so speak, entirely disengaged from the whole Mass of Body, which only cumbars the Soul, and cramps it in the quest of Wisdom and Truth, as often as it is admitted to the least Correspondence with it. If the Essence of Things be ever known, must it not be in the Manner above-mentioned?

Right, *Socrates*; you have spoke incomparably well.

Is it not a necessary Consequence from this Principle, continues *Socrates*, that true Philosophers should have such Language among themselves? This Life is a Road that's apt to mislead us and our Reason in all our Enquiries; because while we have a Body, and while our Soul is drowned in so much Corruption, we shall never attain the Object of our Wishes, *i. e.* Truth. The Body throws a thousand Obstacles and Crosses in our Way, by demanding necessary Food; and then the Diseases that ensue, do quite disorder our Enquiry: besides, it fills us with Love, Desires, Fears, and a thousand foolish Imaginations, insomuch that there's nothing truer than the common Saying, *That the Body will never conduct us to Wisdom.* What is it that gives Rise to Wars, and occasions Sedition and Duelling? Is it not the Body and its Desires? In Effect, all Wars take Rise from the Desire of Riches, which we are forced to heap up for the Sake of our Body, in

The more the Soul is disengaged from the Body, the more piercing are its Thoughts.

The Language of the Philosophers among themselves.

The Obstacles raised by the Body in the Search of Truth.

It not only disturbs us with Diseases, but often sinks our Judgments and Senses.

The Body cannot
conduct us to
Wisdom.

The Body is the
cause of all the
Disorders in the
World.

order to supply its Wants, and serve it like Slaves. 'Tis this that cramps our Application to Philosophy. And the greatest of all our Evils is, that when it has given us some respite, and we are set upon Meditation, it steals in and interrupts our Meditation all of a sudden. It cumpers, troubles, and surprizes us in such a Manner, that it hinders us from descrying the Truth. Now we have made it out, that in order to trace the Purity and Truth of any thing, we should lay aside the Body, and only employ the Soul to examine the Objects we pursue. So that we can never arrive at the Wisdom we court, till after Death. Reason

An Argument
proving, that
after this Life
the Soul will
know the Truth
better than in
this Life.

is on our Side. For if it is impossible to know any Thing purely while we are in the Body, one of these two Things must be true : Either the Truth is never known, or it is known after Death ; because at that Time the Soul will be left to itself, and freed of its Burden, and not before. And while we are in this Life, we can only approach to the Truth in Proportion to our removing from the Body, and renouncing all Correspondence with it that is not of mere Necessity, and keeping ourselves clear from the Contagion of its natural Corruption, and all its Filth, till God himself comes to deliver us. Then indeed being freed from all bodily Folly, we shall converse in all Probability with Men that enjoy the same Liberty, and shall know within

Truth is the
Knowledge of
the pure Essence
of Things.

ourselves the pure Essence of Things, which perhaps is nothing else but the Truth. But he who is not pure, is not allowed to approach to Purity itself. This, my dear *Simmias*, as I take it, should be the Thought and Language of true Philosophers. Are not you of the same Mind ?

Most certainly, *Socrates*,

Then,

Then, my dear *Simmi*, whoever shall arrive where I am now going, has great Reason to hope, that he will there be possessed of what we look for here with so much Care and Anxiety ; so that the Voyage I am now sent upon, fills me with a sweet and agreeable Hope. And it will have the same Effect upon all who are persuaded that the Soul must be purged before it knows the Truth. Now the Purgation of the Soul, as we were saying but just now, is only its Separation from the Body, its accusing itself to retire and lock itself up, renouncing all Commerce with it as much as possible, and living by itself, whether in this or * the other World, without being chained to the Body.

The Purgation of the Soul is the removing it from the Correspondence with the Body.

All that's true, *Socrates*.

Well! what we call *Death*, is not that the Disengagement and Separation of the Body from the Soul?

Most certainly.

Are not the true Philosophers the only Men that seek after this Disengagement? and is not that Separation and Deliverance their whole Business?

So I think, *Socrates*.

Is it not a ridiculous Fancy, that a Man that has lived in the Expectation of Death, and during his whole Lifetime has been preparing to die, upon his Arrival at the Point of desired Death, should think to retire, and be afraid of it? Would not that be a very scandalous Apostacy?

This is what *Socrates* meant to prove.

How should it be otherwise?

* The Obstacles raised in the pursuit of Wisdom, inspired the true Philosophers with such an Aversion to the Body, that they pleased themselves with the Fancy, that after Death they should be rid of it for ever. They knew no better: and though they had some Idea of the Resurrection, yet they were absolutely ignorant that the Body will be likewise purged and glorified, that this corruptible Body would put on Incorruptibility, and the mortal Part be envested with Immortality.

'Tis certain then, *Simmias*, that Death is so far from being terrible to true Philosophers, that 'tis their whole Business to die ; which may be easily infered thus : If they slight and contemn their Body, and passionately desire to enjoy their Soul by itself, is it not a ridiculous Way of belying themselves, to be afraid and troubled when that Minute comes ? And is it not a Piece of Extravagance to decline going to that Place, where those who get to it, hope to obtain the good Things they have wished for all their Life-time ? For they desired Wisdom, and a Deliverance from the Body, as being their Burden, and the Object of their Hatred and Contempt. Do not many upon the Loss of * their Mistresses, Wives, or Children, willingly cut the the Thread of Life, and convey themselves into the other World, merely upon the Hope of meeting there, and cohabiting with the Persons they love ? And shall a true Lover of Wisdom, and one that firmly hopes to attain the Perfection of it in the other World, shall he be startled by Death, and be unwilling to go to the Place that will furnish him with what his Soul loves ? Doubtless, my dear *Simmias*, if he be a true Philosopher, he'll go with a great Deal of Pleasure ; as being persuaded, that there's no Place in the Regions below that cannot furnish him with that pure Wisdom that he's in Quest of. Now, if things stand thus, would it not be a Piece of Extravagance in such a Man to fear Death ?

To be sure, says *Simmias*, it would be so with a Witness.

And consequently, continues *Socrates*, when a Man shrinks and retires at the Point of Death, 'tis a certain

* The greatest Part, tho' scarce convinced of the Immortality of the Soul, us'd to kill themselves upon the Loss of what they loved, hoping to retrieve it in the other World : And is it not reasonable that the true Philosophers, who are fully convinced of that Truth, and fully persuaded that true Wisdom is to be enjoyed in the infernal World ; should give Death a welcome Reception ?

Evidence that he loves not Wisdom, but his own Body, or Honour, or Riches, or perhaps all three together.

'Tis so, *Socrates*.

Then, *Simmi*as, does not that we call *Fortitude* belong in a peculiar manner to Philosophers? And does not *Temperance*, or that Sort of Wisdom that consists in controuling our Desires, and living soberly, and modestly, suit admirably well with those who contemn their Bodies and live philosophically?

That's certain *Socrates*.

Were you to inspect the *Fortitude* and *Temperance* of other Men, you'll find 'em very ridiculous.

How so, *Socrates*?

You know, says he, all other Men look upon Death as the greatest Affliction.

That's true, replies *Simmi*as.

When those you call *Stout* suffer Death with some Courage, they do it only for fear of some greater Evil.

That I must grant.

And by Consequence, all Men, bating the Philosophers, are only stout and valiant thro' Fear. And is it not ridiculous to believe a Man to be brave and valiant, that is only influenced by Fear and Timorousness?

You are in the right of it, *Socrates*.

Is not the Case the same with your temperate Persons? 'Tis only Intemperance makes 'em such. Tho' at first view this may seem impossible, yet it is no more than what daily Experience

shews to be the Result of that foolish and ridiculous Temperance. For such Persons disclaim one Pleasure only for Fear of being robbed of other Pleasures that they covet, and which have an Ascendant over them. They'll cry out to you as long as you will, that Intemperance consists in being ruled and over-awed by our Passions; but

The three common Causes of our Aversion to Death.

Fortitude and Temperance are peculiar to Philosophers.

The Courage and Valour of those who despise Death is often the Effect of Fear.

Men are temperate thro' Intemperance.

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at the same Time that they give you this fine Definition 'tis only their Subjection to some predominant Pleasures, that makes 'em discard others. Now this is much what I have just said, that they are only temperate through Intemperance.

That's very clear, *Socrates*.

The Exchange of Passions is not the true Road to Vertue.

tating those who

Wisdom is the only true Coin ; it fetches all Things : A rich Pearl that ought to be purchased at the Expence of our whole Estate.

Vertue without Wisdom, is but a Shadow of Vertue.

True Vertues are Cleanfers and Privations, not Exchangers.

Let us not be imposed upon, my dear *Simmias*: The strait Road to Vertue does not lie in shifting Pleasures for Pleasures, Fears for Fears, or one melancholy Thought for another, and imitating those who change a large Piece of Money for many small ones. But Wisdom is the only true and unalloyed Coin, for which all others must be given in Exchange. With that Piece of Money we purchase all Fortitude, Temperance, Justice. In a Word, that Vertue is always true that accompanies Wisdom, without any dependance upon Pleasures, Grief, Fears, or any other Passions. Whereas all other Vertues stript of Wisdom, which run upon a perpetual Exchange, are only Shadows of Vertue. True Vertue is really and in effect a Purgation from all these Sort of Passions. Temperance, Justice, Fortitude, and Prudence or Wisdom itself, are not exchanged for Passions, but cleanse us of them. And

it is pretty evident, that those who instituted the Purifications, called by us *Teletes*, i. e. *Perfect Expiations*, were (a) Persons of no contemptible Rank, Men of great Genius's, who in the first Ages meant by such Riddles to give us to know, (b) that whoever enters the other

(a) Such as *Orpheus*, *Musæus*, &c.

(b) There's a pleasant Passage to this purpose in the 2d Book of his Republick: They say, that by Virtue of these Purifications and Sacrifices, we are delivered from the Torments of Hell; but if we neglect 'em, we shall be liable to all the Horrors of the same.

World without being initiated and purified, shall be hurled headlong into the vast Abyss; and that whoever arrives there after due Purgation and Expiation, shall be lodged in the Apartment of the Gods. For, as the Dispensers of those Expiations say, *There are many who bear the (c) Thyrsus, but few that are possessed by the Spirit of God.* Now those who are thus

The ancient Purifications are only *Ænigma's*. As if he had said, many are devout, but few truly pious.

possessed, as I take it, are the true Philosophers. I have try'd all Means to be list'd in that Number, and have made it the Business of my whole Life to compass my End. If it please God, I hope to know in a Minute that my Efforts have not been ineffectual, and that Success have crowned my Endeavours. This, my dear *Simmius*, and my dear *Cebes*, is the Apology with which I offer to justify my not being troubled or afflicted for parting with you, and quitting my Governours in this Life; hoping to find good Friends and Rulers there, as well as here. This the vulgar cannot digest. However, I shall be satisfied if my Defences take better with you than they did with my Judges.

Socrates having thus spoke, *Cebes* took up the Discourse to this purpose. *Socrates*, I subscribe to the Truth of all you have said. There's only one Thing that Men look upon as incredible, *viz.* what you advanced of the Soul. For (a) almost every Body fancies, that when the

(c) The *Thyrsus* was a Spear wrapt in Vines, or Ivy, carried by the Followers of *Bacchus*.

(d) This was the Imagination of those who denied the Immortality of the Soul. The Author of the Book of Wisdom has set 'em in their true Colours. *Our Life* (says he) *is but a Breath; after Death it vanishes like a Vapour, and passes like a Cloud, or a Mist dispersed by the Rays of the Sun.* Then he tells us, that those who entertain themselves with such Language, *were not acquainted with the Secrets of God, for God created Man incorruptible, after his own Image, and the Hope of the Righteous is full of Immortality.* Now this is just *Socrates's* Doctrine.

Soul parts from the Body, it is no more, it dies along with it ; in the very Minute of parting, it vanishes like a Vapour or Smoke, which flies off, and disperses, and has no Existence. For if it subsisted by itself, were gathered and retired into itself, and freed from all the abovementioned Evils ; there were a fair and promising Prospect, ascertaining the Truth of what you have said. But, that the Soul lives after the Death of a Man, that it is sensible, that it acts and thinks ; that, I say, needs both Insinuation and solid Proofs to make it go down.

You say right, *Cebes*, replies *Socrates* : but how shall we manage this Affair ? Shall we in this Interview examine whether that is probable or not ?

I shall be mighty glad, says *Cebes*, to hear your Thoughts upon the Matter.

At least, says *Socrates*, (*a*) I cannot think that any Man hearing us, tho' he were a Comedian, would upbraid me with Raillery, and charge me with not speaking of such Things as concern us very much. If you have a Mind that we should trace this Affair to the Bottom ; my Opinion is, that we should proceed in the following Method, in order to know whether the Souls of the dead have a Being in the other world, or not.

(*b*) 'Tis a very ancient Opinion, That Souls quitting this World repair to the infernal Regions, and return after that to live in this World. If it be so, that Men return to Life after Death, it follows necessarily, that during that Interval, their Souls are lodged in the lower Regions : for if they had not a Being, they could not return to this World. And this will be a sufficient Proof of

(*a*) A Satirical Touch upon *Aristophanes*, who in his Comedy of the Clouds had charged *Socrates* with amusing himself only with Trifles.

(*b*) The first Argument grounded on the Opinion of the *Metempsychesis* ; which *Socrates* only makes Use of to shew that it supposed the future Existence of Souls for a certain Truth.

what we affirm *, if we be convinced that the Living spring from the Dead: if otherwise, then we must look out for other Proofs.

That's certain, says *Cebes*.

But to assure ourselves of this Truth, replies *Socrates*; 'tis not sufficient to examine the Point upon the Comparison with Men; but likewise upon that with other Animals, Plants, and whatever has a vegetable Principle. By that Means we shall be convinced that all Things are born after the same Manner; that is, whatever has a Contrary, owes its first Rise to its contrary. For Instance, *handsome* is the contrary to *ugly*, and *just* to *unjust*. And the same is the Case of an infinite Number to other Things. Now, let's see if it be absolutely necessary that whatever has a Contrary, should spring from that contrary. As when a Thing becomes bigger, of Necessity it must formerly have been lesser, before it acquired that Magnitude. And when it dwindles into a lesser Form, it must needs have been greater before its Diminution. In like Manner, the *strongest* arises from the *weakest*, and the *swiftest* from the *slowest*.

That's a plain Truth, says *Cebes*.

And pray, continues *Socrates*, when a Thing becomes worse, was it not formerly better? and when it grows just, is it not because it was formerly more unjust?

Yes surely, *Socrates*.

* Since all things take Rise from their Contraries, Life cannot swerve from the common Rule. Now, if Life come from Death, then the Soul has a Being. This is a certain Truth, but can only be made out by the Resurrection. Wherefore, St. Paul tells the Opposers of that Truth, *Thou Fool, that which thou seest is not quickened except it die*, 1 Cor. 15. 36. *Socrates* goes upon the same Principle, but 'tis only the Christian Religion that can explain it. *Plato* and *Socrates* had some Idea of the Resurrection; but they spoiled it by mingling it with the gross Doctrine of *Pythagoras*. They drew false Consequences from a Principle that's very true in itself. Besides, this Principle has a very dangerous Error couched under it, which we refuted in the Preface.

Then 'tis sufficiently proved, that every Thing is generated by its contrary.

, Sufficiently, *Socrates*.

Between two Contraries there is always a *Medium*, which we may call the Point of their Generation.

But, is not there always a certain *Medium* between these two Contraries ? There are two Births, or two Processions, one of *this* from *that*, and another of *that* from *this*. The *Medium* between a greater and a lesser Thing, is Increase and Diminution. the same is the Case of what we call mixing, separating, heating, cooling, and all other Things *in infinitum*. For tho' it sometimes falls so out, that we have not Terms to express those Changes and *Mediums*, yet Experience shews, that by an absolute Necessity, Things take Rise from one another, and pass reciprocally from one to another thro' a *Medium*.

There's no Doubt of that.

And what, continues *Socrates*, has not Life likewise its Contrary, as Awaking has Sleeping ?

Without Doubt, says *Cebes*.

What is the Contrary ?

Death.

The Procession of Life from Death, and that of Death from Life.

Since these two Things are contrary, do not they take Rise one from the other ? And between these two, are there not two Generations, or two Processions ?

Why not ?

But, says *Socrates*, I am about to tell you how the now-mentioned Combination stands, and to shew you the Original and Progress of each of these two Things which make up the Compound. Pray tell me how awaking and sleeping are related ? Does

Of watching and sleeping.

not Sleep beget Watchfulness, and Watching Sleep ? And is not the Generation of Sleep, the falling asleep ? and that of watching, the awaking.

All very clear.

Now,

Now, pray view the Combination of Life and Death.
Is not Death the contrary of Life?

Yes.

And does not one breed the other?

Yes.

What is it that Life breeds?

Death.

What is it that Death breeds?

It must certainly be Life.

Then, says *Socrates*, all living things
and Men, are bred from Death.

A full Proof of
the Resurrection.

So I think, says *Cebes*.

And by Consequence, continues *Socrates*, our Souls are
lodged in the infernal World after our Death.

The Consequence seems just.

But of these two Generations, one, *viz.* Death, is
very palpable; it discovers itself to the Eye, and is
touched by the Hand.

Most certainly.

Shall we not then attribute to Death
the Virtue of producing its contrary, as
well as to Life? Or, shall we say, that
Nature is lame and maimed on that
Score?

If Death did not
produce its con-
trary, Nature
would be
defective.

There's an absolute Necessity, replies
Cebes, of ascribing to Death the Generation of its con-
trary.

What is that Contrary?

Reviving, or returning to Life.

If there is such a Thing as returning to Life, 'tis no-
thing else but the Birth of the Dead returning to Life.
And thus we agree, that the Living are as much the
Product of the Dead, as the Dead are of the Living.
Which is an incontestable Proof, that the Souls of the
Dead must remain in some Place or other, from whence
they return to Life.

That, as I take it, *Cebes*, is a necessary Consequence
from the Principles we have agreed on,

And

And as I take it, *Cebes*, these Principles are well grounded: consider 'em yourself. || If all these Contraries had not their Productions and Generations in their Turns, which make a Circle; and if there were nothing but one Birth, and one direct production from one to the other contrary, without the Return of the last contrary to the first that produced it; were it not so, all Things would terminate in the same Figure, and be affected in the same Manner, and at last cease to be born.

How do you say, *Socrates*?

There's no Difficulty in conceiving what I now say. If there were nothing but Sleep, and if Sleep did not produce Watching, † 'tis plain that every Thing would be an Emblem of the Fable of *Endymion*, and nothing would be seen any where, because the same Thing must happen to them which happened to *Endymion* viz. they must always sleep. If every Thing were mingled, without any subsequent separation, we should quickly see *Anaxagoras's* Doctrine fulfilled, and all Things jumbled together. At the same Rate, my dear *Cebes*, * if all living Things died, and being dead, continued such without reviving, would not all Things unavoidably come to an End at last, insomuch that there would not be a living Thing left in Being? For if living Things did (a) not arise from dead ones, when the living ones die, of Necessity all Things must at last be swallowed up by Death, and entirely annihilated.

|| If Death did not give Rise to Life, as Life does to Death, all Things would quickly be at an End, and tumble into their primitive Chaos.

† If Life did not spring from Death, all things would at last sleep like *Endymion*, whom the Moon lull'd eternally asleep, according to the Fable.

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It is necessarily so, replies *Cebes*; all that you have said seems to be uncontestable.

As I take it, *Cebes*, there is no Objection made against those Truths, neither are we mistaken in receiving them; for 'tis certain there is a Return to Life; 'tis certain that the Living rise out of the Dead; that the Souls departed (*a*) have a Being, and upon their Return to this Life, the good Souls are in a better, and the bad ones in a worse Condition.

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What you now advance, says *Cebes*; interrupting *Socrates*, is only a necessary Consequence of another Principle that I have often heard you lay down, *viz.* That (*b*) all our acquired Knowledge is only Remembrance. For, if that Principle be true, we must necessarily have learnt at another Time what we call to mind in this. Now that's impossible, unless our Soul had a Being before its being invested with this human Form. So that this same Principle concludes the Immortality of the Soul.

But *Cebes*, says *Simmias*, interrupting him, what Demonstration have we of that Principle? Pray refresh my Memory with it, for at present it is out of my Head.

There's a very pretty Demonstration for it, replies *Cebes*. All Men being duly interrogated, find out all Things of themselves; which they could never do without Knowledge and right Reason. Put 'em at unawares upon the Figures of Geometry, and other things of that Nature, they presently perceive that 'tis as 'tis said.

Simmias, says *Socrates*, if you will not rely upon this Experience, pray try whether the same Method will not bring you over to our Sentiments. Do you find

(*a*) *Socrates* in this Place seems only to own one Return to this Life, which is that of the Resurrection.

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great Difficulty in believing that Learning is only Remembering ?

I do not find very much, replies *Simmius* ; but I would gladly learn that Remembrance you speak of. By what *Cebes* has said, I almost remember it, and I begin to believe it ; but that shall not hinder me from hearing with Pleasure the Arguments you can offer for it.

I argue thus, replies *Socrates* : We all agree, that in Order to remember, a Man must have known before what he then calls to Mind.

Most certainly.

† And let us likewise agree upon this, that Knowledge coming in a certain Manner is Remembrance. I say, in a certain Manner : for Instance, when a Man by seeing, hearing, or perceiving a Thing by any of the Senses, knows what it is that thus strikes the Senses ; and at the same Time imagines to himself another Thing, independant of that Knowledge, by Virtue of a quite different Knowledge ; do not we justly say, that the Man remembers the Thing that comes thus into his Mind ?

How do you say, replies *Simmius* ?

I say, replies *Socrates*, for Example, that we know a Man by one Sort of Knowledge, and a Harp by another.

That's certain, quoth *Simmius*.

Well then, continues *Socrates*, do not you know what happens to Lovers, when they see the Harp, Habit, or any other Thing that their Friends or Mistresses used to make Use of ? It is just as I said but now. Upon seeing and knowing the Harp, they form in their Thoughts the Image of the Person to whom the Harp

† *Socrates's* Proofs only conclude a Remembrance of Things once known, and afterwards forgot in this Life ; not of Things learnt in the other World : for the Soul is not created before the Body. This Doctrine of Remembrance is of admirable Use for making out Original Sin, as I have shewed in the Introduction.

belongs.

belongs. This is Remembrance. Thus it often falls out that one seeing (a) *Simmias*, thinks of *Cebes*. I could cite a Thousand Instances. This then is Remembrance, especially when the Things called to Mind are such as had been forgot thro' Length of Time, or being out of Sight.

That's very certain, quoth *Simmias*.

But, continues *Socrates*, upon seeing the Picture of a Horse or Harp, may not one call to Mind the Man? And upon seeing the Picture of *Simmias*, may not one think of *Sebes*?

Sure enough, says *Simmias*.

Much more, continues *Socrates*, upon seeing the Picture of *Simmias*, will he call to Mind *Simmias* himself.

Ay, with Ease.

From all these Instances we infer, that Remembrance is occasioned sometimes by Things that are like the Thing remembered, and sometimes by Things that are unlike. But when one remembers a Thing by Virtue of a Likeness, does it not necessarily come to pass, that the Mind at first View discovers whether the Picture does resemble the Thing designed, lamely, or perfectly?

It must needs be so, replies *Simmias*.

Then pray mind whether your Thoughts of what I am about to say, agree with mine. (c) Is not there something that we call Equality? I do not speak of the Equality between one Tree and another, one Stone and another, and several other Things that are alike: I speak of the abstracted Equality of Things. Shall we call that something or nothing?

Surely, we should call it something; but that will only come to pass when we mean to speak philosophically and of marvellous Things.

(b) By Reason of their Intimacy, which occasioned their being always together.

(c) He speaks of an intelligible, not a sensible Equality.

But then do we know this Equality ?
Without Doubt.

(a) From whence do we derive that Knowledge ? Is it not from the 'Things we mentioned but now ? 'Tis upon seeing equal Trees, equal Stones, and several other Things of that Nature, that we form the Idea of that Equality, which is not either the Trees or the Stones, but something abstracted from all Subjects. Do not you find it such ? Pray take Notice. The Stones and the Trees are always the same, and yet do not they sometimes

appear unequal ?

Sure enough.

What ! Do equal Things appear unequal ? Or, does Equality take up the Form of Unequality ?

By no Means, *Socrates*.

Otherwise Equality and Inequality would meet in the same Subject ; which is a Contradiction.

Then Equality, and the Thing which is equal, are two different Things.

Most certainly.

But after all, these equal things, which are different from Equality, furnish us with the Idea and Knowledge of that abstracted Equality.

That's true, replies *Simmius*.

The Case is the same, whether this Equality bear a resemblance to the 'Things that occasioned its Idea, or not. Most certainly.

When, upon seeing one Thing, you call to Mind another, 'tis no Matter if it be like it or not ; still it is Remembrance.

(a) *Socrates* is out in thinking to prove that the Knowledge of intelligible Qualities was acquired in the other world. That Knowledge is the Effect of the Light with which God illuminates the Soul, or the Tracks of the Impressions that are not quite defaced by Sin : 'Tis the Remainder of the Knowledge we have lost, and of the Perfection we have forfeited. So that, if the *other Life* be taken in *Socrates's* Sense, the Proposition is false ; if in ours, for the State of the Soul before Sin, 'tis true.

Without

Without Doubt.

But what shall we say to this, continues *Socrates*; when we behold Trees or other Things that are equal, are they equal according to the Equality of which we have the Idea, or not?

For the sensible Equality is never so perfect as the intellectual.

Very far from it.

Then we agree upon this. When a Man sees a Thing before him, and thinks it would be equal to another Thing, but at the same time is far from being so perfectly equal, as the Equality of which he has the Idea: then I say, (*b*) he who thinks thus, must necessarily have known beforehand this Intellectual Being which the thing resembles, but imperfectly.

There's an absolute Necessity for that.

And is not the Case the same, when we compare things equal with the Equality?

Sure enough, *Socrates*.

Then of necessity we must have known that Equality before the Time, in which we first saw the equal Things, and thereupon thought, that they all tended to be equal as Equality itself, but could not reach it.

That's certain.

But we likewise agree upon this, That this Thought can be derived from nothing else but one of our Senses, from seeing, touching, or feeling one way or other: And the same Conclusion will hold of all Beings, whether Intellectual or Sensible.

This Principle is true, but the Consequence he draws from it is false.

All Things will equally conclude for what you design.

Then, 'tis from the Senses themselves that we derive this Thought; that all the Objects of our Senses have a tendency towards this intellectual Equality, but come short of it; Is it not?

Yes, without Doubt, *Socrates*.

(*b*) Tho' he must have known it, it does not follow that he knew it in the other Life, unless it be thereby meant the very Instant of the Creation of the Soul.

In Effect, *Simmias*, (a) before we began to see, feel, or use our Senses, we must have had the Knowledge of this intellectual Equality ; else we could not be capable to compare it with the sensible Things, and perceive that they have all a Tendency towards it, but fall short of its Perfection.

That's a necessary Consequence from the Premises.

But is it not certain, That immediately after our Birth, we saw, we heard, and made Use of our other Senses ?

Very true.

Then it follows, that before that Time we had the Knowledge of that Equality ?

Without Doubt.

This Consequence is only true in our Sense.

(b) And by Consequence we were possessed of it before we were born. So I think.

If we possessed it before we were born, then we knew Things before we were born, and immediately after our Birth ; knew not only what is equal, what great, what small, but all other Things of that Nature. For what we now advance of Equality, is equally applicable to Goodness, Justice, Sanctity ; and, in a Word, to all other Things that have a real (c) Existence. So that of necessity we must have known all these Things before we came into this World.

That's certain.

(a) One might have answered, That we had not that Knowledge before we were born, but received it afterwards by the gradual Communication of Light from God into the Soul. But as 'tis certain that the Soul was created full of Light and Perfection, so this Truth was known to the *Pagans*, and upon that Account, *Socrates's* Friends were obliged to assent to what he said. And after all, if, by the first Life of the Soul, we understand the very Instant of Creation, or the State of the Soul before the Fall, the Proposition is true.

(b) We knew before we sinned : we lost our Knowledge by sinning ; and recall it again by Virtue of the Light imparted by God to the Soul.

(c) The *Greek* Exposition is very remarkable ; it turns thus, *Things upon which we have put this Stamp, That 'tis so.* That is, to distinguish Things that have a true Existence, from sensible Things that have no true Existence.

And

And being possessed of that Knowledge, if we did not forget apace every Day, we should not only be born with it, but retain it all our Life-time. For to know, is only to preserve the Knowledge we have received, and not to lose it. And to forget, is to lose the Knowledge we enjoy'd before.

That's certain, *Socrates*.

Now if, after having possessed that Knowledge before we were born, and having lost it since, we come to retrieve it by the ministry of our Senses, which we call Learning, shall we not justly entitle it *Remembrance*?

With a great deal of Reason, *Socrates*.

(d) For we have agreed upon this ; that 'tis very possible, that a Man seeing, hearing, or perceiving one Thing by any of his Senses, should frame to himself the Imagination of another Thing that he had forgot ; to which the Thing perceived by the Senses has some Relation, whether it resembles the other, or not. So that one of two Things must necessarily follow ; Either we were born with that Knowledge, and preserved it all along ; or else retrieved it afterwards by Way of Remembrance. Which of these two do you pitch upon, *Simmi-*
as ? are we born with that Knowledge ; or do we call it to Mind after having had it, and forgot it ?

Indeed, *Socrates*, I do not know which to chuse at present.

But mind what I'm about to say to you, and then let's see which you'll chuse. A Man that knows any Thing, can he give a Reason of his Knowledge or not ?

Doubtless he can, *Socrates*.

And you think all Men can give a reason for what we have been speaking of ?

I wish they could, replies *Simmi-*
as ; but I'm afraid to-morrow we shall have none here that's capable to do it.

A great Panegy-
rick upon *Socra-*
tes. What Mo-
desty was this in
Plato ?

Then you think all Men have not this Knowledge ?

No sure.

(d) 'Twas agreed before, that upon seeing one Thing, we call to mind another unseen ; as upon seeing a Lute we think of a Mistress ; upon seeing equal Trees we call to Mind Equality.

Do

(a) Do they call to Mind then, the Things they have known ?

That may be.

At what Time did our Souls learn that Knowledge ? It cannot be since we were Men.

No sure.

Then it must be some Time before that ?

Yes, without doubt.

But this is a false Principle. And by Consequence, *Simmi*as, our Souls had a Being before that Time ; that is to say, before they were invested with a human Form, while they were without the Body, they thought, they know, and understood.

Unless you'll allow, *Socrates*, that we learned it in the Minute of our Birth : There's no other Time left.

Be it so, my dear *Simmi*as, (b) but at what other time did we lose it ? For we did not bring it into the World with us, as we concluded but now. Did we lose it in the same Minute that we obtained it ? Or can you assign any other Time ?

No, *Socrates* ; I did not perceive that what I said was to no purpose.

* Then, *Simmi*as, this must be a standing Truth : That if the Objects of our daily Conversation, have a real Existence ; I mean, if Justice, Goodness, and all

(a) If they are not born with that Knowledge, then they must have forgot it, and recovered it again by Way of Remembrance. A false Consequence.

(b) All the Heathen Philosophers are at a Loss to find out the Time of thus forgetting. They were sensible that God created the Soul full of Light and Understanding, but did not perceive that the first Man lost that Light and Knowledge by his Rebellion ; and that if he had continued innocent, he had transmitted to us those valuable Qualities together with his Innocence ; as well as now he is fallen, he transmitted to us Obscurity and Sin.

* *Socrates* means to prove, that as Goodness, Justice, and all those intelligible Beings, which are the Patterns of the sensible and real Beings, subsist intelligibly in God from all Eternity ; so our Soul exists by itself, and has an eternal Being in the Idea of God ; and from this Idea it derives all its Knowledge.

that

that Essence with which we compare the Objects of our Senses, and which having an Existence before us, proves to be of the same Nature with our own Essence, and is the Standard by which we measure all Things; I say, if all these Things have a real Existence, our Soul is likewise entitled to Existence, and that before we were born; and if these Things have no Being, then all our Discourses are useless. Is it not a standing Truth, and withal a just and necessary Consequence, that the Existence of our Souls before our Birth, stands and falls with that of those Things?

That Consequence, replies *Simmius*, seems to me to be equally just and wonderful: And the Result of the whole Discourse affords something very glorious and desirable on our behalf, since it concludes, that before we were born, our Souls had an Existence, as well as that intelligible Essence you mentioned but now. For my Part, I think there's nothing more evident, and more sensible, than the Existence of all these Things, Goodness, Justice, &c. and you have sufficiently made it out.

Now for *Cebes*, says *Socrates*; for *Cebes* must likewise be convinced.

I believe replies *Simmius*, tho' he is the stiffest Man upon Earth, and very much Proof against Arguments, yet he'll own your Proof to be very convincing. In the mean Time, tho' I am sufficiently convinced that our Souls had a Being before we were born, I have not yet heard sufficient Proof for its continuing after our Death. For that popular Opinion, which *Cebes* mentioned but now, remains in all its Force, *viz.* That after the Death of Man, the Soul disperses and ceases to be. And indeed, I cannot see why the Soul should not be born, or proceed from some Part or other, and have a Being before it animates the Body in this Life; and when it removes from the Body, cease to be, and make its Exit as well as the Body.

The Parallel is not just. All these intelligible Beings are nothing else but God himself; but the Soul is not God, 'tis the Work of God.

You

You speak well, *Simmias*, says *Cebes* ; to my Mind, *Socrates* has only proved the Half of what he proposed. 'Tis true, he has demonstrated that the Soul has a Being before the Body ; but to compleat his Demonstration, he should have proved that our Soul has an Existence after Death, as well as before this Life.

But I have demonstrated it to you both, replies *Socrates* ; and you'll be sensible of it, if you join this last Proof with what you acknowledged before, *viz.* That the Living rise from the Dead. * For if 'tis true, that our Soul was in Being before we were born ; then of necessity, when it comes to Life, it proceeds so to speak, from the Bosom of Death ; and why should it not lie under the same necessity of being after Death, since it must return to Life ? Thus what you speak of is made out. But I perceive both of you desire to sound this Matter to the Bottom ; and are apprehensive, like Children, that when the Soul departs the Body, the Winds run away with it, and disperse it, especially when a Man dies in an open Country in a Place exposed to the Winds.

Whereupon *Cebes*, smiling, replied, Pray then, *Socrates*, try to discuss our Fears, or rather convince us, as if we feared nothing : Tho' indeed there be some among us, who lie under those childish Apprehensions. Persuade us then not to fear Death, as a vain Phantom.

As for that, says *Socrates*, you must employ Spells and Exorcisms every Day till you be cured.

These Spells and Exorcisms must be looked for in the Word of God.

But pray, *Socrates*, where shall we meet with an excellent Conjuror, since you are going to leave us ?

* Tho' our Soul has no Being before our coming into the World, yet it continues after Death, since it must return to Life by the Resurrection, and the Living take Rise from the Dead. The Defeat of Death is the Triumph of Life. This Proof of the necessary Rise of the Living from the Dead, is an admirable Support for our Christian Hope.

Greece is large enough, replies *Socrates*, and well stored with learned Men. Besides, there are a great many barbarous Nations, which you must scour in Order to find out the Conjuror, without sparing either Labour or Charges: For you cannot employ your Money in a better Cause. You must likewise look for one among yourselves; for 'tis possible there may be none found more capable to perform those Enchantments, than yourselves.

'Twas from those Nations whom he calls barbarous, that he derived the Rays of that Truth, that the Soul is immortal.

We shall obey your Orders, *Socrates*, in looking out for one: But in the mean while, if you please, let's resume our former Discourse.

With all my heart, *Cebes*.

Well said, *Socrates*.

* The first Question, we ought to ask ourselves, says *Socrates*, is, What sorts of Things they are that are apt to be dissipated; what Things are liable to that Accident, and what Part of those Things? Then we must enquire into the Nature of Soul, and form our Fears or our Hopes accordingly.

That's very true.

Is it not certain, that only compounded Things, or such as are of a compoundable Nature, admit of being dissipated at the same rate that they were compounded? If there are any uncompounded Beings, they alone are free from this Accident, and naturally incapable of Dissipation.

Only compounded Things can naturally be dissipated.

He adds *naturally*, because the Will of God may controul Nature.

That I think is very clear, replies *Cebes*.

* Hitherto *Socrates* endeavoured to make good the Existence of Souls before their Bodies, as being a Point of the receiv'd Theology. And forasmuch as the Principle is false, 'twas impossible for him to give better Proof, since a Lye does not admit of demonstration. But now he is about to make good the future Existence and Immortality of the Soul, by solid unshaken Arguments.

Is it not very likely, that Things which are always the same, and in the same Condition, are not at all compounded ; and that those which are liable to perpetual Changes, and are never the same, are certainly compounded ?

Change a Sign of Composition.

I am of your Mind, *Socrates*.

Intellectual Beings, &c.

Let us betake ourselves to the Things we were speaking of but now, the Existence whereof is never contested either in Question or Answer ; are these always the same, or do they sometimes change ? Equality, Beauty, Goodness, and every singular Thing, *i. e.* the Essence itself ; do these receive the least Alteration, or are they so pure and simple, that they continue always the same, without undergoing the least Change ?

Of necessity, replies *Cebes*, they must continue still the same without Alteration.

And all these fine Things, says *Socrates*, such as Men, Horses, Habits, Movables, and a great many other things of the same Nature, are they intirely opposite to the former, that they never continue in the same Condition, either with Reference to themselves, or to others ; but are subject to perpetual Alterations ?

They never continue in the same Condition, replies *Cebes*.

Now these are the Things that are visible, touchable, perceptible by some other Sense ; whereas the former, which continue still the same, can only be reached by Thought, as being immaterial and invisible.

That's true, *Socrates*.

If you please, continues *Socrates*, I'll instance in two Things, one visible, the other invisible ; one still the same, and the other betraying continual Alterations.

With all my Heart, says *Cebes*.

Let's see then ; Are not we compounded of a Body and a Soul ? or is there any other Ingredient in our Composition ?

No, sure.

Which of the two Kinds of Things does our Body most resemble ?

All Men own that it is most conformable to the visible Sort.

And pray, my dear *Cebes*, is our Soul visible or invisible?

At least 'tis invisible to Men.

But when we speak of visible or invisible Things, we mean with reference to Men, without minding any other Nature. Once more then; is the Soul visible, or not?

'Tis not visible.

Then 'tis immaterial and invisible?

Yes.

And by Consequence the Soul is more conformable than the Body to the invisible kind of Things; and the Body suits better with the visible?

There's an absolute Necessity for that.

When the Soul makes use of the Body in considering any Thing, by seeing, hearing, or any other Sense, (that being the sole Function of the Body, to consider things by the Senses) should not we then say that the Body draws the Soul upon mutable Things? In this Condition it strays, frets, staggers, and is giddy like a Man in Drink, by reason of its being engaged in Matter. Whereas when it pursues Things by itself, without calling in the Body, it betakes itself to what is Pure, Immortal, Immutable; and, as being of the same Nature, dwells constantly upon it while it is Master of itself. Then its Errors are at an End, and it is always the same, as being united to what never changes: And this Passion of the Soul is what we call Wisdom or Prudence.

That's admirably well spoke, *Socrates*, and a very great Truth.

He adds to *Mens*, implying that 'tis visible to God.

The Condition of the Soul when engaged in Matter.

Its Condition when disengaged. Wisdom is that State of the Soul when 'tis divorced from the Passions of the Body, and united constantly to God.

After all then, which sort of Things does the Soul seem to resemble most ?

To my mind, *Socrates*, there's no Man so stupid and stiff, as not to be obliged by your Method of arguing, to acknowledge that the Soul bears a greater Resemblance and Conformity to the immutable Being, than to that which is always upon the Change.

And as for the Body ?

It bears a greater Resemblance to the other.

Let's try yet another Way. During the Conjunction of Body and Soul, Nature orders the

The Soul being the Image of God, ought to command, and the Body to obey.

one to obey and be a Slave, and the other to command and hold the Empire. Which of these two Characters is most suitable to the Divine Being ; and which to that that is Mortal ? Are

not you sensible, that the Divine is only capable of commanding and ruling ; and what is Mortal is only worthy of Obedience and Slavery ?

Sure enough.

Which of these two then agrees best with the Soul ?

'Tis evident, *Socrates*, that our Soul resembles what is Divine, and our Body what is Mortal.

You see then, my dear *Cebes*, the necessary Result of all is, that our Soul bears a strict Resemblance to what

The Nature of the Soul. is Divine, Immortal, Intellectual, Simple, Indissoluble ; and is always the same, and always like it : and that our Body

The Nature of the Body.

does perfectly resemble what is human, mortal, sensible, compounded, dissolvable, always changing, and never like

itself. Can any Thing be alledged, to destroy that Consequence, or to make out the contrary ?

No, sure, *Socrates*.

Does not it then suit with the Body to be quickly dissolved, and with the Soul to be always indissoluble, or something very near it ?

That's a standing Truth.

(a) Accordingly you see every Day, when a Man dies, his visible Body, that continues exposed to our View, and which we call the Corps, that alone admits of Dissolution, Alteration, and Diffipation: this, I say, does not immediately undergo any of these Accidents, but continues a pretty while in its entire Form, or in its Flower, if I may so speak, (b) especially in this Season. Bodies embalmed after the Manner of those in *Egypt*, (c) remain entire for an infinity of Years: and even in those that corrupt, there are always some Parts, such as the Bones, Nerves and the like, that continue in a Manner immortal. Is not this True?

Very true.

Now as for the Soul, which is an invisible Being, that goes to a Place like itself, marvellous, pure, and invisible, in the infernal World; and returns to a God full of Goodness and Wisdom; which I hope will be the Fate of my Soul in a Minute, if it please God. Shall a Soul of this Nature, and created with all these Advantages, be dissipated and annihilated, as soon as it

(a) *Socrates* is about to shew the Ridiculousness of the Opinion of the Soul's Diffipation after Death. What, shall the Body, a compounded Being, subsist a pretty While after Death; and the Soul, a simple Being, be immediately dissipated? After what has been said, the Ridiculousness is very plain.

(b) This Passage is enough to stun the Criticks, who make a great bustle to find out the precise Time of *Socrates's* Death; and after straining hard in demonstrating the *Attick* Calendar, and computing its Months, assure us he died in the Month of *July*. Here, to their great Misfortune, *Socrates* himself says, he died in the Season in which Corpses keep best. The Month of *July* is not entitled to that Character, especially in *Greece*. So that they must make a new Computation. But how came this Passage to escape their View? The Reason is plain: Most of them do not read the Originals. When they look for any thing, they content themselves with running over a Translation. Now the Translation of this Passage is very faulty. Neither *Marfilius Ficinus* nor *De Serres* understood it. They took *ἡμέρα* for the good Condition and Entireness of the Parts; whereas it signifies the Season. Upon which Mistake, the one renders *ἐν τοιαύτῃ ἡμέρᾳ*, cum quadam moderatione; and the other, corpore perbelle affecto.

(c) That is to say, without Corruption or Wounds.

parts from the Body, as most Men believe ? No such thing, my dear *Simmias*, and my dear *Cebes*. I'll tell you what will rather come to pass, and what we ought to believe steddily. If the Soul retain its Purity without any Mixture of Filth from the Body, as having entertained no voluntary Correspondence with it ; but on the contrary, having always avoided it, and recollected itself within itself in continual Meditations ; that is, in studying the true Philosophy, and effectually learning to die ; for Philosophy is a Preparation to Death : I say,

The State of the departed Souls of those who served God in Sincerity all their Lifetime.

The Initiation into Misteries was only a Shadow of what was to be completed in the other World.

The future State of impure Souls.

Impure Souls believe there's no Reality in any Thing but what is corporeal.

All intelligible things are only Obscurity to the Eyes of the Body.

if the Soul depart in this Condition, it repairs to a Being like itself, a Being that's Divine, Immortal, and full of Wisdom ; in which it enjoys an inexpressible Felicity, as being freed from its Errors, its Ignorance, its Fears, its Amours, that tyrannized over it, and all the other Evils pertaining to human Nature : and as 'tis said of those who have been initiated in holy Misteries, it truly passes a whole Course of Eternity with the Gods. Ought not this to be the Matter of our Belief ?

Sure enough, *Socrates*.

But if the Soul depart full of Uncleaness and Impurity, as having been all along mingled with the Body, always employed in its Service, always possessed by the Love of it, wheedled and charmed by its Pleasures and Lusts ; insomuch that it believed there was nothing real or true beyond what is corporeal ; what may be seen, touched, drank, or eaten, or what is the Object of carnal Pleasure ; that it hated, dreaded, and avoided what the Eyes of the Body could not descry, and all that is intelligible, and can only be enjoyed by Philosophy : Do you think, I say, that a Soul in this Condition can depart pure and simple from the Body ?

No

No sure, *Socrates*, that's impossible.

On the contrary, it departs stained with corporeal Pollution, which was rendered natural to it by its continual Commerce and too intimate Union with the Body, at a Time when it was its constant Companion, and was still employed in serving and gratifying it.

A Soul polluted and bespattered with Filth.

Most certainly.

This Pollution, my dear *Cebes*, is a gross, heavy, earthy, and visible Mass; and the Soul loaded with such a Weight, is dragged into that visible Place, not only by the Weight, but by its own dreading the Light and the invisible Place; and, as we commonly say, it wanders in the † Church-yards, round the Tombs, where dark Phantoms and Apparitions are often seen; such as these Souls that did not depart the Body in Purity or Simplicity, but polluted with that earthy and visible Matter that makes them degenerate into a visible Form.

Impure Spirits frequenting Sepulchres.

That's very likely, *Socrates*.

Yes, without doubt, *Cebes*; and 'tis also likely that 'tis not the good but the bad Souls that are forced to wander in those Places of Impurity; where they suffer for their former ill Life, and continue to wander, till, thro' the Love they have to this corporeal Mass, which always follows 'em, they engage again in a new Body, and in all Probability plunge themselves into the same Manners and Passions, as were the Occupation of their first Life.

An Error taken from *Pythagoras's Metempsychosis*, taken in a gross Sense.

† *Socrates* speaks here of the impure Spirits that dwelt among the Tombs in Churchyards, such as are mentioned in the Gospel, *Matth.* 8. 28. *Mark* 5. 2. *Luke* 8. 26. which wandered Night and Day round the Tombs and upon the Mountains. He alledges they were corrupt and polluted Souls, which bore the Pollution they had contracted by Sin, in plunging themselves too deep in Matter.

How do you say, *Socrates* ?

I say, *Cebes*, that for Instance, those who made their Belly their God, and loved nothing but Indolence and Impurity, without any Shame, and without any Reserve; those * enter into the Bodies of Asses or such like Creatures : Do not you think this very probable ?

Yes sure, *Socrates*.

And those Souls which loved only Injustice, Tyranny, and Rapine, are employed to animate the Bodies of Wolves, Hawks and Faulcons. Where else should Souls of that Stamp go ?

No where else, *Socrates*.

The Case of all the rest is much the same. They go to animate the Bodies of Beasts of different Species, according as they resemble their first Courses.

According to these Principles, it cannot be otherwise.

The Fate of those who are temperate and just by Habit, without the Assistance of Philosophy.

The happiest of all these Men, whose Souls are sent to the most agreeable Place, are those who have always made a Profession of popular and civil Vertues, which are called *Temperance* and *Justice* ; to which they have brought themselves only by Habit and Exercise, without any Assistance from Philosophy and the Mind.

How can they be so happy then ?

* In the Life of *Plato*, we took Notice of this Opinion of Souls passing into other Bodies, whether Men or Beasts ; and endeavoured to discover its Source. I shall only add, that by *Socrates's* Way of expressing himself, one would believe that this imaginary Transmigration of Souls was grounded upon those impure Spirits that entered into Men and Beasts. We are not to doubt, but that in those Times of Obscurity, under the real Empire of the Devil, there were a great many People possessed in that Manner ; and that was a sufficient ground for forming the Idea of the Transmigration of Souls, that being most apt to frighten 'em. They fancied that these impure Spirits took to themselves Bodies in the Sepulchers where they dwelt.

'Tis probable that after their Death, their Souls are joined to the Bodies of politick and meek Animals, such as Bees, Wasps, and Ants; or else return to human Bodies, and become temperate and wise Men. But as for approaching to the Nature of God, that is not at all allowed to those who did not live philosophically, and whose Souls did not depart with all their Purity. That great Privilege is reserved for the Lovers of true Wisdom. And 'tis upon the Consideration of this, my dear *Simmias* and my dear *Cebes*, that the † true Philosophers renounce the Desires of the Body, and keep themselves up from its Lusts; they are not apprehensive of the Ruin of their Families, or of Poverty, as the Vulgar are, and those who are wedded to their Riches: they fear neither Ignominy nor Reproach, as those do who court only Dignities and Honours. In a Word, they renounce all Things, and even themselves.

It would not be suitable for them to do otherwise, replies *Cebes*.

No sure, continues *Socrates*. In like Manner, all those who value their Souls, and do not live for the Body, depart from all such Lusts, and follow a different Course from those insensible Creatures that do not know where they go. They are persuaded that they ought not to do any Thing contrary to Philosophy, or harbour any thing that destroys its Purifications, and retards their Liberty; and accordingly resign themselves to its Conduct, and follow it whithersoever it leads 'em.

They are insensible that know not where they go.

The Purifications of Philosophy.

How do you say, *Socrates*?

I'll explain it to you. The Philosophers finding their Soul tied and chained to the Body, and by that means obliged to employ the Body in the Pursuit of Objects

† A fine Character of true Philosophers. They fear neither Poverty, Ignominy, nor Death: they renounce themselves, and all Things besides.

The Force of the Bond that imprisons the Soul, consists in its own Desires.

The Soul is always headed by the Body.

of the Body is full of Illusion and Deceit, as well as all its other Senses, by advertising it not to use the Body farther than Necessity requires ; and advising it to recollect and shut up itself within itself ; to receive no Disposition but its own, after it has examined within itself the intrinsic Nature of every Thing, and stript it of the Covering that conceals it from our Eyes, and to continue fully persuaded, that whatever is tried by all its other Senses, being different from the former Discovery, is certainly false.

Whatever the Soul examines by the bodily Senses, is false.

Now whatever is tried by the corporeal Senses, is visible and sensible. And what it views by itself without the ministry of the Body, is invisible and intelligible. So that the Soul of a true Philosopher being convinced that it should not oppose its own Liberty, disclaims, as far as is possible, the Pleasures, Lusts, Fears, and Sorrows of the Body : for it knows

Why the Soul disclaims all the Passions of the Body.

that when one has enjoyed many Pleasures, or given Way to extreme Grief or Timorousness, or given himself to his Desires ; he not only is afflicted by the sensible Evils known to all the World, such as the Loss of Health or Estate, but is doomed to the last and greatest of Evils ; an Evil that is so much the more dangerous and terrible, that it is not obvious to our Senses.

What Evil is that, *Socrates* ?

'Tis this; That the Soul being forced to rejoice or be afflicted upon any Occasion, is persuaded that what causes its Pleasure or Grief, is a real and true Thing, tho' at the same Time it is not; and such is the Nature of all sensible and visible Things that are capable to

The greatest and most terrible Affliction of a Soul, given over to the Passions of the Body.

occasion Joy or Grief.

That's certain, *Socrates*.

Are not these Passions then the chief Instruments particularly, that imprison and mew up the Soul within the Body?

How's that, *Socrates*?

Every Pleasure, every melancholy Thought, being arm'd with a strong and keen Nail, nails the Soul to the Body with such Force, that it becomes mate-

Every Passion has a Nail that fastens the Soul to the Body.

rial and corporeal, and fancies there are no real and true Objects, but such as the Body accounts so: for as it entertains the same Opinions, and pursues the same Pleasures with the Body, so it is obliged to the same Actions and Habits. For which Reason it cannot descend in Purity to the lower World, but is daubed all over with the Pollution of the Body itself, and quickly re-enters another Body, where it takes Root as if it had been sown, and puts a Period to all Commerce with the pure, simple, and divine Essence.

That's very certain, *Socrates*.

These are the Motives that oblige the true Philosophers to make it their Business to acquire Temperance and Fortitude, and not such Motives as the vulgar think of. Are not you of my Opinion, *Cebes*?

Yes, sure.

All true Philosophers will still be of that Mind. Their Soul will never entertain such a Thought, as if Philosophy should disengage it, to the end that when 'tis freed, it should follow its Pleasures, and give Way to its Fears and Sorrows; that it should put on its Chains again, and always want to begin again, like *Penelope's* Web.

The Business of
a true Philosopher
during his whole
Life-time.

On the contrary, it continues in a perfect Tranquility and Freedom from Passion, and always follows Reason for its Guide, without departing from its Measures ; it incessantly contemplates what is true, divine, immutable, and above Opinion, being nourished by this pure Truth : it is convinced that it ought to follow the same Course of Life while it is united to the Body ; and hopes that after Death, being surrendered to that immortal Being as its Source, 'twill be freed from all the Afflictions of the human Nature. After such a Life, and upon such Principles, my dear *Simmias* and *Cebes*, what should the Soul be afraid of ? Shall it fear, that upon its Departure from the Body, the Winds will dissipate it, and run away with it, and that Annihilation will be its Fate ?

Socrates having thus spoke, he stopt for a pretty while, seeming to be altogether intent upon what he had said. Most of us were in the same Condition ; and *Cebes* and *Simmias* had a short Conference together. At last, *Socrates* perceiving their Conference, || asked them what they were speaking of ? Do you think, says he, that my Arguments are lame ? I think indeed there is Room left for a great many Doubts and Objections, if any will take the Pains to retail 'em out. If you are speaking of any Thing else, I have nothing to say. But tho' you have no Doubts, pray, whether, tell me freely you think of any better Demonstration, and make me a Companion in your Enquiry, if you think I can assist you to compass your End.

I'll tell you, says *Simmias*, the naked Truth. It is a pretty while since *Cebes* and I thought of some Doubts ; and being desirous to have 'em resolved, pushed on one another to propose 'em to you. But we were both afraid to importune you, and propose disagreeable Que-

|| *Socrates* desires 'em to make Objections, that his Arguments might be confirmed.

tions

tions in the unseasonable Hour of your present Misfortune.

O ! my dear *Simmias*, || replies *Socrates* smiling, certainly I should find great Difficulty in persuading other Men that I find no Misfortune in my present Circumstances, since I cannot get you to believe it. † You think that upon the Score of Fore-knowledge and Divining, I am infinitely inferior to the Swans. When they perceive approaching Death, they sing more merrily than before, * because of the Joy they have in going to the God they serve. But Men, thro' the Fear of Death, reproach the Swans, in saying that they lament their Death, and tune their Grief in sorrowful Notes. They forget to make this Reflection, that no Fowl sings when 'tis hungry, or cold, No Fowl sings or sad ; nay, not the Nightingale, out of Grief. the Swallow, or the Lapwing, whose Musick they say is a true Lamentation, and the Effect of Grief. But, after all, these Fowls do not all sing out of Grief ; and far less the Swans, which by Reason of their belonging to *Apollo*, are Diviners, and sing more joyfully on the Day of their Death than before, as foreseeing the Good that awaits them in the other World. And as for me, I think I serve *Apollo* as well as they ; I am consecrated to that God as well as they ; I have received from our common Master the Art of Divining as well as they, and I am as little concerned for making my Exit as they are. So that you may reely propose what Doubts you please, and put Questions to me as long as the eleven Magistrates suffer me to be here.

|| *Socrates* is angry with his Friends for reckoning his present Condition an unfortunate one.

† He could not take a better Method to shew that he reckoned no Misfortune in Death, than this of rallying upon the Vulgar and *Pythagorean* Religion.

* As if their Fowls were admitted to the Mansions of the Blessed. *Socrates* ridicules that Opinion. We shall see afterwards, that they admitted Beasts to the Land of the Just ; of which they had a very confused Idea. But that is to another purpose.

You

You say well, *Socrates*, replies *Simmias* ; since 'tis so, I'll propose my Doubts first, and then *Cebes* shall give in his. I agree with you, that 'tis impossible, or at least very difficult, to know the Truth in this Life ; and that it is the Property of a lazy and a dull Head, not to weigh exactly what he says, or to supersede the Examination before he has made all his Efforts, and be obliged to give over by unsurmountable Difficulties. For

Of all human
Reasons, a wise
Man should pick
out the best, and
most capable to
conduct him safe
in this stormy
Sea.

one of these two things must be done, we must either learn the Truth from others, or find it out ourselves. If both Ways fail us, amidst all human Reasons, we must pitch upon the strongest and most forcible, and trust to that as to a Ship, while we pass through this stormy Sea, and endeavour to avoid its Tempests and

Shelves ; till we find out one more firm and sure, such as (a) a Promise or Revelation, upon which we may happily

The Promise of
God, is a Vessel
that fears no
Danger.

accomplish the Voyage of this Life, as in a Vessel that fears no Danger. I shall therefore not be ashamed to put Questions to you, now that you allow me ; and shall avoid the Reproach I

might one Day cast upon myself, of not having told you my Thoughts upon this Occasion. When I survey what you spoke to me and to *Cebes*, I must own I do not think your Proofs sufficient.

(a) This is a very remarkable Passage. Here the Philosophers acknowledge that we should endeavour to make out the Immortality of the Soul by our own Reason ; and that as this Reason is very weak and narrow, so it will always be assaulted by Doubts and Uncertainty ; and that nothing but a Divine Promise or Revelation can disperse the Clouds of Ignorance and Infidelity. Now the Christian Religion is the only Thing that furnishes us, not only with Divine Promises and Revelations, but likewise with the Accomplishment of 'em by the Resurrection of Christ, *who became the First-fruits of them that slept*, 1 Cor. 15. 20. And thus according to the Philosophers themselves, the Church is the only Vessel that fears no Dangers, in which we may happily accomplish the Voyage of this Life,

Perhaps

Perhaps you have Reason, my dear *Simmi*as; but where does their Insufficiency appear?

In this; That the same Things might be asserted of the Harmony of a Harp. For one may reasonably say, that the Harmony of a Harp well stringed and well tuned, is invisible, immaterial, excellent and divine; and that the Instrument and its Strings are the Body, the compounded earthy and mortal Matter.

And if the Instrument were cut in Pieces, or its Strings broken, might not one with equal Reason affirm, that this Harmony remains after the breaking of the Harp, and has no End? For, since it is evident that the Harp remains after the Strings are broken, or that the Strings, which are likewise mortal, continue after the Harp is broken or dismounted; it must needs be impossible, might one say, that this immortal and divine Harmony should perish before that which is mortal and earthy; nay, it is necessary that this Harmony should continue to be without the least Damage, when the Body of the Harp and its Strings are gone to nothing. For, without Doubt, *Socrates*, you are sensible that we hold the Soul to be something that resembles a Harmony; and that as our Body is a Being composed of hot and cold, dry and moist, so our Soul is nothing else but the Harmony resulting from the just Proportion of these mixed Qualities.

Now, if our Soul is only a Sort of Harmony, 'tis evident, that when our Body is over-stretched, or unbended by Diseases, or any other Disorder, of necessity our Soul with all its Divinity must come to an End, as well as the

other Harmonies which consists in Sounds, or are the Effect of Instruments; and that the Remains of every Body continue for a considerable Time, till they be burnt or mouldered away. This, you see, *Socrates*, might be alledged in Opposition to your Arguments, that if the Soul be only a Mixture of the Qualities of our Body, it perishes first in what we call *Death*.

*Simmi*as's first Objection, That the Soul is a Sort of Harmony of the same Date and standing with the Body.

That the Soul is only a Harmony resulting from the just proportion of the four Qualities.

Then

Then *Socrates* looked upon us all, one after another, as he did often, and began to smile: *Simmius* speaks with Reason, says he, his Question is well put; and if any one of you has a greater Dexterity in answering his Objections than I have, why do you not do it? For he seems thoroughly to understand both my Arguments, and the Exceptions they are liable to. But before we answer him, 'tis proper to hear what *Cebes* has to object, that while he speaks, we may have Time to think upon what we are to say; and after we have heard 'em both, that we may yield if their Reasons are uniform and valid; and if otherwise, may stand by our Principles to the utmost. Tell us then, *Cebes*, what it is that hinders you from agreeing with what I have laid down.

Cebes objects, that tho' the Soul may be more lasting than the Body, and may animate several Bodies, yet that does not hinder it to be mortal.

I'll tell you, says *Cebes*: Your Demonstration seems to be lame and imperfect; it is faulty upon the same Head that we took Notice of before. That the Soul has a Being before its Entrance into the Body, is admirably well said; and I think, sufficiently made out: but I can never be persuaded that it has likewise an Existence after Death. At the same Time I cannot subscribe to *Simmius's* Allegation, that the Soul is neither stronger nor more durable than the Body: for to me it appears to be infinitely more excellent. But why then, (says the Objection) do you refuse to believe it? Since you see with your Eyes, that when a Man is dead, his weakest Part remains still, is it not therefore absolutely necessary that the more durable Part should last yet longer? Pray take Notice, if I answer this Objection right. For to let you into my meaning, I must use Resemblance or Comparison, as well as *Simmius*. Your Allegation, to my mind, is just the same, as if upon the Death of an old Taylor, one should say, this Taylor is not dead; he has a Being still somewhere or other: and for Proof of that, here's the Suit of Clothes he wore, which he made for himself; so that he's still in Being. If any one should not be convinced by this Proof, he would not fail to ask him, whether

ther the Man or the Clothes he wears is most durable? To which, of necessity, he must answer, that the Man is: And upon this Foot, your Philosopher would pretend to demonstrate, that since the less durable Possession of the Taylor is still in Being, by a stronger Consequence, he himself is so too. Now, my dear *Simmias*, the Parallel is not just; pray hear what I have to answer to it.

'Tis evident at first view, that the Objection is ridiculous. For the Taylor, having used several Suits of Clothes, died after them, and only before the last Suit, which he had not Time to wear; and tho' this Suit survived the Man, if I may so speak, yet we cannot say the Man is weaker, or less durable than the Suit of Clothes. This Simile is near enough, for as the Man is to his Suit of Clothes, so is the Soul to the Body; and whoever applies to the Soul and Body what is said of the Man and his Suit of Clothes, will speak to the Purpose. For he'll make the Soul more durable and the Body a weaker Being, and less capable to hold out for a long Time. He'll add, that every Soul wears several Bodies, especially if it lives several Years. For the Body wastes while the Man is yet alive, and the Soul still forms to itself a new Habit of Body out of the former that decays; but when the last comes to die, it has then its last Habit on, and dies before its Consumption: and when the Soul is dead, the Body quickly betrays the Weakness of its Nature, since it corrupts and moulders away very speedily. So that we cannot put such Confidence in your Demonstration, as to hold it for a standing Truth, that our Souls continue in being after Death. For supposing it were granted, that our Soul has not only a Being antecedent to our Birth, but that, for any Thing we know, the Souls of some continue in Being after Death; and that 'tis very possible they may return again to the World, and be born again, so to speak, several Times, and die at last; for the Strength and Advantage of the Soul beyond the Body, consists in this, that it can undergo several Births, and wear several Bodies one after another, as a Man does Suits of Clothes: Supposing, I say, that
all

The Soul re-animates a dead and corrupt Body.

all this were granted, still it cannot be denied, but that in all those repeated Births, it decays and wastes, and at last comes to an End in one of the Deaths. However, 'tis impossible for any Man to discern in which of the Deaths 'tis totally sunk : Since Things stand thus, whoever does not fear Death, must be senseless ; unless he can

Those who hold the Soul to be mortal, still fear its Annihilation.

demonstrate that the Soul is altogether Immortal and Incorruptible. For otherwise every dying Man must of necessity be afraid for his Soul, for Fear the Body it is quitting be its last Body, and it perish without any Hopes of Return.

Phedon resumes the Discourse, and addresses himself to *Echecrates*.

Having heard 'em propose these Objections, we were very much troubled, as we afterwards told 'em, that at a Time when we were just convinced by *Socrates's* Arguments, they should come to amuse us with their Objections, and throw us into a Fit of Unbelief and Jealousy, not only of all that had been said to us by *Socrates*, but likewise of what he might say for the Future ; for we would always be apt to believe, that either we were not proper Judges of the Points in Debate, or else that his Propositions were in themselves incredible.

Echec. Indeed *Phedon*, I can easily pardon your trouble upon that Account. For I myself, while I heard you relate the Matter, was a saying to myself, What shall we believe hereafter, since *Socrates's* Arguments, which seemed so valid and convincing, are become doubtful and uncertain ? In effect, that Objection of *Simmias's*, that the Soul is only a Harmony, moves me wonderfully, and always did so. It awakes in me the Memory of my being formerly of the same Opinion. So that my Belief is unhinged ; and I want new Proofs to convince me, that the Soul does not die with the Body. Wherefore, *Prithee* tell me, *Phedon*, in the Name of God, how *Socrates* came off ; whether he seemed to be as much nettled as you ; or, if he maintained his Opinion with his wonted Temper ; and in Fine, whether his Demonstration gave you full Satisfaction, or seemed chargeable

chargeable with Imperfections. Pray tell me the whole Story, without omitting the minutest Circumstance.

Phed. I protest to you, *Echecrates*, I admired *Socrates* all my Life-time, and upon this Occasion admired him more than ever. That such a Man as he had his Answers in a Readiness, is no great Surprisal; but my greatest Admiration was, to see in the first Place with what Calmness, Patience, and Good humour he received the Objections of these Youngsters; and then how dexterously he perceived the Impression they had made upon us, and cured us of the same. He rallied us like Men put to Flight after a Defeat, and inspired us with a fresh Ardor to turn our Heads and renew the Charge.

Socrates's Temper, Sweetness and Patience in Disputes.

Echec. How was that?

Phed. I am about to tell you. As I sat at his Right-hand upon a little Stool lower than his, he drew his Hand over my Head, and taking hold of my Hair that hung down upon my Shoulders, as he was wont to do for his Diversion; *Phedon*, says he, will not you cut this pretty Hair to-morrow? 'Tis probable I shall, said I. If you take my Advice, said he, you will not stay so long. How do you mean? said I. Both you and I, continues he, ought to cut our Hair, if our Opinion be so far dead that we cannot raise it again. Were I in your Place, and defeated, I would make a Vow, (a) as the Men of *Argos* did, never to wear my Hair till I conquered these Arguments of *Simmias* and *Cebes*. But, said I, *Socrates* you have forgot the old Proverb, that *Hercules* himself is not able to engage two. And why, says he, do not you call on me to assist

'Twas a Custom among the *Greeks* to cut off their Hair at the Death of their Friends, and throw it into the Tombs. The Belief of the Immortality of the Soul is so good a Friend, that we ought to cut of our Hair when it dies.

As

(a) The *Argives* being routed by the *Spartans*, with whom they waged War for seizing the City of *Thyre*, cut their Hair, and swore solemnly never to suffer it to grow, till they had retaken the Town that belonged to 'em; which happened in the 57th Olympiad, when *Cræsus* was besieged at *Sardis*. *Herodot. lib. 1.*

you

As *Hercules* called *Iolas* to assist him to conquer the *Hydra*.

i. e. While I am yet alive.

Fault. What

To hate Reason is the greatest of Evils, which is often occasioned by disputes.

As Man-hating grows insensibly, so does Reason-hating.

And thus being cheated in several such Instances, by those whom he looked as his best Friends, and at last weary of being so often noosed, he equally hates all Men, and is convinced there is not one that is not wicked and perfidious. Are not you sensible, that this Man-hating is formed at this Rate by degrees? Yes sure, said I. Is it not a great scandal then, continued he, and a superlative Crime, to converse with Men, without being acquainted with the Art of trying them and knowing them? For if one were acquainted with this Art, he would see how Things stand, and would find that the Good and the Wicked are very rare, but those in the middle Region swarm in infinite Numbers.

He who would converse safely with Men, ought to be acquainted with the Art of knowing them.

How do you say, *Socrates*?

The Extremes of all Things are uncommon, and the *Medium* is very common.

I say, *Phedon*, the Case of the Good and Bad is much the same with that of very large or very little Men. Do not you see that there's nothing more uncommon than a very big or a very little Man? The Case is the same with reference to Dogs, Horses, and all other Things; and may

you as your *Iolas*, while 'tis yet Time? And accordingly I do call on you, said I, not as *Hercules* did *Iolas*, but as *Iolas* did *Hercules*. 'Tis no Matter for that, says he, 'tis all one. Above all, let us be cautious to avoid one great Reason-haters; for such there are, as well as Men haters. The former is the greatest Evil in the World, and arises from the same Source with the Hatred of Man. For the latter comes from one Man's plighting his faith for another Man, without any Precaution or Enquiry, whom he always took for a true-hearted, solid and trusty Man, but finds him at last to be a false faithless Cheat:

may likewise be apply'd to Swiftnefs and Slownefs, Handsomnefs and Deformity, Whitenefs and Blacknefs. Are not you convinced, that in all these Matters the two Extremes are very uncommon, and the *Medium* is very common?

I perceive it very plainly, *Socrates*.

If a Match were propos'd for Wickednefs, would not there be very few that could pretend to the first Rank?

Few Men arrive at the last Pitch of Wickednefs.

That's very likely, *Socrates*.

'Tis certainly so, replies he. But upon this Score, the Case of Reason and Men is not exactly the same. I'll follow you Step by Step. The only Re-

The Progress of Reason-hating.

semblance of the two lies in this, that when a Man unskilled in the Art of Examination, entertains a Reason as true, and afterwards finds it to be false, whether it be so in itself or not; and when the same Thing happens to him often, as indeed it does to those who amuse themselves in disputing with the Sophisters that contradict every Thing; he at last believes himself to be extraordinary well skilled, and fancies he's the only Man that has perceived there's nothing true or certain, either in Things or Reasons; but that all is like *Eurypus*, in a continual Flux and Reflux, and that nothing continues so much as one Minute in the same State.

Those who fancy that *Socrates* and *Plato* taught no positive Truths, but reckoned every Thing uncertain, may undeceive themselves by reading this Passage.

That is the pure Truth, *Socrates*.

Is it not then a very deplorable Misfortune, my dear *Phedon*, that while there are true, certain, and very comprehensible Reasons, there should be Men found, who after they have suffered them to pass, call them again in Question upon hearing these frivolous Disputes, where sometimes Truth and sometimes Falshood comes uppermost; and instead of charging themselves with these Doubts,

There are some true, certain, and very comprehensive Reasons.

or

The Fate of those who are wont to dispute with cross and contradictory Men.

or blaming their want of Art, cast the Blame at last upon the Reasons themselves ; and being of a sour Temper, pass their Life in hating and calumniating all Reason, and by that Means rob themselves both of Truth and Knowledge.

That's certainly a most deplorable Thing, said I.

We ought to be very cautious, continues he, that this Misfortune be not our Lot ; and that we are not prepossessed by this Thought, that there's nothing solid or true in all Arguments whatsoever. We should rather be persuaded that 'tis ourselves who are wanting in Solidity

For the Belief of the Immortality of the Soul is useful, both for living and for dying well.

and Truth ; and use our utmost Efforts to recover that Solidity and Justness of Thought. This is a Duty incumbent upon you, who have Time yet to live ; and likewise upon me who am about to die : And I am much afraid, that upon

this Occasion I have been so far from acting the Part of a true Philosopher, that I have behaved myself like a Disputant overborne with Prejudice ; as all those Ignorants do, who in their Disputes do not mind the Perception of the Truth, but mean only to draw their Hearers over to their Opinions. The

The Character of an ignorant and bigotted Disputant.

only Difference between them and me, is, that convincing my Audience of the Truth of what I advance is not my only Aim : Indeed, I shall be infinitely glad if that come to pass ; but my chief scope is to persuade myself of the Truth of these Things ; for I argue thus, my dear *Phedon*, and you'll find that this Way of arguing is highly useful. If (a) my Propositions prove true, it is

(a) If these are true, I am a great Gainer with little Trouble ; if false, I lose nothing : On the contrary, I have gained a great Deal : For besides the Hope that supported me through my Afflictions, Infirmities, and Weaknesses, I have been faithful, honest, humble, thankful, charitable, sincere and true, and have only quitted false and contagious Pleasures in Exchange for real and solid ones. Mr. *Pascal* in his *Art. 7.* has enlarged upon this Truth, and backed it with a Demonstration of infinite Force.

well,

well done to believe them ; and if after my Death they be found false, I still reap that Advantage in this Life, that I have been less affected by the Evils which commonly accompany it. But I shall not remain long under this Ignorance. If I were, I should reckon it a

The Advantages redounding from the Belief of the Immortality of the Soul, supposing it to be false.

great Misfortune : But by good Luck, it will quickly be dispelled. Being fortified by these Thoughts, my dear *Simmias* and *Cebes*, I make account to answer your Objections ; and if you take my Advice, you'll rely less upon the Authority of *Socrates*, than that of the Truth. If what I am about to advance appear true, embrace it ; if otherwise, attack it with all your Force. Thus I shall neither deceive myself, nor impose upon you by the Influence of Zeal and Good-will, or quit you like a Wasp that leaves its Sting in the Wound it has made.

To begin then, pray see if I remember right what was objected. *Simmias*, as I take it, rejects our Belief, only because he fears our Souls, notwithstanding

A short Recapitulation of the two Objections.

ing their being Divine and more Excellent, will die before our Bodies, as being only a Sort of Harmony. And *Cebes*, if I mistake not, granted that the Soul is more durable than the Body, but thinks it possible that the Soul, after having used several Bodies, may die at last when it quits the last Body, and that this Death of the Soul is a true Death. Are not these the two Points I am to examine, my dear *Simmias* and *Cebes* ?

When they had all agreed that the Objections were justly summed up, he continued thus : Do you absolutely reject all that I have said, or do you acknowledge part of it to be true ? They answered, That they did not reject the whole. But what, says he, is your Opinion of what I told you ? *viz.* That *Learning* is only *Remembrance*, and that by a necessary Consequence the Soul must have an Existence before its Conjunction with the Body.

As for me, replies *Cebes*, I perceived the Evidence of it at first View ; and do not know any Principles of more Certainty and Truth. I am of the same Mind, says

says *Simmias*, and should think it very strange, if ever I changed my Opinion.

Socrates makes out the Absurdity of *Simmias*'s Objection by his own Thoughts.

Harmony cannot exist before the Instrument that gives it.

But my dear *Theban*, continues *Socrates*, you must needs change it, if you retain your Opinion that Harmony is compounded, and that the Soul is only a Sort of Harmony, arising from the due Union of the Qualities of the Body : For 'tis presumed you would not believe yourself, if you said that Harmony has a Being before those Things of which it is composed.

Sure enough, replies *Simmias*, I would not believe myself if I did.

Do not you see then, continues *Socrates*, that you are not of a Piece with yourself, when you say the Soul had a Being before it came to animate the Body, and at the

For there's Discord in the Sounds, before Concord ; and so they are antecedent to the Harmony.

same Time, that it is compounded of Things that had not then an Existence?

Do not you compare the Soul to a Harmony? And is it not evident that the Harp, the Strings, and the very discordant Sounds exist before the Harmony, which is an Effect that results from

all these Things, and perishes sooner than they? Does this latter Part of your Discourse suit with the first?

Not at all, replies *Simmias*.

And yet, continues *Socrates*, if ever a Discourse be all of a Piece, it ought to be such when Harmony is its Subject.

That's right, says *Simmias*.

But yours is not so, continues *Socrates*. Let's hear then which of these two Opinions you side with : Whether is Learning only Remembrance, or is the Soul a Sort of Harmony.

I side with the first, replies *Simmias*.

(a) And that Opinion I have explained to you, without having any recourse to Demonstrations full of Similies and Examples, which are rather Colours of the Truth, and therefore please

Comparisons and Similies are commonly fallacious.

the People best; but as for me, I am of Opinion, that all Discourses proving their Point by *Similies*, are full of Vanity, and apt to seduce and deceive, unless one be very cautious, whether it relate to Geometry, or any other Science: Whereas the Discourse I made for proving that Knowledge is Remembrance, is grounded upon a very creditable Hypothesis; for I told you that the Soul exists as well as its Essence before it comes to animate the Body. By Essence I mean the Principle from which it derives its Being, which has no other Name, but *that which is*. And this Proof I take to be good and sufficient.

By that Reason, says *Simmias*, I must not listen either to myself or others, who assert the Soul to be a Sort of Harmony.

(a) *Marfilus Ficinus* and *de Serres* have strangely misunderstood this Passage, not only in making *Simmias* speak all this; but what is more considerable, in putting a favourable Construction on those Words, *μετὰ ἀνάλογον πινός καὶ εὐπρεπείας*, which the one renders, *verisimiliis tantum vniustique exempli indicatione*; and the other, *ex verisimili quadam convenientia*; and in separating the Words *ἀνὰ ἀποδείξεις*, whereas they are joined; for *Socrates* says, *I made this Discourse without having Recourse to Demonstrations, cramm'd with Similies and Colours, that take so much with the People*. In Effect *Socrates* did not so much as make Use of one Comparison in making good the Opinion of Remembrance; Whereas *Simmias* has brought in the Comparison of a Harp to prove that the Soul is a Harmony. Now there's nothing misleads the Ignorant more than Similitudes, for the Imagination is so seduced by the Representation, that it blindly embraces all that Presents itself to it. And by that means this Opinion of *Simmias* did always meet with a favourable Reception, and does to this Day among the Ignorant. This is a very important Passage, and deserves a larger Explication.

Harmony depends upon the Ingredients in its Composition ; but the Soul does not.

Harmony is never contrary to its Parts ; but the Soul is to the Body.

In earnest, *Simmias*, replies *Socrates*, do you think that a Harmony, or any other Composure, can be any thing different from the Parts of which it is compounded ?

By no means, *Socrates*.

Or, can it do or suffer what those Parts do not ? *Simmias* answered, It could not. Then, says *Socrates*, a Harmony does not precede, but follow the Things it is composed of : And it cannot have Sounds, and Motions or any Thing else contrary to its Parts.

No sure, replies *Simmias*. But what, continues *Socrates*, is not all Harmony only such in proportion to the Concord of its Parts ?

I do not well understand you, says *Simmias*.

I mean, according as the Parts have more or less of Concord, the Harmony is more or less a Harmony ; Is it not ?

Yes, sure.

Can we say of the Soul, at the same Rate, That a small Difference makes a Soul to be more or less a Soul ?

The Soul, as such, is not capable of receiving less or more.

No, sure, *Socrates*.

How is it then, in the Name of God ?

Do not we say for Example, that such a Soul endowed with Understanding and Vertue, is good : and another filled with Folly and Mischief, is wicked ? Is not this right ?

Yes, sure, quoth *Simmias*.

But those who hold the Soul to be a Harmony, what will they call these Qualities of the Soul, that Vice, and that Vertue ? Will they say, the one's Harmony, and the other Discord ? That a virtuous and good Soul, being Harmony in its Nature, is entitled to another Harmony ; and that a vicious wicked Soul wants that additional Harmony ?

I cannot be positive, replies *Simmias* ; but indeed 'tis very probable the Patrons of that Opinion may advance some such Thing.

But we concluded, that one Soul is not more or less a Soul than another; that is, that it is not more or less a Harmony, than another Harmony.

I own it, says *Simmias*.

And since it is not more or less a Harmony, then it has not more or less Concord. Is it not so?

Yes, sure, *Socrates*.

And since it has not more or less of Concord, can one have more Harmony than another, or must the Harmony of 'em all be equal?

Questionless it must be equal.

Since one Soul cannot be more or less a Soul than another, by the same Reason it cannot have more or less of Concord than another?

All Souls would be equal: which is an Absurdity.

That's true.

Then it follows necessarily, that one Soul cannot have either more Harmony or Discord than another?

I agree to it.

And by Consequence, since the Soul is of that Nature, it cannot have more Vertue or Vice than another; it so be that Vice is Discord, and Vertue Harmony?

That's a standing Truth, *Simmias*.

Or, would not right Reason rather say that Vice could find no Place in the Soul, if so be the Soul is Harmony; for Harmony, continuing in its perfect Nature, is not capable of Discord?

If the Soul were a Harmony, there would be no such Thing as a vicious Soul.

There's no Question of that.

In like Manner the Soul, while perfectly a Soul, is not capable of Vice.

According to the Principles we agreed upon, I cannot see how it should.

From the same very Principles it will follow, that the Souls of all Animals are equally good, since they are equally Souls.

So I think, says *Simmias*.

But do you think that it stands with right Reason, if the Hypothesis of the Soul's being a Harmony be true?

The Souls of Brutes would be of the same Nature with those of Men.

No sure, *Socrates*.

In Man the Soul commands the Body, whereas in Musick the Body commands the Harmony.

Then I ask you, *Simmias*, if of all the Parts of a Man, the Soul is not best entitled to command, especially when she is prudent and wise?

There's no other Part can pretend to it.

Does it command by giving Way to the Passions of the Body, or by resisting them? As for Example, when the Body is seized with Thirst in the cold Fit of a Fever, does not the Soul restrain it from drinking? Or when 'tis hungry, does it not restrain it from eating? As well as in a thousand other Instances; which manifestly shew that the Soul curbs the Passions of the Body. Is it not so?

Without Question.

The Soul thwarts the Passions of the Body; which it could not do if it were a Harmony.

But we agreed above that the Soul being a Sort of Harmony, can never sound contrary to the Sound of those Things which raise, or lower, or move it; nor have other Passions different from those of its Parts; and that it is necessarily obliged to follow them, as

being incapable to guide them.

'Tis certain we agreed upon that, says *Simmias*; how could we avoid it?

But, says *Socrates*, is it not evident that the Conduct of the Soul is the downright Contrary? That it governs and rules those very Things which are alledged for Ingredients in its Composition; that it thwarts and attacks 'em almost all its Life-time; that it is every Way their Mistress, punishing and repressing some by the hardest Measures of Pain, School-Exercises, and Physick; and treating others more gently, as contenting itself with threatning or insulting over its Lusts, Passion, and Fear. In a Word, we see the Soul speaks to the Body as something of a different Nature from itself; which *Homer* was sensible of, when, in his *Odyssees*, he tells, that

Ulysses

Ulysses (a) beating his Breast, rebuked his Heart, and said to it, Support thyself, thou hast stood out against harder and more difficult Things than these.

Do you think the Poet spoke that under the Apprehensions of the Soul's being a Harmony to be managed and conducted by the Body? Or, do not you rather believe that he knew 'twas the Soul's Part to command, and that it is of a more divine Nature than Harmony?

Yes, *Socrates*; I swear I am persuaded *Homer* knew that Truth.

And by Consequence, my dear *Simmias*, continues *Socrates*, there is not the least Colour of Reason for the Soul's being a Harmony: should we assert it to be such, we should contradict both *Homer*, that divine Poet, and likewise ourselves. *Simmias* yielded; and *Socrates* proceeded thus.

I think we have sufficiently tempered and moderated this (b) *Theban* Harmony, so that it will do us no Harm. But (c) *Cebes*, how shall we do to appease and disarm this (d) *Cadmus*? How shall we hit on a Discourse duly qualified with a persuasive Force?

If you'll be at the Pains, *Socrates*, you can easily find such a Discourse. The last you had against the Harmony of the Soul, moved me mightily, and indeed beyond my Expectation: for when *Simmias* proposed his

(a) *Homer* knew that the Nature of the Soul is different from that of the Body, in the Beginning of the 19th Book of his *Odyssy*.

(b) He calls *Simmias*'s Opinion a *Theban* Harmony, alluding to the Fable of *Amphion*, who by the Harmony of his Harp built the Walls of *Thebes*. In like Manner, *Simmias* with his pretended Harmony reared up the human Body.

(c) Why *Cebes* was called *Cadmus*, see *Rem*.

(d) He calls *Cebes* another *Cadmus*, because as *Cadmus* by sowing the Teeth of the Dragon he had killed, fetched out of the Bosom of the Earth a Race of fierce Men that lived but one Minute: so *Cebes*, by the Opinion of the Mortality of the Soul, a Thing more poisonous than the Teeth of a Dragon, made all Men earthly and beastly, and left 'em but a very short Life.

Doubts, I thought nothing short of a Prodigy or Miracle could solve 'em : and I was mightily surprized when I saw he could not stand the first Attack. So that now it will be no Surprizal to me to see *Cadmus* undergo the same Fate.

My dear *Cebes*, replies *Socrates*, do not you speak too big upon the Matter, lest Envy should overturn all I have said, and render it useless and ineffectual. But that's in the Hands of God. As for us, let us approach one another, as *Homer* says, and try our Strength and Arms. What you want comes all to this Point : you would have the Immortality and Incorruptibility of the Soul demonstrated, to the End that a Philosopher who dies bravely in the Hopes of being infinitely more happy in the other World than in this, may not hope in Vain. You say, the Soul's being a durable and divine Substance, existing before its joining with the Body, does not conclude its Immortality ; and the only Inference that it will bear, is, that it lasts a great while longer, and was in Being many Ages before us, during which it knew and did several Things, but without Immortality ; for on the Contrary, the first Minute of its Descent into the Body, is the commencement of its Death, or, as it were, a Disease to it ; for it passes this Life in Anguish and Trouble, and at last is quite swallowed up and annihilated by what we call Death. You add, that 'tis the same

Those who believe the Mortality of the Soul, ought to fear Death. Its Annihilation is a sufficient Cause of Fear to all wise Men.

Thing, whether it animates a Body only once, or returns to it several Times, since that does not alter the Occasion of our Fears, forasmuch as all wise Men ought still to fear Death, while they are uncertain of the Immortality of their Souls. This, I take it, is the Sum of what you said ; and I repeat it so often, on purpose, that nothing may escape my View, and that you may have the Opportunity of adding or impairing as you please.

At present, says *Cebes*, I have nothing to alter ; that is the just Sum of all I have yet said.

Socrates

Socrates was silent a pretty while, as being drowned in profound Meditation. At last, *Cebes*, says he, 'tis truly not a small Matter that you demand; for in Order to a just Satisfaction, there's a Necessity of making a narrow Enquiry into the Cause of Generation and Corruption. If you please, I'll tell you what happened to me upon this very Matter; and if what I say seem useful to you, you shall be at Liberty to make Use of it to support your Sentiments.

With all my Heart, says *Simmias*.

Pray give Ear then, says *Socrates*: In my Youth, I had an insatiable Desire to learn that Science which is called *Natural History*; for I thought it was something Great and Divine to know the Causes of every Thing, of their Generation, Death, and Existence. And I spared no Pains, nor omitted any Means, for trying in the first Place, if (a) a certain Cor-

Socrates in his Youth was a great Lover of Physicks.

ruption of Hot and Cold, will, as some pretend, give Being and Nourishment to Animals; if the Blood makes the Thought; if Air or Fire, or the Brain alone is the Cause of our Senses of Seeing, Hearing, Smelling, &c. if Memory and Opinion take their Rise from these Senses, and if Knowledge be the Result of Memory and Opinion. Then I wanted to know the Causes of their Corruption, and extended my Curiosity both to the Heavens and the Cavities of the Earth, and would fain have known the Cause of all the Phenomena we meet with. At last, after a great deal of Trouble, I found myself strangely unqualified for such Enquiries; and of this I am about to give you a sensible Proof. (b) This
fine

(a) *Socrates* said he was ignorant of all these Things, because he knew nothing but second Causes. Now to know them justly, one ought to know God, and the Virtue he displays in Nature.

(b) Its utmost Reach amounts to no more than an imperfect Knowledge of second Causes. Now these second Causes do not lead us into the Knowledge of the Essence of Things. A Man is so far from improving his Knowledge by them, that he must needs

A strange Effect
of the Study of
Physicks : It
blinds, instead of
improving the
Understanding.

fine Study made me so blind in the Things I knew more evidently before, according to my own and other Persons Thoughts, that I quite forgot all that I had known upon several Subjects, particularly that of a Man's Growth. I thought 'twas evident to the whole World, that a Man grows only by eating and drinking : for Flesh being added to Flesh, Bones to Bones, and all the other Parts joined to their similar Parts by Nourishment, make a small Bulk to swell and grow, so that a little Man becomes large. This was my Thought ; Do not you think 'twas just ?

Yes sure, replies *Cebes*.

Mind what follows, says *Socrates*. I thought likewise that I knew the Reason why one Man is taller than another by the Head, and one Horse higher than another : and with Reference to plainer and more sensible Things, I thought, for Instance that ten was more than eight, because two was added to it ; that two Cubits were larger than one, because they contained one half more.

And what are your present Thoughts of those Things, says *Cebes*.

(a) I am so far, replies *Socrates*, from thinking that I know the Causes of all these Things, that when one is added to one, I do not believe I can tell whether it is that very (b) one to which the other is added that becomes two, or whether the one added, and the one to which the Addition was made, make two together ? For in their separate State, each of 'em was one, and not two ; and after their

own his Ignorance of the Things he pretended to know. All Philosophers at this Day know, that Nourishment by the Means of Heat is the Cause of the Growth of any Animal. But they're all at a Loss to know by what Virtue it grows, or ceases to grow, and what are the Limits of its Growth. What Misfortune is it for a Man to plot all his Life-time for the knowing of Nothing !

(a) He afterwards gives the Reason of these Doubts.

(b) Physicks were sadly mismanaged, when they could not shew how or why one and one made two.

being

being placed one by the other, they became two. Neither can I tell how, upon the Division of any Thing, what was formerly one becomes two, from the very Minute of Division ; for that Cause is quite contrary to that which makes one and one become two. There, this one and this one became two by Reason of their being placed near, and added the one to the other ; but here, this one Thing becomes two by Reason of its Division and Separation. Far less do I pretend to know whence this one Thing comes, and by this Method, (*i. e.* by Physical Reasons) I cannot find out how the least Thing takes rise or perishes, or how it exists. But without so much Ceremony, (*a*) I mix another Method of my own with this, for by this I can learn nothing : having one Day heard somebody reading a Book of (*b*) *Anaxagoras's*, who said the divine Intellect was the Cause of all Beings, and drew 'em up in their proper Ranks and Classes, I was ravished with Joy. I perceived there was nothing more certain than this Principle, That the Intellect is the Cause of all Beings. For I justly thought that this Intellect having methodized all Things, and ranked 'em in their Classes, (*c*) planting every Thing in the Place and

(*a*) He means, that he had Recourse to the first Cause, for explaining any Point in the Physicks. A noble Beginning for *Anaxagoras*.

(*b*) *Anaxagoras* was the first that said the Intellect or Spirit of God ranked the Parts of Matter, and put 'em in Motion. And 'twas that Principle that ushered in his Physicks. This fair *Exordium* gave *Socrates* occasion to think that he would explain all the Secrets of Nature, by unfolding the divine Virtue display'd upon it, and assigning the Reasons why every Thing was so and so. But that Philosopher did not keep up to his first Principle ; for he waved the first Cause, and insisted on second Causes, and by so doing frustrated the Expectation of of his Readers.

(*c*) Here *Socrates* recalls us to the first Truth, that God created all Things Good, and in their best State ; according to *Moses*, who says, *God saw all Things that he had made, and behold they were very good.* Now in Order to know why Things are thus good, we must enquire into the Nature of this original Goodness, and survey the State they were created in. What a sorry Thing is Physicks then, that knows nothing but second Causes, or rather, that does not certainly know these second Causes.

Condition that was best and most useful for it, in which it could best do and suffer whatever the Intellect had allotted to it; and I apprehended that the Result of this Principle was, that the only Thing a Man ought to look for, either for himself or others, is this better and more useful Thing: for having once found what is best and most useful, he'll necessarily know what is worst, since there is but one Knowledge both for the one and the other.

Upon this Score I was infinitely glad that I had found such a Master as *Anaxagoras*, who I hoped would give a satisfactory Account of the Cause of all

What a true
Natural Philo-
sopher ought to
teach.

Things; and would not only tell me, for Instance, that the Earth is broad or round, but likewise assign the necessary Cause obliging it to be so: who would

point out to me what is best, and at the same Time give me to understand why it was so. In like Manner, if he affirmed the Seat of the Earth to be in the Centre of the World, I expected he would give me a Reason why it was so: and after I should have received sufficient Instruction from him, designed never to admit of any other Cause for a Principle.

I prepared some Questions to be put to him concerning the Sun, Moon, and other Stars, in Order to know the Reasons of their Revolutions, Motions, and other Accidents, and why what each of them does is always the best: for I could not imagine, that after he had told

Indeed that
Knowledge
would be more
precious than all
Treasures: but
it is not attainable
in this Life.

me, that the Intellect ranked them, and drew them up in Order, he could give me no other Reason of that Order than this, That it was best. And I flattered myself with Hopes, that after he had assigned both the general and particular Causes, he would give me to know, wherein the particular Good of every

individual Thing, as well as the common Good of all Things, consists. I would not have parted with these Hopes for all the Treasures of the World.

So I bought his Books with a great deal of Impatience, and made it my Business to peruse 'em as soon as possibly I could, in order to a speedy Knowledge of the Good and Evil of all Things; but I found myself frustrated of my mighty Hopes: for as soon as I had made a small Progress in the Perusal, I found the Author made no Use of this Intellect, and assigned no Reason of that fine Order and Disposition; but assigned as Causes the Air, Whirlwinds, the Waters, and other Things equally absurd.

His whole Performance seemed to reach no farther, than if a Man should say, that *Socrates* does all by the Intellect; and after that, meaning to give a Reason for all my Actions, should say, for Instance, to-day I am set upon my Bed, because my Body is composed of Bones and Nerves; the Bones being hard and solid, are separated by the Joints; and the Nerves being capable to bend and unbend themselves, tie the Bones to the Flesh and the Skin, which receives and includes both the one and the other; that the Bones being disengaged at the Joints, the Nerves which bend and unbend, enable me to fold my Legs as you see; and that forsooth is the Reason that I sit in this Posture. Or if a Man pretending to assign the Cause of my present Conference with you, should insist only upon the second Causes, the Voice, the Air, Hearing, and such other Things, and should take no Notice of the true Cause, viz. that the *Athenians* thought it fit to condemn me, and that by the same Reason I thought it fittest for me to be here, and patiently wait the Execution of my Sentence; For I can safely swear, * that these Nerves and these Bones should

Socrates
ridicules the
Physicks that
insist only on
second Causes.

Under the
Notion of Nerves
he comprehends
Muscles.

* the Greek it runs, For I swear by the Dog. *Lactantius* challenges him for this Oath. But *St. Augustin* in Lib. IV. Of the true Religion, justifies him; as if *Socrates* meant to give the *Athenians* to know, that even a Dog, being the Workmanship of God, deserved more

should long e'er now have been translated to *Megara*, or *Bæotia*, if that had been fitter for me, and if I had not been still persuaded that it was better and fitter for me to endure the Punishment I am doomed to by my Country, than to flee like a Slave or a banished Person. As I take it, 'tis highly ridiculous to assign such Causes upon such an Occasion, and to rest satisfied in them.

If it be reply'd, that without Bones and Nerves, and such other Things, I could not do what I mean to do; the Allegation is true. But it favours of the greatest Absurdity, to fancy that these Bones or Nerves should be the Cause of my Actions, rather than the Choice of what is best; and that my Intellect is employed on that Score: for that were to sink the Difference between the Cause and the Thing, without which the Cause could not be such. And yet the vulgar People, who take Things by Hearsay, and see by other Peoples Eyes, as if they walked in thick Darknefs, take the true Cause of Things to be of that Nature. Pursuant to this Notion, * some surround the Earth with a Vortex that turns eternally round, and suppose it to be fixed in the Center of the Universe; others conceive it to be a broad and large Trough, which has the Air for its Base and Foundation. And as for the Power of Him who rank'd and disposed of every Thing to its best Advantage, that is not in their View, and they don't believe that he's intitled to any divine Virtue. They fancy they know of a stronger and more Immortal || Atlas, more capable to support all Things. And this good and immortal Tye that is only capable to unite and comprehend all Things, they take for a Chimera.

more Honour than all the Idols they swore by. It may likewise be alledged, that *Socrates* swore by a Dog, a Goose, &c. in order to accustom Men to forbear taking the Name of God so often in Vain.

* This was the Opinion of *Anaximenes*, *Anaxagoras*, and *Democritus*.

|| This Atlas is their own Judgment over-run with Obscurity and Weakness.

I am of their Mind, but would willingly list myself a Disciple to any that could tell me this Cause, let it be what it will. But since I could not compass the Knowledge of it, neither by myself nor others, if you please I'll give you an Account of a second Trial I made in Order to find it.

I am very desirous to hear it, says *Cebes*.

After I had wearied myself in examining all Things, I thought it my Duty to be cautious of avoiding what happens to those who contemplate an Eclipse of the Sun; for they lose the Sight of it, unless they be careful to view its Reflection in Water, or any other *Medium*. A Thought much like to that came into

my head, and I feared I should lose the Eyes of my Soul, if I viewed Objects with the Eyes of my Body, or employed any of my Senses in endeavouring to know 'em. I thought I should have

recourse to Reason, and contemplate the Truth of all Things as reflected from it. 'Tis possible the Simile I use in explaining myself is not very just || : for I

myself cannot affirm, that he who beholds Things in the Glass of Reason, sees

'em more by Reflection and Similitude, than he who beholds 'em in their Operations. However, the Way I follow'd was this : From that Time forward I grounded all upon the Reason that seemed to be best, and took all for Truth that I found conformable to it, whether in Things or Causes. And what was not conformable, I rejected, as being false. I'll explain my meaning more distinctly ; for I fancy you do not yet understand me

I'll swear, says *Cebes*, I do not well understand you.

By contemplating Objects with the Eyes of the Body, we lose the Eyes of the Mind.

They ought to be looked upon thro' a *Medium*, and that *Medium* is Reason.

|| He justly checks himself: for Reasons are not like other *Mediums*: they give us to know the Essence of Things in some Measure, which the Operations do not.

But,

But, after all, says *Socrates*, I advance no new Thing. This is no more than what I have said a thousand Times, and particularly in the foregoing Dispute : for all that I aim at, is to demonstrate what Sort of Cause this is that I sought after so carefully. I begin with his Qualities, which are so much talked of, and which I take for

The immaterial and eternal Qualities have a necessary Relation to the Immortality of the Soul, such as a Cause has to its Effect.

the Foundation. I say then, there is something that is good, fine, just and great, of itself. If you grant me this Principle, I hope by it to demonstrate the Cause, and make out the Immortality of the Soul.

I grant it, says *Cebes* ; you cannot be too quick in perfecting your Demonstration.

Mind what follows, and see if you agree to it as I take it : If there is any Thing fine, besides Fineness itself, it must be such by partaking of that first Good : and so of all the other Qualities. Are you of this Opinion ?

I am.

This is an Irony.

I protest, continues *Socrates*, I cannot well understand all the other learned Causes that are commonly given us. But if any Man ask me what makes a Thing fine, whether the Liveliness of its Colours, or the just Proportion of its Parts, and the like ; I wave all these plausible Reasons, which serve only to confound me ; and without Ceremony or Art, make Answer, and per-

haps too simply, that its Fineness is only owing to the Presence, or Approach, or Communication of the Original fine Being, whatever be the Way of that Communication : For I am not yet certain in what Manner it is ; I only know certainly, that all these fine Things are rendered such by the Presence of this fine Being. While I stand by this Principle, I reckon I cannot be deceived ; and I am persuaded, that I may safely make Answer to all Questions whatsoever, that all fine Things owe their Fine-

ness

ness

ness to the Presence of the above-mentioned Being. Are not you of the same Mind?

Yes sure, *Socrates*.

Are not great and small Things rendered such in like Manner? If one told you, that such a Thing is larger than another by the Head; (a) would not you think the Expression far from being exact? and would not you make Answer, that whatever is larger, is rendered such by Magnitude itself; and what is smaller owes its Littleness to Littleness itself? For if you said, that such a Thing is greater or smaller than another by the Head, I fancy you would fear being censured for making both the greater and lesser thing to be such by the same Cause; and besides, for using such an Expression as seems to imply, that the Head, which is a small Part, makes the Largeness of the greater, which in Effect is a Monster: for what can be more absurd than to say that a small Matter makes a Thing large? Would not you fear such Objections?

Yes sure, replies *Cebes*, smiling.

By the same Reason, would not you be afraid to say, that ten is more than eight, and surpasses it by two? And would not you rather say, that ten are more than eight by Quantity? In like Manner, of two Cubits, would not you say, they are larger than one by Magnitude, rather than by the half? For still there's the same Occasion of Fear.

You say well.

But when one is added to one, or a Thing divided into Halves, would not you avoid saying, that in the former Case Addition makes one and one two; and in the latter, Division makes one Thing become two? And would not you protest, that you know no other

(a) *Socrates* does not condemn the received Expressions, but means to shew, that they do not reach the Nature and Essence of Things: and being always tied to Matter, cannot bear up to the true Essence that does all.

Of an immaterial
Essence, depend-
ing upon the first
Truth, *viz.*

God, in which it
subsists, and from
whence it
proceeds.

other fine Answers, and leave 'em to those who know more than you do? And, for Fear of your own Shadow, as the Proverb goes, or rather of your Ignorance, would not you confine yourself to this Principle? And if any one attacked it, would not you let it stand without deigning him an Answer, till you had surveyed all the Consequences to see if they are of a Piece, or not? And if afterwards you should be obliged to give

A true Way of
finding out the
Truth.

upon something
standing Truth?

For the Effects
are not sufficient
to lay open the
Nature and
Essence of Causes.

their profound Knowledge, they care sure to please themselves. But as for you, if you are true Philosophers, you will do as I say.

Simmias and *Cebes* jointly reply'd, that he said well.

Echec. Indeed, *Phedon*, I think it no Wonder; for to my Mind, *Socrates* explained his Principles with a wonderful Neatness, sufficient to make an Impression upon any Man of common Sense.

Phed. All the Audience thought the same.

Echec.

Echec. Even we who have it only at second hand, find it so. But what was said next?

Phed. If I remember right, after they had granted, that the * *Species* of Things have a real Subsistence, and that the Things participating of their Nature take their Denomination from them; then, I say, *Socrates* interrogated *Cebes* as follows.

If your Principle be true, when you say *Simmi*as is larger than *Socrates* and lesser than *Phedon*; do not you imply, that both Magnitude and Littleness are lodged at the same Time in *Simmi*as?

Yes, replies *Cebes*.

But do not you own, that this Proposition, *Simmi*as is bigger than *Socrates*, is not absolutely and in itself true? For *Simmi*as is not bigger because he is *Simmi*as, but because he is possessed of Magnitude. Neither is he bigger than *Socrates* because *Socrates* is *Socrates*, but because *Socrates* has Littleness in Comparison with *Simmi*as's Magnitude. Neither is *Simmi*as lesser than *Phedon*, because *Phedon* is *Phedon*, but because *Phedon* is big when compared to *Simmi*as who is little.

'Tis only true
upon the
Comparison.

That's true.

Thus, continues *Socrates*, *Simmi*as is called both big and little, as being between two: by partaking of Bigness he is bigger than *Socrates*, and by partaking also of Littleness he is lesser than *Phedon*. Then he smiled, and said, methinks I have insisted too long on these Things; but I should not have amused myself with these large Strokes, had not it been to convince you more effectually of the Truth of my Principle: for, as I take it not only Magnitude itself cannot be at the same Time big and small; but besides, the Magnitude that is in us does not admit of Littleness and has no Mind to be surpassed: for either the

He means to
prove that two
Contraries can
never meet in
the same Subject.

* By *Species*, he means the eternal Ideas of Things, which subsist really, i. e. in the Intellect of God.

Magnitude flees and yields its Place when it sees its Enemy approaching, or else it vanishes and perishes entirely ; and, when once it has received it, it desires to continue as it is. As I, for Instance, having received Littleness, while I am as you see me, cannot but be little : For that which is big does never attempt to be little : And in like Manner Littleness never encroaches upon Magnitude. In a Word, any of the Contraries, while it is what it is, is never to be found with its Contrary ; but either disappears or perishes when the other comes in.

Cebes agreed to it : But one of the Company, I forgot who, addressed himself to *Socrates* thus : In the Name of all the Gods, did not you say contrary to what you now advance ? Did not you conclude upon this, that greater Things take Rise from the lesser, and the lesser from the greater ; and, in a Word, that Contraries do still produce their Contraries ? Whereas now, as I take it, you alledge that can never be.

Whereupon *Socrates* put his Head further out of the Bed, and having heard the Objection said to him, Indeed you do well to put us in Mind of what we said ; but you do not perceive the Difference between the former and the latter. In the former we

Contraries do in Effect succeed one another ; but never are found together. Thus Cold, while it is Cold, can never become Heat.

asserted, that every Contrary owes its being to its Contrary : And in the latter we teach, that a Contrary is never contrary to itself, neither in us, nor in the Course of Nature (a). There we spoke of Things that had Contraries, meaning to call every one of 'em by

(a) That is, there he spoke of sensible Things which have Contraries, and are capable of receiving these Contraries reciprocally, as a little Thing becomes big, and a big Thing little. But here he speaks of the Things themselves, the intelligible Contraries, such as Cold and Heat, which give Name to the Subjects they are lodged in by their own Name, and are never capable of receiving their Contraries ; for Cold can never become Heat, nor Heat Cold : They are always what they are.

their

their proper Names : But here we speak of such Things as give a Denomination to their Subjects, which we told you, could never admit of their Contraries. Then, turning to *Cebes*, did not this Objection, says he, likewise give you some Trouble ?

No, indeed, *Socrates*, replies *Cebes* ; I can assure you that few Things are capable to trouble me at present.

Then we agreed upon this simple Proposition, says *Socrates*, that a Contrary can never be contrary to itself.

That's true, says *Cebes*.

But what do you say to this ? Is Cold and Heat any Thing ?

Yes, sure.

What, is it like Snow and Fire ?

No, sure, *Socrates*.

Then you own, that Heat is different from Fire, and Cold from Snow ?

Without Question, *Socrates*.

I believe you'll likewise own, that when the Snow receives Heat, it is no

more what it was, but either gives Way, or disappears for good and all, when the Heat approaches. In like Manner the Fire will either yield or be extinguished when the Cold prevails upon it ; for then it cannot be Fire and Cold together.

'Tis so, says *Cebes*.

There are also some Contraries, that not only give Name to their Species : but likewise im-

part it to other Things different from it, which preserve its Figure and Form while they have a Being. For Instance,

Must not an odd Thing have always the same Name ?

Yes, sure.

Is that the only Thing that is so called ? Or, is not there some other Thing different from it, which must needs be called by the same Name, by Reason that it belongs to its Nature never to be without Odds ? For instance, Must not the ternary Number be called not only by its own Name, but likewise by the Name of an odd Number ; tho' at the same time to be odd

He speaks of Heat and Cold, as abstracted from their Subjects

As the even and odd Numbers.

For the ternary Number partakes of the odd,

and

and to be three are two different Things ? Now such is the Nature of the Number three, five, and all other odd Numbers; each of 'em is always odd, and yet their Nature is not the same with the Nature of the odd. In like Manner, even Numbers, such as two, four, eight, are all of 'em even, tho' at the same Time their Nature is not that of the even. Do not you own this ?

How can I do otherwise, says *Cebes* ?

Pray mind what I infer from thence. 'Tis, that not only those Contraries, which are incapable of receiving their Contraries, but all other Things which are not opposite one to another, and yet have always their Contraries; all these Things, I say, are incapable of receiving a Form opposite to their own; and either disappear or perish upon the Appearance of the opposite Form. For Instance: Number three will sink a thousand Times rather than become an even Number, while it continues to be three. Is it not so ?

Yes, sure, replies *Cebes*.

But after all, says *Socrates*, two are not contrary to three.

No, sure.

As two cannot receive three, nor three two, tho' they are not Contraries.

Then the contrary Species are not the only Things that refuse Admission to their Contraries; since, as you see, other things that are not contrary cannot abide the Approach of that which has the least Shadow of Contrariety.

That's certain.

Do you desire then that I should define 'em as near as possible ?

Ay, with all my Heart, *Socrates*.

The Definition of Contraries.

Must not Contraries be such Things as give such a Form to that in which they are lodged, that it is not capable of giving Admission to another thing that's contrary to them ?

How do you say ?

I say as I said but now : Wherever the Idea or Form of three is lodged, that Thing must of necessity continue, not only to be three, but to be odd.

Who

Who doubts that ?

And by Consequence 'tis impossible for the Idea or Form that's contrary to its constituent Form, ever to approach.

That's a plain Case.

Well, is not the Constituent Form an odd ?

Yes.

Is not *even* the Form that's contrary to the odd ?

Yes.

Then the Form of even is never lodged in three ?

No, sure.

Then three is incapable of being even ?

Most certainly.

And that, because three is odd ?

Yes, sure.

Now this is the Conclusion I meant to prove, That some Things, that are not Contrary to one another, are as incapable of that other Thing, as if it were truly a Contrary ; as for Instance, tho' three is not contrary to an even Number, yet it can never admit of it. For two brings always something contrary to an odd Number, like Fire to Cold, and several other Things. Would not you agree then to this Definition, that a Contrary does not only refuse Admission to its contrary, but likewise to that which, being not contrary, brings upon it something of a contrary Nature, which by that Sort of Contrariety destroys its Form ?

I pray you let me hear that again, says *Cebes* ; For 'tis worth the while to hear it often.

I say number *five* will never be an even Number ; just as ten, which is its double, will never be odd ; no more than three Fourths, or a third Part, or any other Part of a whole, will never admit of the Form and Idea of the whole. Do you not understand me ? do you take me up ? and do you agree with what I say ?

I understand you ; I apprehend you to a Miracle ; and I agree with you too.

Since you understand me, says *Socrates*, pray answer me as I do you ; that is, answer me, not what I ask, but something else, according to the Idea and Example I have

have given you ; I mean, that besides the true and certain Way of answering spoken of already, I have yet another in my View that springs from that, and is fully as sure :

For these Answers still make Room for new Questions, and so there's no End. We should always have recourse to the first Causes, or the substantial Cause.

For Instance, if you ask me what it is, that being in the Body, makes it hot, I would not give you this ignorant, tho' sure Answer, that 'tis Heat : But would draw a more particular Answer from what we have been speaking of, and would tell you that it is Fire : And if you should ask what it is that makes the Body sick, I would not say, 'twas the Disease, but the Fever. If you ask me

what makes a Number odd, I would not tell you, that it is the Oddness, but Unity ; and so of the rest.

Do you understand what I mean ?

I understand you perfectly well, replies *Cebes*.

He does not say Life, but the Soul.

Answer me, then, continues *Socrates* ; what makes the Body live ?

The Soul.

Is the Soul always the same ?

How should it be otherwise ?

Does the Soul then carry Life along with it into all the Bodies it enters ?

Most certainly.

Is there any Thing that's contrary to Life, or is there nothing ?

Yes, Death is the Contrary of Life.

For the Soul can no more receive its Contrary, than the odd can the even, or two three.

'Then the Soul will never receive that which is contrary to what it carries in its Bosom ; That's a necessary Consequence from our Principles.

'Tis a plain Consequence, says *Cebes*.

But what Name do we give to that which refuses Admission to the Idea and Form of Evenness ?

'Tis the odd Number.

How do we call that which never receives Justice, and that which never receives Good ?

The one is called Injustice, and the other Evil.

And

And how do we call that which never admits of Death ?
Immortal.

Does the Soul admit of Death ?

No.

(a) Then the Soul is immortal.

Most certainly.

Is that fully demonstrated, or was the Demonstration imperfect ?

It is fully made out, *Socrates*.

(b) If an odd Number of Necessity were incorruptible, would not three be so too ?

Who doubts it ?

If whatever is without Heat were necessarily incorruptible, would not Snow, when put to the Fire, withdraw itself safe from the Danger ? For since it cannot perish, it will never receive the Heat, notwithstanding its being held to the Fire.

What you say is true.

In like manner, if that which is not susceptible of Cold, were by a natural Necessity exempted from perishing, tho' a whole River were thrown upon the Fire, it would never go out, but, on the contrary, would come off with its full Force.

There's an absolute necessity for that, says *Cebes*.

Then of Necessity we must say the same of what is immortal ; If that which is immortal is incorruptible, tho' Death approach to the Soul, it shall never fall in the Attack ; For, as we said but now, the Soul will never receive Death, and will never die : just as three, or any odd Number will never be even ; Fire will never be cold, nor its Heat be turned into Coldness.

(a) His meaning is, that the Soul is as far from dying, as Good from giving Admission to Evil, or Justice to Injustice, or an Odd to Even : And that the Soul is immortal, as necessarily as three is odd.

(b) If the Soul be immortal, it is incorruptible, *i. e.* it resists and triumphs over all the Assaults of Death.

Perhaps

(a) Perhaps some may answer, That 'tis true, the Odd can never become Even, by the Accession of what is even, while it continues odd; but what should hinder the Even to take up the Room of the Odd when it comes to perish? To this Objection (b) it cannot be answered, that the Odd does not perish, for 'tis not incorruptible. Had we established its Incorruptibility, we should justly have maintained, that notwithstanding the Attacks of the Even, the Odd of three would still come off without Loss: And we should have asserted the same of Fire, Heat, and such other Things, should not we?

Most certainly, says *Cebes*.

And, by Consequence, if we agree upon this, that every immortal Thing is incorruptible, it will necessarily follow, not only that the Soul is immortal, but that it is incorruptible. And if we cannot agree upon that, we must look out for another Proof.

There's no Occasion for that, *Socrates*, replies *Cebes*; for what is it that should avoid Corruption and Death, if an Immortal and eternal Being be liable to them?

All the World will agree, says *Socrates*, that God, and Life itself, and whatever 'tis that is immortal, does not perish.

(*) At least, says *Cebes*, all Men will profess so.

(a) *Socrates* prevents an Objection, viz. That the Soul while it is a Soul, does not receive Death; but upon the Approach of Death, it ceases to be what it was. To this he gives a satisfactory Answer.

(b) He means, that a real and sensible Odd cannot become even by the Arrival of an Even occasioning the Disappearance of the odd: For a real odd is not exempted from perishing. But the Soul is immortal, as three is odd, so that it cannot die, but continues for ever, as well as Life, Justice, the Proportions of Numbers, an intelligible Odd, &c.

(*) *Cebes* means, that Men will be forced to say so, because perhaps, they have not Light enough to defeat these Reasons, tho' 'tis possible they are none of the best. *Socrates* presently smells this to be the Importance of *Cebes*'s Words; and, on that View, makes this incomparable Reply, That the Gods will yet more agree to it; meaning to give us to know, that Truth is more Truth in the Intellect of God, than in the Mind of Man, which is always too weak to comprehend it.

The Consequence is absolutely necessary and certain. And, by Consequence, continues *Socrates*, when a Man comes to die, his mortal and corruptible Part dies ; but the immortal Part goes off safe, and triumphs over Death.

That's plain and evident.

Then, my dear *Cebes*, if there be any such Thing as an immortal and incorruptible Being, such is the Soul ; and by Consequence our Souls shall live hereafter.

I have nothing to object, says *Cebes* ; and cannot but yield to your Arguments. But if *Simmius*, or any of the Company has any Thing to offer, they'll do well not to stifle it ; for when will they find another occasion for discoursing and satisfying themselves upon these important Subjects ?

For my part, says *Simmius*, I cannot but subscribe to what *Socrates* has said : But I own, that the Greatness of the Subject, and the natural Weakness of Man, occasion within me a Sort of Distrust and Incredulity.

You have not only spoke well, says *Socrates* ; but besides, notwithstanding the apparent Certainty of our first *Hypothesis*, 'tis needful you should resume them, in order to a more leisurely View, and to convince yourself more clearly and effectually. If you understand 'em sufficiently, you'll willingly second my Thoughts as much as is possible for a Man to do : and when you are once fully convinced, you'll need no other Proof.

That's well said, replies *Cebes*.

The Greatness of the Subject, and the natural Weakness of Men, are two great Occasions of their uncertainty with Reference to the Immortality of the Soul.

He exhorts his Friends to survey his Arguments more maturely after his Death, being persuaded that the more they dwell upon them, the more they'll be convinced of their Truth.

There's

The rewarding the Good and punishing the Wicked in the other World, being Consequents of the Immortality of the Soul, require our Care of the Soul in this Life.

Diffolution of the whole Man, it would be (b) a great Advantage to the wicked after Death, to be rid at once

The Soul carries nothing into the other World, but its good or bad Actions.

of their Body, their Soul, and their Vices. But forasmuch as the Soul is immortal, the only Way to avoid those Evils and obtain Salvation, is to become Good and Wise : For it carries nothing along with it, but its good or bad Actions, and its Vertues or Vices, which are the Cause of its eternal Happiness or Misery, commencing from the first Minute of its Arrival in the other World. And 'tis said, that after the Death of every individual Person, the *Demon* or *Genius*, that was Partner with it and conducted it during Life, leads it to a certain Place, where all the dead are obliged to appear in Order to be judged, and from thence are conducted by a Guide to the World below. And, after they have there received their good or bad Deserts, and continued there their appointed Time, another Conductor brings 'em back to this

(a) 'Tis not enough that the Understanding be convinced of the Immortality of the Soul ; the Affections must likewise be moved. To which end he represents the Consequences of that important Truth, and all that it requires.

(b) The Wicked would be happy if the Soul were mortal. This Principle has a considerable Proof of the Immortality of the Soul couched in it ; for, if the Soul were mortal, Virtue would be pernicious to the Good, and Vice would be serviceable to the Wicked, which is unworthy of God, and by Consequence there must be another Life, for rewarding the Good, and punishing the Bad.

Life,

Life, after several Revolutions of Ages. Now this Road is not a plain united Road, else there would be no Occasion for Guides, and nobody would miss their Way: But there are several By-Ways and Cross-Ways, as I conjecture from the Method of our Sacrifices and religious Ceremonies. So that a temperate wise

Soul follows its Guide, and is not ignorant of what happens to it: But the Soul that's nailed to its Body, as I said just now, that is inflamed with the Love of it, and has been long its Slave, after much struggling and suffering in this visible World, is at last dragged along against its Will by the *Demon* allotted for its Guide.

The Sacrifices and Ceremonies of the *Pagans* were only Figures.

The Lye did always imitate the Truth.

And when it arrives at that fatal Rendezvous of all Souls, if it has been guilty of any Impurity, or polluted with Murder, or has committed any of those atrocious Crimes, that desperate and lost Souls are commonly guilty of, the other Souls abhor it and avoids its Company: It finds neither Companion nor Guide, but wanders in a fearful Solitude and horrible Desert; till after a certain Time Necessity drags it into the Mansions it deserves: Whereas the temperate and pure Soul has the Gods themselves for its Guides and Conductors, and goes to cohabit with them in the Mansions of Pleasure prepared for it. For, my Friends, there are several marvellous Places in the Earth; and 'tis not at all such as the Describers of it are wont to make it, (a) as I was taught by one who knew it very well.

How do you say, *Socrates*, says *Simmias*, interrupting him? I have likewise heard several Things of the Earth, but not what you have heard. Wherefore I wish you would be pleased to tell us what you know.

(a) *Socrates* does not mention who taught him this Doctrine of the pure Earth: But it is no hard Matter to find out the Author. *Proclus* himself acknowledges, that *Socrates* and *Plato* owed this Idea to the sacred Tradition of the *Egyptians*, that is, to the *Hebreans*, ὁ δὲ ἡ τῶν Διγυμνίων ἱερὰ φήμιν ἀφ' ἧς ἐδόχε. In Tim. lib. 1.

To recount that to you, my dear *Simmias*, I do not believe we have any Occasion for (b) *Glaucus's* Art. But to make out the Truth of it, is a more difficult Matter, and I question if all *Glaucus's* Art can reach it. Such an Attempt is not only above my Reach ; but supposing it were not, the short Time I have left me, will not suffer me to imbarque in so long a Discourse. All that I can do, is, to give you a general Idea of this Earth, and the Places it contains.

That will be enough, says *Simmias*.

In the first Place, continues *Socrates*, I am persuaded, that if the Earth is placed in the middle of Heaven, (the Air) as they say it is, it stands in no need of Air, or any other Support to prevent its Fall : For Heaven itself is wrapped equally about it, and its own *Equilibrium* is sufficient to keep it up : For whatever is equally poised in the middle of a Thing, that presses equally upon it, cannot incline to either Side, and consequently stands firm and unmovable. This I am convinced of.

You have reason so to be, replies *Simmias*.

I am farther persuaded, that the Earth is very large and spacious, and that we only inhabit that Part of it which reaches from the River *Phasis* to the Straits of *Gibraltar*, upon which we are scattered like so many Ants dwelling in Holes, or like Frogs that reside in some Marsh near the Sea. There are several other Nations that inhabit its other Parts that are unknown to us : For all over the Earth there are Holes of all Sizes and Figures.

(b) When they meant to imply the Difficulty of a Thing, they were wont to say, by Way of Proverb, that they stood in need of *Glaucus's* Art, who, from a Man, became a Sea-God. But those who comment upon this Proverb, alledge it was made upon another *Glaucus*, who invented the forging of Iron. But I am induced to believe the contrary, by this, that the Fable of *Glaucus*, the Sea-God, was founded upon his being an excellent Diver ; to which it is probable, *Socrates* alluded : In earnest, if one would visit the Earth he speaks of, of which ours is only a Sediment, he must be a better Diver than *Glaucus*, in order to pass the Currents and Seas that divide 'em. He must raise his Thoughts above all Earth or material Things.

always

always filled with grose Air, and covered with thick Clouds, and overflown by the Waters that rush in on all Sides.

There is another (a) pure Earth above the pure Heaven where the Stars are, which is commonly called *Æther*. The Earth we inhabit is properly nothing else but the Sediment of the other, and its grosser Part which flows continually into those Holes. We are immured in those Cells, tho' we are not sensible of it, and fancy we inhabit the upper Part of the pure Earth: much after the same Rate, as if one living in the Deeps of the Sea, should fancy his Habitation to be above the Waters: and when he sees the Sun and other Stars thro' the Waters, should fancy the Sea to be the Heavens; and by Reason of his Heaviness and Weakness, having never put forth his Head or raised himself above the Waters, should never know that the Place we inhabit is purer and neater than his, and should never meet with any Person to inform him. This is just our Condition; we are mewed up within some Hole of the Earth, and fancy we live at the Top of all: we take the Air for the true Heavens, in which the Stars run their Rounds. And the Cause of our Mistake, is our Heaviness and Weakness, that keep us from surmounting this thick and muddy Air. If any could mount up with Wings to the upper Surface, he would no sooner put his Head out of this gross Air, but he would behold what's transacted in those blessed Mansions; just as the Fishes skipping above the Surface of the Waters, see what's done in the Air in which we breathe. And if he were a Man fit for long Contemplation, he would find it to be the (b) true Heaven and the true Light; in a Word, to be the true Earth. For this Earth that we inhabit, these Stones, and all these Places are entirely corrupted and gnawed, just as whatever is in

(a) The Idea of this pure Earth is taken from the Writings of the Prophets, from whence the *Egyptians* derived it.

(b) For the true Heavens and the true Light cannot be known without long and continual Meditation.

the Sea is corroded by the Sharpness of the Salts. And the Sea produces nothing that's perfect or valuable (c). It contains nothing but Caves and Mud; and where-ever any Ground is found, there's nothing but deep Sloughs, nothing comparable to what we have here. Now the Things in the other Mansions are more above what we have here, than what we have here is above what we meet with in the Sea. And in order to make you conceive the Beauty of this pure Earth situated in the Heavens, if you please, I'll tell you a pretty Story that's worth your hearing.

We shall hear it, says *Simmias*, with a great deal of Pleasure.

(d) First of all, my dear *Simmias* continues *Socrates*, if one looks upon this Earth from a high Place, they say, it looks like one of our Packs covered with twelve Welts of different Colours. For it is vary'd with a greater Number of different Colours, of which those made Use of by our Painters are but sorry Patterns. For the Colours of this Earth are infinitely more clean and lively. One is an admirable Purple; another a Colour of Gold, more sparkling than Gold itself; a third a White more lively than the Snow; and so on of all the rest, the Beauty whereof leaves all our Colours here far behind it. The Chinks of this Earth are filled with Water and Air, which make up an Infinity of admirable Shadows, so wonderfully diversified by that infinite Variety of Colours.

In this so perfect an Earth, every Thing has a Perfection answerable to its Qualities. The Trees, Flowers, Fruits, and Mountains are charmingly beautiful; they produce all Sorts of precious Stones of an incomparable Perfection, Clearness and Splendor: those we esteem so much here, such as Emeralds, Jasper, and Saphir, are

(c) *Socrates* undervalued all the Productions of the Sea, which we now esteem so much.

(d) This Description of the Beauty of this pure Earth, the Mansion of the Blessed, is grounded on the 54th Chapter of *Isaiab*, and the 28th of *Ezekiel*.

but small Parcels of them. There is not one in that blessed Earth that is not infinitely more pretty than any of ours. The cause of all which is, that all these precious Stones are pure, neither gnawed nor spoiled by the Sharpness of the Salts, or the Corruption of the Sediment or Dregs that fall from thence into our lower Earth, where they assemble, and infect not only the Stones and the Earth, but the Plants and Animals, with all Sorts of Pollution and Diseases.

Besides all these Beauties now mentioned, this blessed Earth is enriched with Gold and Silver, which being scattered all over in great Abundance, casts forth a charming Splendor on all Sides: so that a Sight of this Earth is a View of the Blessed. It is inhabited by all Sorts of (a) Animals, and by Men, some of whom are cast into the Centre of the Earth, and others are scattered about the Air, as we are about the Sea. There are some also that inhabit the Isles, formed by the Air near the Continent. For there (b) the Air is the same Thing that Water and the Sea are here; and the *Æther* does them the same Service that the Air does to us. Their Seasons are so admirably well tempered, that their Life is much longer than ours, and always free from Distempers: and as for their Sight, Hearing, and all their other Senses, and even their Intellect itself, they surpass us as far as the *Æther* they breathe in exceeds our gross Air for Simplicity and Purity. They have sacred Groves, and Temples actually inhabited by the Gods, who give Evidence of their Presence by Oracles, Divinations, Inspirations, and all other sensible Signs; and who converse with them. They see the Sun and Moon, without an intervening

(a) The Notion of these Animals seems to be taken from the Visions of *Ezekiel*.

(b) In this Description we may perceive most of the Strokes of that given by *Moses* of the terrestrial Paradise, which was a Type of this Land of the Just, the true Paradise. And, what I take to be very remarkable, we may plainly see that these Philosophers held this pure Earth to be actually in Being at the same Time with this our impure and grosser Earth.

Medium, and view the Stars as they are in themselves. And all the other Branches of their Felicity are proportional to these.

This is the Situation of that Earth, and this is the Matter of all that surrounds it. All about it there are several Abyffes in its Cavities, some of which are deeper and more open than the Country we inhabit ; others are deeper, but not so open ; and some again have a more extensive Breadth, but a lesser Depth. All these Abyffes are bored thro' in several Parts, and have Pipes communicating one with another, thro' which there runs just as in the Caves of Mount *Ætna*, a vast Quantity of Water, very large and deep Rivers, Springs of cold and hot Waters, Fountains, and * Rivers of Fire, and other Rivers of Mud, some thinner and some thicker and more muddy, like those Torrents of Mud and of Fire that are cast out from Mount *Ætna*.

These Abyffes are filled with these Waters in Proportion to their falling out of one into another. All these Sources move both downwards and upwards, like a Vessel hung above the Earth ; which Vessel is naturally one, and indeed the greatest of these Abyffes. It goes across the whole Earth, and is open on two Sides. † *Homer* speaks of it, when he says, I'll throw it into the obscure ‖ *Tartarus*, that's a great Way from hence ; the deepest Abyfs under the Earth. *Homer* is not the only Author that called this Place by the Name of *Tartarus* ; most of the other Poets did the same.

* *Plato* borrowed from the Writings of the Prophets those Rivers of Fire prepared for the Punishment of the Wicked after their Judgment ; and particularly had read the 8th Chapter of *Daniel*. *Tcederet*.

† In the beginning of the 8th Book of his *Iliads*.

‖ The Prophet *Ezekiel* calls this *Tartarus* the nether Part of the Earth. He speaks of the Rivers and Waters in the Pit, ch. 31. 14, 15. & 32. 18. But long before *Ezekiel*, *Homer* had the same Ideas from the Tradition of the *Egyptians*.

All the Rivers rendezvous in this Abyfs, and run out from thence again. Each of these Rivers is tinctured with the Nature of the Earth thro' which it runs. And the Reason of their not stagnating in these Abyffes, is this, that they find no Ground, but roll and throw their Waters upside down. The Air and Wind that girds 'em about does the same, for it follows them both when they rise above the Earth, and when they descend towards us. And just as in the Respiration of Animals there is an incessant Ingress and Egress of Air, so the Air that mingles with the Waters, accompanies them in their Ingress and Egress, and raises raging Winds.

When these Waters fall into this lower Abyfs, they diffuse themselves into all the Channels of the Springs and Rivers, and fill them up; just as if one were drawing up Water with two Pails, one of which fills as the other empties. For these Waters flowing from thence, fill up all our Channels; from whence diffusing themselves all about, they fill our Seas, Rivers, Lakes, and Fountains. After that they disappear, and diving into the Earth, some with a large Compass, and others by small Turnings, repair to *Tartarus*, where they enter by other Passages than those they came out by, and withal much lower. Some re-enter on the same Side, and others on the opposite Side to that of their Egress; and some again enter on all Sides, after they have made one or several Turns round the Earth; like Serpents folding their Bodies into several Rolls; and having gained Entrance, rise up to the middle of the Abyfs, but cannot reach farther, by Reason that the other half is higher than their Level. They form several very great and large Currents; but there are four (a) principal ones,

(a) These four Rivers, which have their Course in the Places appointed for the Punishment of the Wicked, might have been imagined from the four Rivers of the terrestrial Paradise. As the Apartment of the Just was watered by four Rivers, which enlarged its Delightfulness, 'twas proper that the Apartment of the Wicked should likewise be watered by four Rivers of a contrary Nature, which might add to the Horror of that Place of Darkness and Sorrow.

the greatest of which is the outermost of all, and is called the Ocean.

Opposite to that is *Acheron*, which runs thro' the desert Places, and diving thro' the Earth, falls into the Marsh, which from it is called the *Acherusian Lake*, whither all Souls repair upon their Departure from this Body; and having staid there all the Time appointed, some a shorter, some a longer Time, are sent back to this World to animate Beasts.

Between *Acheron* and the *Ocean*, there runs a third River, which retires again not far from its Source, and falls into a vast Space full of Fire: there it forms a Lake greater than our Sea, in which the Water mixed with Mud boils, and setting out from thence all black and muddy, runs along the Earth to the End of the *Acherusian Lake*, without mixing with its Waters; and after having made several Turnings under the Earth, throws it self underneath *Tartarus*: and this is the flaming River called *Phlegeton*, the Streams whereof are seen to fly up upon the Earth in several Places.

Opposite to this is the forth River, which falls first into a horrible wild Place, of a bluish Colour, called by the Name of *Stigian*, where it forms the formidable Lake of *Styx*: And after it has tingured itself with horrible Qualities from the Waters of that Lake, dives into the Earth, where it makes several Turns, and directing its Course over-against *Phlegeton*, at last meets it in the Lake of *Acheron*, where it does not mingle its Waters with those of the other Rivers; but after it has run its Round on the Earth, throws itself into the *Tartarus* by a Passage opposite to that of *Phlegeton*. This fourth River is called by the Poets *Cocytus*. Nature having thus disposed of all these Things, when the Dead

The Judgment
of the Good and
Bad.

arrive at the Place whither their *Demon* leads them, they are all tried and judged, both those that lived a holy and just Life, and those who wallowed in Injustice and Impiety.

Those

Those who are found to have lived neither entirely a criminal, nor absolutely an innocent Life, are sent to the *Acheron*. There they embark in Boats, and are transported to the *Acherusian* Lake, where they dwell, and suffer Punishment proportionable to their Crimes; till at last being purged and cleansed from their Sins; and set at Liberty, they receive the Recompence of their good Actions.

The Judgment of those, who are neither absolutely criminal nor innocent.

Those whose Sins are incurable, and have been guilty of Sacrilege and Murder, or such other Crimes, are by a just and fatal Destiny thrown headlong into *Tartarus*, where they are kept Prisoners for ever.

The Judgment of those who are guilty of mortal Sins.

But those who are found guilty of curable (venial) Sins, tho' very great ones, such as offering Violence to their Father or Mother in a passion, or killing a Man, and repenting for it all their Life-time, must of necessity be likewise cast into *Tartarus*: but after a Year's Abode there, the Tide throws the Homicides back into *Cocytus*, and the † Parricides into *Phlegeton*, which draws them into the *Acherusian* Lake. There they cry out bitterly, and invoke those whom they have killed or offered Violence to, to aid them; and conjure them to forgive 'em, and to suffer them to pass the Lake, and give them Admittance. If they are prevailed with, they pass the Lake, and are delivered from their Misery; if not, they are cast again into *Tartarus*, which throws them back into these Rivers; and this continues to be repeated, till they have satisfied the injured * Persons. For such is the Sentence pronounced against them.

The Sentence upon those who are guilty of great Sins, curable by Repentance.

† By Parricides he means those who offer Violence to their Parents, for killing a Parent is an irremissible Sin.

* *Socrates* teaches, that Satisfaction must precede the Pardon of Sin.

But those who have distinguished themselves by a holy Life, are released from these earthly Places, these horrible Prisons ; and are received above into that pure Earth, where they dwell ; and those of 'em who are sufficiently purged by Philosophy, live for ever * without their Body, and are received into yet more admirable and delicious Mansions, which I cannot easily describe, neither do the narrow Limits of my Time allow me to launch into that Subject.

A blessed Immortality is a great Price set before us.

What I told you but now, is sufficient, my dear *Simmias*, to shew that we ought to labour all our Life-time to purchase Vertue and Wisdom, since we have so great a Hope, and so great a

Reward proposed to us.

No Man of Sense can pretend to assure you, that all these Things are just as you have heard : † but all thinking Men will be positive that the State of the Soul, and the Place of its Abode after Death, is absolutely such as I represent it to be, or at least very near it, provided

What Danger more inviting, than to venture a finite Loss for an infinite Gain ?

the Soul be immortal ; and will certainly find it worth his while to run the Risk ; for what Danger is more inviting ? One must needs be charmed with that blessed Hope. And for this reason I have dilated a little upon this Subject.

Every one that during his Life-time renounced the Pleasures of the Body, that looked upon the Apurtenances of the Body as foreign Ornaments, and siding

The Pleasures of true Knowledge.

with the contrary Party, pursued only the Pleasures of true Knowledge, and beautified his Soul, not with foreign Ornaments, but with Ornaments suitable

* This was a great Error among the Heathens : They did not believe that the Body could be glorified.

† *Socrates* assures us, that the Matter is so, but is not positive of the Manner.

to its Nature, such as Temperance, Justice, Fortitude, Liberty, and Truth: Such a one, being firmly confident of the Happiness of his Soul, ought to wait peaceably for the Hour of his Removal, as being always ready for the Voyage, whenever his Fate calls him.

The suitable
Ornaments of the
Soul.

As for you, my dear *Simmias* and *Cebes*, and all you of this Company, you shall all follow me when your Hour comes. Mine is now, and as a tragical Poet would say, the surly Pilot calls me aboard; wherefore 'tis Time I should go to the Bath: for I think 'tis better to drink the Poison after I am washed, in order to save the Women the Trouble of washing me after I am dead.

Socrates having thus spoke, *Crito* addressed himself to *Socrates*, thus: Alas then! in God's Name be it. But what Orders do you give me and the rest here present, with Reference to your Children, or your Affairs, that by putting them in Execution, we may at least have the Comfort of obliging you?

What I now recommend to you, *Crito*, replies *Socrates*, is what I always recommended, *viz.* To take Care of yourselves. You cannot do yourselves a more considerable Piece of Service, nor oblige me and my Family more (*a*), than to promise me at this Time so to do. Whereas if you neglect yourselves, and

To ask nothing
of our Friends
but that they
take Care of
themselves: All
is comprehended
in that Prayer.

(*a*) There's a great deal of Sense in what *Socrates* here tells his Friends: he desires them only to take Care of themselves, because if they take Care of themselves, they'll prove good Men; and being such, will do all good Offices to his Family, tho' they did not promise it: for good Men are honest, and take Pleasure in doing Good, and love their Neighbours. Whereas, if they neglect themselves, notwithstanding all their fair Promises, they would not be capable to do any Thing either for him or themselves. None but good Men can do Services. How great is this Truth!

refuse

refuse to form your Lives according to the * Model I always proposed to you, and follow it as it were by the Footsteps, all your Protestations and Offers of Service will be altogether useless to me.

We shall do our utmost, *Socrates*, replies *Crito*, to obey you. But how will you be buried ?

Just as you please, says *Socrates* ; if you can but catch me, and if I do not give you the Slip. At the same Time, looking upon us with a gentle Smile, I cannot, says he, compass my End, in persuading *Crito* that this is *Socrates* who discourses with you, and methodizes all the Parts of this Discourse ; and still he fancies that *Socrates* is the Thing that shall see Death by and by. He confounds me with my Corps ; and in that View asks how I must be buried ? And all this long Discourse that I made to you but now, in order to make it out, that as soon as I shall have taken down the Poison, I shall stay no longer with you, but shall part from hence, and go to enjoy the Felicity of the Blessed ; in a Word, all that I have said for your Consolation and mine, is to no purpose, but it is all lost, with Reference to him. I beg of you, that you will be Bail for me to *Crito*, but after a contrary Manner to that in which he offered to bail me to my Judges: for he engaged that I would not be gone. Pray engage for me, that I shall no sooner be dead, but I shall be gone, to the End that poor *Crito* may bear my Death more steddily ; and when he sees my Body burnt or interred, may not despair, as if I suffered great Misery, and say at my Funeral, that *Socrates* is laid out, *Socrates* is carried out, *Socrates* is interred. For you must know, my dear *Crito*, says he, turning to him, that speaking amiss of Death is not only a Fault in the Way of speaking, but likewise wounds the Soul. You should have more Courage and Hope, and say, that my Body is to be interred. *That* you

Bad Discourses
give dangerous
Wounds to the
Soul.

* This Model is God ; for he still told 'em that they should render themselves conformable to God, as much as human Weakness would bear.

may inter as you please, and in the Manner that's most conformable to our Laws and Customs.

Having spoke thus, he rose and went into the next Room to bathe. *Crito* followed him, and he desired we should attend him. Accordingly we all attended him, and entertained ourselves one while with a Repetition and farther Examination of what he had said, another while in speaking of the miserable State that was before us. For we all looked upon ourselves as Persons deprived of our good Father, that were about to pass the rest of our Life in an Orphan-State.

After he came out of the Bath, they brought his Children to him; for he had three, two little ones, and one that was pretty big: And the Women of his Family came all in to him. He spoke to them some Time in the Presence of *Crito*, gave 'em their Orders, and ordered 'em to retire, carry his Children along with them, and then came back to us. 'Twas then towards Sun-setting, for he had been a long while in the little Room.

When he came in, he sat down upon his Bed, without saying much: For much about the same Time the Officer of the Eleven Magistrates came in, and drawing near to him, *Socrates*, says he, I have no Occasion to make the same Complaint of you, that I have every Day of those in the same Condition; for as soon as I come to acquaint 'em, by Orders from the Eleven Magistrates, that they must drink the Poison, they are incensed against me and curse me: But as for you, ever since you came into this Place, I have found you to be the most even tempered, the calmest, and the best Man that ever entered this Prison; and I am confident that at present you are not angry with me: doubtless you are angry with none, but those who are the Cause of your Misfortune. You know 'em without naming. On this Occasion, *Socrates*, you know what I come to tell you; farewell, endeavour to bear this Necessity with a constant Mind. Having spoke thus, he began to cry, and turning his Back upon us, retired a little. Farewell, my Friend, says *Socrates*, looking upon him, I'll follow the Council thou givest me. Mind, says he, what Honesty is in that Fellow! During my Imprisonment

prisonment he came often to see me, and discoursed with me : He's more worth than all the rest : How heartily he cries for me ! Let us obey him with a handfom Mein, my dear *Crito* ; if the Poison be brewed, let him bring it ; if not, let him brew it himself.

But, methinks *Socrates*, says *Crito*, the Sun shines upon the Mountains, and is not yet set ; and I know several in your Circumstances did not drink the Poison till a long Time after the Order was given ; that they supped very well, (a) and enjoyed any Thing they had a Mind to : Wherefore I conjure you not to press so hard ; you have yet Time enough.

Those who do as you say, *Crito*, says *Socrates*, have their own Reasons ; they think it is just as much Time gained : and I have likewise my Reasons for not doing so ; for the only Advantage I can have by drinking it later, is to make myself ridiculous to myself, in being so foolishly fond of Life as to pretend to husband it in the last Minute, when there is no more to come.

Go then, my dear *Crito*, and do as I bid you do, and do not vex me any longer.

Whereupon *Crito* gave the Sign to the Slave that waited just by. The Slave went out, and after he had spent some Time in brewing the Poison, returned, accompanied by him that was to give it, and brought it all together in one Cup. *Socrates* seeing him come in ; that's very well, my Friend, says he : but what must I do ? For you know best, and 'tis your Business to direct me.

You have nothing else to do, says he, but whenever you have drank it, to walk until you find your Legs stiff, and then to lie down upon your Bed. This is all you have to do. And at the same Time he gave him the Cup :

(a) This affords us an admirable Prospect of the infinite Difference between *Socrates* and those brutish Men, who died without any other Sentiments of their Misery.

Socrates took it, not only without any Commotion, or change of Colour or Countenance, but with Joy ; and looking upon the Fellow with a steady and bold Eye, as he was wont to do, What do you say of this Mixture, says he ; is it allowable to make a Drink-Offering of it ? *Socrates*, replied the Man, we never brew more at once, than what serves for one Dose.

I understand you, says *Socrates* : But at least it is lawful for me to pray to the Gods, that they would bless the Voyage and render it happy. This I beg of 'em with all my Soul. Having said that, he drank it all of, with an admirable Tranquility and an inexpressible Calmness.

Socrates prays before he swallows the Poison.

Hitherto we had, almost all of us, the Power to refrain from Tears ; but when we saw him drink it off, we were no longer Masters of ourselves. Notwithstanding all my Efforts, I was obliged to cover myself with my Mantle, that I might freely regret my Condition ; for 'twas not *Socrates*'s Misfortune, but my own, that I deplored, in reflecting what a Friend I was losing. *Crito*, who likewise could not abstain from crying, had prevented me, and risen up. And *Apollodorus*, who scarce ceased to cry during the whole Conference, did then howl and cry aloud, insomuch that he moved every Body. Only *Socrates* himself was not at all moved : On the contrary, he chid them ; What are you doing, my Friends, says he ? What ! such fine Men as you are ! O ! Where is Vertue ? Was not it for this Reason that I sent off those Women, for fear they should have fallen into those Weaknesses ; for I always heard it said, that a Man ought to die in Tranquility, and blessing God ? Be easy then, and shew more Constancy and Courage. These Words filled us with Confusion, and forced us to suppress our Tears.

We should die calmly, blessing God.

In the mean Time, he continued to walk, and when he felt his Legs stiff, he lay down on his Back, as the Man had ordered him. At the same Time, the same Man that gave him the Poison, came up to him, and after looking

looking upon his Legs and Feet, bound up his Feet with all his Force, and asked him if he felt it? He said, No. Then he bound up his Legs; and having carried his Hand higher, gave us the Signal that he was quite cold. *Socrates* likewise felt himself with his Hand, and told us, that when the Cold came up to his Heart, he should leave us. All his lower Belly was already frozen: And then uncovering himself, for he was covered, *Crito*, says

i. e. His Head was covered, that nothing might trouble him. *Socrates's* last Words.

Having spoke these Words, he drew his Cloke again over his Head.

he, (these were his last Words) * *We owe a Cock to Æsculapius, discharge this Vow for me, and do not forget it.* It shall be done, says *Crito*; but see if you have any Thing else to say to us. He made no Answer, and after a little Space of Time, departed. The Man who was still by him, having uncovered him, received his last Looks, which continued fixed upon him. *Crito*, seeing that, came up and closed his Mouth and Eyes.

* Those who have not dived into the true Meaning of *Socrates*, charge him with Idolatry and Superstition, upon the Score of this Cock that he had vowed to *Æsculapius*. But these Words should not be taken literally; they are *Ænigmatical*, as many of *Plato's* are; and can never be understood, unless we have Recourse to Figures and Allegories. The Cock here is the Symbol of Life, and *Æsculapius* the Emblem of Physick. *Socrates's* Meaning is, that he resigns his Soul into the hands of the true Physician, who comes to purify and heal him. This Explication suits admirably well with the Doctrine taught by *Socrates* in this same Treatise, where he shews that Religious Sacrifices were only Figures. *Theodoret* had a juster Notion of this Passage, than *Lactantius* and *Tertullian*; for he not only did not condemn it, but insinuated that it was Figurative, in his 7th Discourse of the Cure of the Opinions of the *Pagans*. I am persuaded, says he, that *Socrates* ordered a Cock to be Sacrificed to *Æsculapius*, to shew the Injustice of his Condemnation; for he was condemned for owning no God. He owned a God, and shewed that his God stood in no need of our Sacrifices or Homage, and required nothing else from us but Piety and Sanctity.

This,

This, *Echecrates*, was the *Exit* of our Friend, a Man, who † beyond all Dispute, was the best, the wisest, and the justest of all our Acquaintance.

† *Xenophon* that faithful Historian of the Actions and memorable Sayings of *Socrates*, gives him the same Encomium: and having said, that he was the best Man in the World, and the greatest Favourite with God, concludes in these Words: *If any Man be of another Mind, pray let him compare his Manners and Actions with those of other Men, and then let him judge.* In effect, that is the true Way of judging of Men. Nothing but the true Religion did ever form a more wonderful and divine Man than he was.





THE
INTRODUCTION
TO
LACHES.



THE Education of Children is a Thing of such Importance, that the Welfare of Families and the Good of Estates depend wholly upon it. 'Tis no Wonder then, that *Socrates* who loved his Country intirely, was so watchful in hindring the *Athenians* to take false Measures in Reference to that, and made it his Business to cure their false Prejudice. The greatest Prejudice, and perhaps the most pernicious to the Republick, was that which they entertained of Valour. The Wars they were then engaged in, together with those that threatned 'em afar off, had inspired them with such a martial Ardour, that they thought of nothing but training up their Children to the Exercise of Arms; as being persuaded that *that* was the only Way to render them serviceable to their Country. Besides, Chance itself had fortified the Thought; for not long before a Sort of Fencing-Master came to *Athens*, who talked Wonders of his Art, and pretended to teach Valour, and to put his Scholars

Scholars in a Condition to resist by themselves a greater Number of Enemies: The People crouded to his School, and the young People quitted all, to betake themselves to this Exercise. *Socrates*, foreseeing the dangerous Consequence of this their Application, labours to prevent it: And that is the Subject of this Conference. As this Dialogue is capable to recommend itself by its great Title, so the Characters of its Actors ought to whet our Curiosity. *Lyfimachus*, Son to the great *Aristides*, and *Melesias*, Son to the great *Thucydides*, being galled with the Thoughts of their bad Education, and resolved to take more Care of their Children, than their Fathers had taken of them; went to see for *Nicias* and *Laches*, who made already a considerable Figure in the Republick, and carried 'em to see this Fencing-Master. After that Show was over, they asked the Advice of these two Friends, whether they approved of that Exercise, and whether they should have their Children to learn it, or not? So the Explication of Valour was the Subject of Discourse. And 'twas very probable that no Man would speak better upon that Subject, than these two, who had given Proof of their Valour on several Occasions. But, after all, they do not think themselves capable to decide such a difficult Question, without Help: Therefore they call in *Socrates* to assist 'em, as being one that made the Interest of Youth his whole Study; and, besides, gave Proof of an Heroick Courage at the Siege of *Potidæa*, and the Battle of *Delium*. *Nicias* is of Opinion, that the Exercise is very proper for Youth, and admirably well fitted for rendring them brave and clever; and looks upon it as a means leading to a good End, *viz.* the Art of War. *Laches* attacks this Opinion, and makes out the Usefulness of that Exercise by the Insignificancy of its Teachers, who never did a good Action in their whole Life-time; and as for Valour, had never purchased the least Reputation in the Army. *Socrates* is called in to decide the Controversy. At first he pleads his Incapacity for an Excuse: But afterwards insinuates that there's a Necessity of knowing Men, before one can be acquainted with Valour. He makes out the Falsity of the Notion that

great

great Men had of this Vertue, which is still kept up to this Day : And tho' he does not reveal his Mind plainly to those who call every Thing in Question ; yet one may easily perceive his Opinion to be this, That Valour is a Vertue that reaches all the Actions of our Life, and includes all other Vertues. For a valiant Man is one that's always accompanied by Prudence, and judges equally of Things, past, present, and to come ; who being acquainted with all the Good and Evil, that is, has been or is to come, is in a Condition to arm himself against the one, and omits nothing to compass the other. So that to be valiant one must be good ; and to educate Youth aright, they must be taught wisely to avoid all Evil, and pursue all the good they can reach, not only from Men, but, which is more important, from God himself ; and to spare neither Labour nor Life in the Pursuit. This is *Socrates's* Doctrine. And *Plato* has made the World a good Present in preserving this excellent Conference : For we ought not to look upon it as a Trial of Wit ; it is entitled to a wonderful Solidity. Pursuant to this Doctrine of *Socrates*, we see plainly that the most valorous of all Men were the Martyrs ; for their Valour was accompanied by a true Prudence, which taught 'em to distinguish what is truly terrible, from that which is not ; to know the past, present, and future Happiness or Misery ; and moved 'em to screen themselves from the one, and pursue the other at the Expence of their Lives.

It seems *Aristotle* did not perceive the full Force and Solidity of these Principles of *Socrates*, when he arraigned him for saying that Valour was a Science. Doubtless, it is a Science, but a divine one, that cannot be learned from Men.

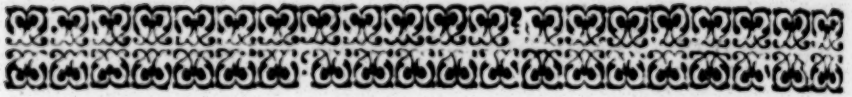
The Solidity of this Dialogue is mixed with a wonderful Agreeableness : For whether we mind the Beauty of his Characters, the Liveliness of the Narrative, the Spirit of the Dialogue, or the Satirical Strokes 'tis full of, we find nothing more perfect in its Kind. His Satire upon those mighty Politicians who employ'd all their Care upon Affairs of State, and neglected their Children, suffer-
ing

ing them to be over-run by Vice ; this, I say, is very natural. *Socrates* means by it to shew, that these great Men do more Harm to the Commonwealth, by this unhappy Negligence, than ever they did Good by all the Services they have done. His Satire against Fencing-Masters is likewise very ingenious, in which the Character of our modern Pretenders is admirably well drawn. Those who have taken Notice of *Nicias* in *Thucydides*, haranguing in the *Athenian* Council against the *Sicilian* Expedition, will here find an exact Transcript of his true Character. And that which above all deserves to be remarked, is *Plato's* Dexterity in crying up *Socrates*, and setting his Merit in a true Light.

This Dialogue is supposed to have been composed soon after the Defeat of the *Athenians* at *Delium*, which happened in the first Year of the 89th Olympiad. And to determine the Time more nicely, it may be fixed the very next Year, during the Truce between the *Athenians* and the *Lacedemonians*. 'Tis purely moral, and of the same Character with the Dialogues of the first Volume.



LACHES :



L A C H E S :

O R,

Of VALOUR.

Lyfimachus, Son of *Aristides* the Just.

Melesias, Son to *Tbucydides*.

Aristides, Son to *Lyfimachus*, } Both of them
Tbucydides, Son to *Melesias*, } very young.

Nicias, General of the *Athenians*.

Laches, another *Athenian* General.

Socrates.

Lyfim.



E L L, *Nicias* and *Laches*, you have seen this Man, who * parry'd in Armour just now. When *Melesias* and I desired you to come and see this Show, we did not tell you the Reasons that obliged us to it : but now we will tell you ; being persuaded that we may

* I use the same Terms as are now in Use, because the Exercise this Man taught was much the same with what is now taught in our Fencing-Schools. He taught 'em to fence in Armour with Sword and Buckler, and to resist several Combatants at once, by parrying and striking. 'Tis pretty remarkable, that this Sort of Fencing-Masters was not known at *Athens* till after the Defeat at *Delium*.

speaks

speak to you with an intire Confidence. Most People
 laugh at these Exercises; and when one asks their Ad-
 vice, they're so far from communicating their Thoughts,
 that they only try to pump those who come to consult
 'em, and speak against their own Sentiments. As for
 you, we know you have added the Height of Sincerity
 to a great Capacity; and we hope you'll tell us in-
 genuously what your Thoughts are in Reference to the
 Subject we are about to mention. The Upshot of all this
 Preamble is this. Each of us has a Son. There they
 are. That Youth, the Son of *Melesias*, is called *Thucy-
 dides*, by his Grandfather's Name; and this, which is
 mine, is called *Aristides*, after my Father. We are re-
 solved to take a singular Care of their Education, and not
 to do as most Fathers do, who when
 their Children come to be young Men,
 throw the Bridle on their Neck, and
 suffer 'em to live according to their Fan-
 cy. We design to keep 'em still in awe,
 and educate 'em to the best Advantage. And foras-
 much as you have likewise Children, we fancy you have
 thought as much as any Man upon the Method of mak-
 ing 'em vertuous: or if you have not yet considered of
 it, by Reason of their Want of Years, we presume you
 will not take it ill that we put you in Mind, that this is
 an indispensable Duty; and that we oblige you to deli-
 berate with us what Education all of us should give our
 Children. The Occasion of our coming to see for you was
 this.

The Negligence
 of the *Athenians*
 in the Education
 of their Children.

Tho' the Discourse may seem already too long, yet
 you'll have the Goodness to hear it out. You know,
Melesias and I have but one Table, and these Children
 eat with us: we shall conceal nothing from you, and,
 as I told you at first, shall speak to you with an entire
 Confidence. Both he and I have entertained our Chil-
 dren with a thousand and a thousand brave Actions done
 by our Fathers both in Peace and War, while they head-
 ed the *Athenians* and their Allies; but to our great
 Misfortune, we can tell 'em no such Thing of ourselves.

This

The Injustice of Fathers that bind only Publick Affairs, and neglect the Education of their Children.

This covers us with Shame : we blush for it before our Children, and are forced to cast the Blame upon our Fathers ; who after we grew up, suffered us to live in Softness and Luxury, and in pernicious Licentiousness ; while they were employing all their Care for the Interest of others. This we incessantly remonstrate to these Children, telling them, that if they neglect themselves, and disobey us, 'twill prove a Discredit to them ; whereas, if they will take Pains, they may quickly approve themselves to be worthy of the Name they bear. They answer, they'll obey us ; and upon that Account we wanted to know what they should be taught, and what Education we should give 'em, in order to their best Improvement. Somebody told us there was nothing more proper for a young Gentleman, than Fencing ; and extolled to the very Heavens this Man, who performed his Exercise before us just now, and pressed us to come and see him. Accordingly, we thought it convenient to come and take you along with us as we passed ; not only that you might partake of the Pleasure, but likewise that you should communicate to us your Knowledge ; and that we might all consult together upon the Care we ought to have of our Children. And this is all I had to say to you. Now 'tis your turn to aid us with your Council, in telling us, whether you approve or condemn the above mentioned Exercise of Arms ; and in advising us what Occupation, what Instructions we should give our Children ; or, in Fine, in giving us to know what Conduct you design to follow for your own Children.

Nic. Lyfimachus, I commend your Thought : I am very ready to join with you in this Deliberation : and I'll engage that *Laches* will be as glad as I am to act a Part in the Conference.

Lac. You may engage for that, *Nicias*. In my Mind, all that *Lyfimachus* has said against his Father and the Father of *Melesias*, is admirably well said ; not only against them, but against us and all those who embark

bark in the Government of a State : for, as he said, we wave the Education of our Children and our Domestick Affairs, and mind them no more than if we had neither House nor Family. *Lyfimachus*, you have spoke admirably well ; but I'm surprized that you should call us to consult with you upon that Subject, and not *Socrates*, who is our Fellow-Citizen ; and besides, bends all his Thoughts upon Things relating to the Education of Children, in pursuing the Sciences that are most useful to them, and finding out the most suitable Occupations.

Lyf. (a) How do you say, *Laches* ? Would *Socrates* apply himself to what concerns the Instruction of Youth ?

Lac. I assure you he would, *Lyfimachus*.

Nic. And I assure you of the same : for 'tis not four Days since he gave me a Musick-Master for my Son, one *Damon*, brought up by *Agathocles* ; who, besides all the Excellencies of his Art, is possess'd of all the other Qualities that can be desired in a Tutor for a Child of his Birth.

Lyf. Indeed, both *Socrates*, and you *Nicias*, and *Laches*, must pardon this Ignorance in me and all others of my Age ; we are not acquainted with the young Folks, for we scarce stir abroad, by reason of our old Age : But, *Socrates*, if you have any good Counsel to give me, who am your Countryman, pray do it : I can say that 'tis your Duty, for you are a Friend of our Family from Father to Son. Your Father *Sophroniscus* and I were always good Friends and Comrades from our Infancy ; and our Friendship lasted till his very Death, without Interruption. At present it comes into my Head, that I have heard these Children mention the Name of *Socrates* a thousand Times, in their Interviews among themselves, of whom they speak much Good ; and I ever minded to ask them if they spoke of *Socrates* the

(a) This poor Man took *Socrates* for a Philosopher, that minded only the Study of Nature.

Son of *Sophroniscus*. But now, pray tell me, Children, is this the *Socrates* I have heard you speak of so often ?

Aristides and *Thucydides*, both together.] Yes, Father, 'tis the same.

Lyf. I am infinitely glad of that. Take heart, my dear *Socrates*, you keep up the Reputation of your deceased Father admirably well, who was not only very well skill'd in his † Art, but likewise a very good Man. You and I must renew our ancient Friendship, and henceforward your Interests shall be mine, and mine yours.

Lac. You do very well, *Lyfismachus* ; do not let him go : for I have seen Occasions, in which he maintain'd not only the Reputation of his Father, but that of his Country. * At the Defeat of *Delium*, he retired along with me : and I can assure you, if all the rest had done their Duty as he did, our City had been admirably well supported, and had not met with that great Shock.

Lyf. This is a great Encomium, *Socrates* ; and by whom is it given ? By Persons that are worthy to be credited in all Things, especially upon that Point for which they cry you up ‖. I assure you, nobody can hear your Praises with more Pleasure than I do. I am infinitely glad that you have purchased such a Reputation, and I list myself in the Number of your greatest Well-wishers. And therefore pray come, without Ceremony, to see us, and live with us ; since you are of our Family, you ought to do it. Let this Day be the Date of the renewing of our ancient Friendship ; and from henceforward be familiar with us and these Children, to the end that you and they may keep up our Friendship, as a Paternal Pledge. We hope you'll make that Use of it, and for our Parts, we will not suffer you to forget it.

† He was an Engraver.

* In this Battle, *Socrates* saved *Xenophon's* Life, who fell when his Horse was shot under him ; and *Socrates* being on Foot, took him upon his Back, and carried him several Miles.

‖ That is his Valour.

But to return to our Subject: What do you say? What think you of this Exercise of Arms? Does it deserve to be learned by young Men?

Soc. Upon that Point, *Lyfimachus*, I shall endeavour to give you the best Counsel I am Master of; and shall not fail to put all your Orders in Execution. But since I am the youngest, and less experienced than any of you, 'tis but just that I hear you speak first: that so, after I have heard you, I may give in my Sentiments if I differ from you, and back them with forcible Reasons. Why do not you speak then, *Nicias*? 'Tis your Turn to speak first.

Nic. I do not refuse to tell my Thoughts. In my Mind, that Exercise is very proper for young People, and merits their Application: for besides that it diverts them from the Amusements that they commonly pursue when they're idle, it enures them to Labour, and of necessity renders them more vigorous and strong. There is no better Exercise; none that requires more Strength and Dexterity: there's none more suitable to a Person of Quality than this and riding the Great Horse, especially to those of our Profession: and in regard of the Wars we are already engaged in, and that are like to come upon us, we must reckon those only true and good Exercises that are performed with the Arms used in War; for they are of admirable Use in Battles, whether set Battles in Rank and File, or single Attacks after the Ranks are broken; whether we pursue an Enemy that rallies from Time to Time, or upon a Retreat are put to it, to get clear of an obstinate Enemy, that pursues us with Sword in Hand. He who is acquainted with those Exercises, will never be afraid of one Man, nor several together; but will still get off clear. Besides, these Exercises have this commendable Quality, that they inspire their Votaries with a true Passion for another more serious Exercise: for I suppose all those who give themselves to Fencing, breathe nothing but the End they proposed in going to be taught, *viz.* Battles and Fights; and when they come to be engaged

A Panegyrick
upon Fencing.

in these, are so full of Ambition, and so fond of Glory, that they carefully instruct themselves in all that belongs to the Art of War, and make it their Business to rise by Degrees to the highest Posts in the Army. For it is certain and manifest, that nothing is more desirable, and more worthy of the Care of a good Man, than these different Posts of the Sword, and all the Functions of War, to which this Exercise of Arms leads, as a Means to the End. To all these Advantages we shall add one more, which is not a small one. 'Tis, that this Art of Fencing makes Men more valiant and more venturous in Engagements : And if we reckon up every Thing, there's another Advantage that is not to be despised, *viz.* that it gives Men a good Mein, and a graceful Carriage, which in a publick Appearance renders them agreeable to their own Troops, and formidable to their Enemies. So that I am of Opinion, *Lyfimachus*, that Children should learn those Exercises, and have given the Reason I go upon. If *Laches* be of another Mind, I shall be glad to hear it.

Nicias's Elogy
refuted.

Lac. Indeed, *Nicias*, he must be a bold Man, that says that any Science whatever is not worthy to be learn'd: For it is very commendable to know every Thing ; and if this Exercise of Arms is a Science, as its Teachers alledge, and as *Nicias* says, I own it ought to be taught. But if it is not a Science, and if the Fencing-Masters impose upon us by their Bravado's, or if it is only an inconsiderable Science, to what Purpose should we amuse ourselves with it? I mention this, because I am persuaded, if it were a very considerable Science, it would never have escaped the (a) *Lacedemonians*, who spend their whole Life-time in enquiring after such Things as may render them superior in War to their Enemies.

(a) The Example of the *Lacedemonians* alone overturns all that *Nicias* had said,

Nav, supposing it had escaped the (a) *Lacedemonians*, these Fencing-masters could not have been ignorant so long, that of all the *Grecians* the *Lacedemonians* are the most curious in what relates to Arms ; and that Masters of any Reputation here would have made their Fortune there much better than elsewhere, just as Tragical Poets of any Note do here : For (b) every one that has a Vein for Tragedies comes strait hither with 'em, and does not travel from City to City to publish his Performances. Whereas those valiant Champions, who teach Fencing, look upon (c) *Lacedemon* as an inaccessible Temple, that they dare not approach ; and ramble round about it, teaching their Art to others, particularly to those who own themselves inferior to all their Neighbours in what relates to War. In a word, *Lyfimachus*, I have seen a great many of those Masters engaged in hot Actions, and I know perfectly what their Humour is, upon which 'tis easy to form a just Estimate of their Merit : It seems Providence has purposefully so order'd it, that none of that Profession did ever acquire the least Reputation in War. We see several of other Professions, not only successful in the Way of their Business, but likewise famous in War. But these Men are unfortunate by a peculiar Sort of Fatality : For this very same *Stefilius*, who expos'd himself but now before this Crowd of Spectators, and spoke so magnificently of himself ; I say, I

A great Elogy
for *Lacedemon*.

Fine Masters indeed ! Their
Scholars are
short of those
who slight their
Lessons.

Fencing-Masters
decry'd in War.

(a) They were the most warlike People of all the *Grecians*, and yet had no Fencing-Masters.

(b) A Satirical Rub upon *Athens*, for being as fond of Tragedies as *Lacedemon* was of Arms.

(c) He compares *Lacedemon* to the Temple of the Furies, which none durst approach ; for they had such a terrible Impression of these Goddesses, that they durst not either name them, or look upon them, or offer their Addresses to them. These Fencing-Masters were equally afraid of *Lacedemon*. A noble Elogy !

have seen this same Man make a far better Show against his Will upon a better Occasion. When the Ship he was in attack'd a Merchant-man, he fought with a Pike headed with a Scythe, that his Arms might be as remarkable as himself was among the Combatants. All the Prowess he shew'd does scarce merit a Relation ; but the Success of this warlike Stratagem, in clapping a Scythe on the Head of a Pike, is worth our Attention. While the Fellow was fencing with his new Arms, they were unhappily entangled in the Tackling of the Enemy's Ship, and stuck there. He pull'd with all his Force to get it clear, but could not obtain his End. While his Ship kept close to the other, he follow'd it, and kept his Hold ; but when the Enemy's Ship steer'd off, and was going to hale him in, he suffer'd his Pike to slip by Degrees through his Hands, till he had only hold of it by the small End. The Enemy's Crew made Huzza's upon the pleasant Accident. At last, somebody having thrown a Stone that fell just at his Feet, he quitted his beloved Arms, and the Enemy redoubled their Shouts, when they saw the armed Sickle hanging upon the Tackling of their Ship like a Trophy. It is possible that, as *Nicias* says, it may be a very considerable and useful Science ; but I tell you what I saw : So that, as I said in the Beginning, if it is a Science, it is an useless one ; and if it is none, and we are only inveigled by its fine Motto, then it does not deserve our

Their Address
inspires 'em with
some Assurance ;
but for want of
Courage they can
carry on nothing
vigorously.

As we say, That
such brave ones
are the Bullies of
the School. This
Notion of Cow-
ards deserves to be
remarked.

Regard. In a word, those who apply themselves to that Art, are either Cowards or brave Men : If Cowards, they are the more insolent, and their Cowardice is only the more exposed : If brave, all the World has their Eyes upon them ; and if they happen to be guilty of the least false Step, they must bear a thousand Jest and Railleries : For this is not an indifferent Profession ; it exposes 'em to Envy at a furious Rate ; and if the Man that follows it does not distinguish himself mightily by his Courage, he'll be ridiculed without any Possibility of avoid-
ing

ing it. These are my Thoughts of that Exercise : It remains that you oblige *Socrates* to tell us his Mind.

Lyf. Pray do, *Socrates* ; for we want an Umpire to decide the Difference. Had *Nicias* and *Laches* been of one Opinion, we should have spared you the Trouble : But you see they are directly opposite. So that now our Business is to hear your Judgment, and see which of the two you side with.

Soc. How now, *Lyfimachus*, are you for following the greatest Number then ?

Lyf. What can one do better ?

Soc. And you too, *Melissias* ? Were you to chuse Exercises to be learn'd by your Son, would you rather be directed by the greatest Number, than by one Man that has been well educated himself, and had excellent Masters ?

Mel. For my Part, *Socrates*, I would be directed by the latter.

Soc. You'd be more influenced by his Opinion, than by that of us all four ?

Mel. Perhaps I might.

Soc. Because a wise Judgment ought to be form'd from Knowledge, and not from the Multitude ?

'Tis Knowledge and not the Number that ought to determine us.

Mel. Without doubt.

Soc. The first Thing then that we are to enquire into, is, Whether any of us is expert in the Thing we consult about, or not ? If any one be, we must refer ourselves to him, and leave the others ; if not, we must see for some such Man elsewhere : For do you, *Melissias* and *Lyfimachus*, imagine that this is a Business of small Consequence, and that you run but an ordinary Risque ? Do not you deceive yourselves, the Matter in hand relates to the greatest Good that is. All the Happiness of Families depends upon the Education of Children : And Houses rise or sink according as their Children are vicious or vertuous.

Of what Consequence the Education of Children is.

Mel. You say well.

Soc. So that one cannot be too cautious and prudent upon this Score.

Mel. Most certainly.

Soc. How should we do then to try which of us four is most expert and best skill'd in Exercises ? Should not we presently pitch upon him who learn'd 'em best, and follow'd them most, and had the best Masters ?

Mel. So I think.

Soc. And before that, should not we endeavour to know the Thing itself that we would have our Children learn ?

Mel. How do you say ?

Soc. Perhaps you'll understand me better in this Manner : Methinks, we did not at first agree upon the Nature of the Thing we are consulting about, in order to know which of us is most dextrous at it, and was taught by the most masterly Hand ?

Nic. How do you mean, *Socrates* ? Are not we considering of Fencing, in order to know whether our Children ought to learn it, or not ?

Soc. I do not say otherwise : But when a Man advises about a Remedy for the Eyes, and wants to know whether he should apply it, or not ; do you think this Consultation relates more to the Remedy than to the Eyes, to which 'tis to be applied ?

Nic. It relates most to the Eyes.

Soc. And when a Man consults what Bit he should put upon his Horse, does not the Question relate more to the Horse than to the Bit ?

Nic. Yes sure.

Soc. In one Word, as often as a Man advises about a Thing with reference to another, (*a*) the direct Object of the Consultation is the Thing referred to, and not that which is only minded for the Sake of the other.

Nic. It is necessarily so.

(*a*) For Instance, When we think of purging a sick Person, we consider of the Patient before we think of the Medicine : And having first discover'd the State of the Patient, then we think of a proper Medicine.

Soc. Then we ought to examine well whether the Man we advise with is expert and skilled in the Thing about which we advise.

Nic. That's certain.

Soc. At present we are consulting what our Children should learn : so that the Question turns upon the Children, and the Knowledge of their Souls is the Business.

Nic. 'Tis just so.

Soc. And by Consequence the Question is, Whether there is any of us experienced in the Conduct of a Soul ? Who knows how to manage it, and has been taught that Art by the best Masters ?

Lac. How, *Socrates*, did you never know any People that have become greater Proficients in some Sciences and Arts without any Masters, than others with all the Masters that could be had ?

Soc. Yes, *Laches*, I have known some : But tho' all that Sort of Men should be proud of telling you that they are very skilful, you would never intrust the least Affair to them, unless you saw 'em make, I do not say one, but several elaborate and well-done Performances.

Nic. Right, *Socrates*.

Soc. Since *Lyfsmachus* and *Melesias* have called us to give our Advice of the Education of their Children, out of an ardent Desire to form and dispose their Minds to Vertue, we are obliged, O *Nicias* and *Laches*, if we pretend to be endowed with the Capacity that's necessary for it, to tell 'em what Masters we had, who were very good Men, and after having instructed several Scholars, formed and disposed our Minds to Honesty. And if any of us pretends to have had no Master, he must produce his Performances, and instance in some either among the *Athenians*, or among Foreigners, whether Freemen or Slaves, who have been benefited by his Precepts, according to the Testimony of all the World. If we can neither name our Masters, nor shew our Works, we must send our Freinds to see for Advice elsewhere, and not expose ourselves to just Reproach upon a Point of that Importance, by corrupting their Children, For my

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Part, *Lyfimachus* and *Melesias*, I own I never had a Master for that Science, notwithstanding that from my Youth I was passionately in Love with it : But I had not Money enough to reach the dear Fees of those Sophisters who boasted they were the only Men that could benefit me ; and by my own Ingenuity I have not yet been able to find out the Art. If *Nicias* and *Laches* have compassed it by themselves, or have learned it of Masters, I shall think it no Wonder ; for being richer than I, they could afford to have Masters ; and being older than I, they may have learned it by themselves : And upon that Account I account them admirably well qualified for instructing a young Gentleman. And besides, if they had not been very well assured of their own Capacity, they would never have been so positive in Determining what Exercises are useful, and what are useless to the Youth. So that I submit to them in all Things. What amazes me, is, that they are of two different Opinions. However, since *Laches* intreated you to detain me, and oblige me to speak, pray suffer me to intreat you, in my Turn, not to suffer *Laches* and *Nicias* to be gone, but to press them to make Answer, by telling them that *Socrates* knows nothing of these Matters, and is incapable to determine which of them has the better of it : for he had no Masters, and could not find out the Art himself. Wherefore *Nicias* and *Laches*, say you, pray tell us if ever you saw any excellent Man for the Education of Youth ? Did you learn this Art from any Body, or did you find it of yourselves ? If you learned it, pray tell us who was your Master, and who they are that follow the same Profession : to the End that, if the publick Affairs do not afford you so much Leisure, we may go to them, and by Presents and Caresses oblige them to take Care of our Children and yours, and to prevent their reflecting Dishonour upon their Ancestors by their Vices. If you found out this Art by your own Ingenuity, pray cite those you have instructed, who being vicious before their coming to you, became vertuous under your Care. If you are but yet beginning to teach, take Care that you do not make your first Essay upon little base Souls, but upon
your

your own Children and those of your best Friends. Tell us then what you can do, and what not. This, *Lyfimachus*, is what I would have you to ask of them: Do not let them go without giving you an Answer.

Lyf. In my Mind, *Socrates* speaks admirably well. Wherefore, my Friends, consider of answering all these Questions: For you may assure yourselves that in so doing, you'll oblige me and *Melesias* very much. I told you before that we called for your Advice, as fancying, that since you have Children as well as we, that will quickly be of that Age which requires a wise Education, you might have thought maturely upon it before now. So, if you are not busy, pray discourse the Matter with *Socrates*; for, as he said very well, this is the most important Affair of our Life.

Nic. It seems, *Lyfimachus*, you have no Knowledge of *Socrates*, otherwise than by his Father, and that you never frequented his Company: You never saw him, sure, but in his Infancy in the Temples or publick Assemblies, or when his Father brought him to your House: For since he came to be a Man, it seems you never had any Correspondence with him.

Lyf. What Ground do you go upon for that, *Nicias*?

Nic. I go upon this: That I perceive you are ignorant that *Socrates* looks upon every Body as his Neighbour; and that whoever converses with him, he is as much obliged to him as if he were

A Character of
Socrates; His
Love for all
Men.

his Relation: Tho' at first he speaks only of indifferent Things, yet at last he is obliged by the Thread of his Discourse to give him an Account of the Conduct of his Life, and to tell him how he lives, and has lived. And when *Socrates* has once brought him that Length, he does not part from him till he have sounded him to the bottom, and got an Account of all his good and evil Actions. I know it by Experience. So I see there's a necessity of passing that Way, and I find that I myself cannot get off. However, I am very glad of it, and do always take a singular Pleasure in discoursing with him. For 'tis no great Harm for a Man to be advertised of his Faults: And
after

after that, he cannot but become more wise and prudent, if he minds and loves the Admonition ; and according to *Solon's* Maxim, is willing to be instructed, whatever his Age be, and is not foolishly persuaded that old Age

Old Age does not bring Wisdom along with it.

brings Wisdom along with it. So that it shall neither seem new, nor disagreeable to me, if *Socrates* puts me to a

Trial : And indeed I was aware from the Beginning, that since he was here, 'twould not be our Children, but ourselves that would be examined. For my Part, I submit to him with all my Heart. It remains that *Laches* should tell his Sentiments.

Lac. My Sentiments are various. Sometimes I am in one Humour and sometimes in another. Sometimes I love nothing so much as Discoursing, and at other times

The only valuable Discourses.

I cannot abide it. When I meet with a Man that speaks well of Vertue or any Science, and find him a Man of Veracity, and worthy of his Profession,

I am charmed with him, and take an unexpressible Pleasure in finding his Words and Actions all of a Piece : Such a Man is to me the only excellent Musician that makes a perfect Harmony, not with the Harp or

A good Man is the only excellent Musician.

Musical Instruments, but with the Sum Total of his Life. For all his Actions suit with his Words, not according to the (a) *Lydian*, *Phrygian*, or *Ionian*

Tones, but according to the *Dorian* ; which is the only one that deserves the Name of *Grecian Harmony*. When

(a) The *Grecians* had four Measures or Tones which they called Harmonies, and multiplied these by joining the other several Ways. The *Lydian* was doleful and proper for Lamentation ; the *Phrygian* was vehement and fit to raise the Passions ; the *Ionian* effeminate and soft ; the *Dorick* was Masculine, and so preferred by *Socrates* to all the rest. Accordingly *Aristotle* in the last Chapter of his *Politicks*, says, That all the World is agreed, that the *Dorick* was most manly and smooth, and a Sort of *Medium* between the others ; upon which Account it was more proper and suitable for Children. *Plato* absolutely condemns the *Lydian* and *Ionian* in the Third Book of his *Rep.*

such a Man speaks, I am overjoy'd and charmed ; and drink in his Words so greedily, that every body perceives me to be fond of his Discourses. But a Man that acts the quite Contrary, mortifies me most cruelly ; and the more he seems to speak well, the more Aversion I have to his Jargon.

I am not yet acquainted with *Socrates* by his Words, but by his Actions I am ; and think him worthy to speak upon any Subject, and discourse with all Freedom. If he is such a Man as you

represent him, I am willing to enter into a Conference with him. I shall be very glad if he'll take the Pains to examine me, and shall never be unwilling to learn : For I am of *Solon's* Mind, that we ought to be learning in our old Age. I would only add a Word to his Maxim, which I wish he had added, *viz.* That

we should learn of good Men. In earnest, you must grant me this, That a Teacher ought to be a good Man, that I may not learn of him Reluctancy,

and that my Disrelish may not pass for Stupidity and In-docility. For I do not matter it at all, if my Master be younger than I, or has not yet gained a Reputation, and the like. So, *Socrates*, if you'll examine and instruct me, you shall find me very docile and submissive. I have

always had a good Opinion of you, since that Day that you and I escaped a considerable Danger, and you gave such

Proof of your Vertue, as became a good Man. Tell me then what you please : And let not my Age be any Hindrance.

Soc. At least we cannot complain, that you are not very ready to ask good Council and follow it.

Lys. This is our Business ; I call it ours, because it is upon our Account that you are engaged in it. Wherefore, I beseech you, for the Love of these Children, see in my stead what we ought to ask of *Nicias* and *Laches*, and join your Thoughts in Conference with theirs. As
for

The finest Discourses not backed with suitable Actions, deserve nothing but Contempt and Hatred.

The only Pleasurable Learning is from good Men.

He speaks this upon *Socrates's* Account, who was much younger than he.

for me, my Memory is almost gone, by Reason of my old Age; I forget most Part of the Questions I designed to ask, and a great Part of what they said; I remember nothing of the Matter, when the principal Question is thus crossed and carved by fresh Incidents. Discuss this Matter among yourselves; I and *Melesias* shall hear you; and after that, shall do as you direct us.

Soc. *Nicias* and *Laches*, we must obey *Lyfimachus* and *Melesias*. Perhaps it will not be improper to discuss the Question we proposed above, *viz.* Whether we had Masters in this Art, or if we had formed any Scholars, and rendered 'em better Men than they were? But methinks there's a shorter Way of compassing our End, and at the same Time of going nearer to the Source; (a) for if we have a certain Knowledge of any Thing, that being communicated to another, renders him better, and have likewise the Secret of communicat-

In curing a sick Person, we must know the Remedy, and the Way of giving it.

ing it to him, 'tis plain not only that we know the Thing itself, but that we know what Means are to be employ'd in acquiring it. Perhaps you do not understand me; but an Example will let you into the Meaning. If we know certainly that Sight communicated to the Eyes renders them better, and are able to communicate it; it is certain that we know what the Sight is, and all that's to be done for procuring it. Whereas, if we do not know what Seeing, or Heaing is, our Advice will be to no purpose; we cannot pretend to be good Physicians, either for the Eyes or the Ears, or to furnish 'em with the Means of Seeing or Hearing.

Lyf. You say well, *Socrates*.

(a) This is an important and very useful Principle. *Socrates's* Scope is, to make 'em sensible that Men may well know the Vices and Faults of one another, and the Vertues they all want to make 'em perfect, but do not know how to communicate that Vertue. God alone knows our Weakness and Misery, and he alone can heal it.

Soc.

Soc. Have not your two Friends, *Laches*, called you hither to advise with us, how Vertue may be made to grow in the Souls of their Children, in order to their Improvement ?

Lac. 'Tis true.

Soc. Is it not necessary then, that first of all we should know what Vertue is ? for if we are ignorant of that, how should we be capable of prescribing Means for acquiring it ?

Lac. By no Means, *Socrates*.

Soc. Then 'tis presumed you know what it is.

Lac. Without Doubt.

Soc. But when we know a Thing, cannot we tell what it is ?

Lac. Yes, sure.

Soc. At present we shall not enter upon the Enquiry, what Vertue is in general : That would be too long, and too perplexed a Task : Let us content ourselves with tracing one of its Branches, and try if we have all that's necessary for knowing that well. This will be a shorter and easier Enquiry.

Lac. Since you are of that Mind, I am satisfied.

Soc. But what Branch of Vertue shall we pitch upon ? Doubtless it must be that which seems to be the only End of Fencing ; for the People alledge, that this Exercise tends directly to Valour.

Lac. Yes, that is the Plea.

Soc. Let's endeavour, *Laches*, in the first Place to form a nice Definition of Valour ; and then we shall pursue the Means of communicating it to these Children, as much as is possible both by Habit and by Study. Say then, What is Valour ?

Lac. Indeed, *Socrates*, that Question is not very hard. A valorous Man is one that stands to his Post in Battle, that never turns his Back, and that repulses the Enemy.

The first Definition of Valour.

Soc. Very well, *Laches* ; but perhaps 'tis my faulty Expression that occasioned your giving an Answer remote from my Question.

Lac. How do you mean, *Socrates* ?

Soc.

Soc. I'll tell you, if I can. A valiant Man is one that keeps his Post in the Army, and bravely attacks the Enemy.

Lac. That's what I say.

Laches's Definition is faulty.

Soc. So say I too. But as for him that fights the Enemy upon a Flight, and without keeping his Post ?

Lac. How, upon a Flight ?

Soc. Yes, in fleeing ; as the *Scythians*, for Instance, who fight as fiercely upon a Retreat, as upon a Pursuit ; And as *Homer* says in Commendation of *Æneas's* Horses, they were swifter than the Wind in the Field of Battle, and knew how to escape and pursue an

In the Book of *Iliads*.

Enemy. And does not he commend *Æneas* for his Skill in the Art of Fleeing, when he calls 'em expert in Retreat ?

Laches defends his Definition by a Distinction.

Lac. That's very true, *Socrates* ; for *Homer* in that Place speaks of Chariots. And as for the *Scythians*, you know they were Troops of Cavalry ; for that was their Way of Engagement with Horse : but our *Grecian* Infantry fights by standing their Ground, as I said but now.

Socrates refutes his Distinction. These were *Persian* Troops, armed with Bucklers of Willows. The Flight of the *Lacedemonians* at *Platea*, brought 'em the Victory.

Soc. Perhaps you'll except the *Lacedemonians* ; for I have heard in the Battle of *Platea*, when the *Lacedemonians* were engaged with the *Gerrophori*, who had made a Bulwark of their Bucklers, and kill'd many of their Men with their Arrows ; the *Lacedemonians*, I say, on this Occasion thought it not proper to keep their Post, but fled : and when the *Persian* Ranks were disordered in the Pursuit, rally'd and attacked the Cavalry you spoke of, and

by that Means came off with a noble Victory.

Lac. You say true.

Soc. And for that Reason, I told you but now that I occasioned your faulty Answer by putting the Question amiss.

amiss. For I wanted to know what Valour is in a Man, that's valiant not only in Cavalry, but in Infantry, and all other Sorts of War ; that is not only valiant in War, but in Dangers at Sea ; in Diseases, in Poverty, in the Management of Publick Affairs ; not only valorous in Grief, Sorrow, and Fears, but likewise in his Desires and Pleasures ; a Man that knows how to make Head against his Passions, whether by standing his Ground, or fleeing. For Valour extends to all these Things.

The Extent of Valour.

Lac. That's certain.

Soc. Then all these Men are valiant. One displays his Courage by opposing his Pleasures, another by restraining his Sorrow : One controuls his Desires, and another his Fears : And upon all These Occasions a Man may be cowardly and mean-spirited.

Lac. Without Question.

Soc. So I wanted to know of you, what each of these Contraries, Valour and Cowardice, is. To begin with Valour : Tell me, if you can, what is this Quality that is always the same upon all those different Occasions ? Do not you understand me now ?

The Definition must include all these different Occasions.

Lac. Not yet perfectly.

Soc. What I would say, is this. For Instance, If I asked you what that Swiftnes is, which extends itself to Running, Playing upon Instruments, Speaking, Learning, and a thousand other Things. For we apply that Swiftnes to the Actions of the Hands, Feet, Tongue, and Mind : These are the principal Subjects. Is it not so ?

Lac. Yes.

Soc. If any one asked me, what this Swiftnes is, that extends to all these different Things ? I would answer, *'Tis a Faculty that does much in a little Space of Time.* For this Definition agrees to the Voice, to Running, and all the other Things that the Word can be applied to.

A Definition of Valour.

Lac. Right, Socrates ; the Definiton is very good.

Soc.

Soc. Define Valour then after the same Manner. Tell me what Faculty this is, that is always the same in Pleasures, in Affliction, and in all the above mentioned Cases ; and that never changes either its Name or its Nature.

Lac. Since I must give a Definition, reaching to all the different *Species* of that Vertue ; it seems to me to be a Disposition of the Soul always ready to suffer any Thing.

Soc. To answer my Question fully, your Definition must certainly be such. But this Definition methinks is defective : For I reckon you do not take all the Patience of the Soul to be Valour. I see plainly you place Valour in the Number of fine Things.

Lac. Yes, without doubt ; and indeed the finest that is.

Soc. Accordingly this Patience of the Soul when accompanied by Wisdom, is good and fine ?

Lac. Most certainly.

Soc. And when Imprudence is its Companion, is it not quite contrary ? Is it not then very bad and pernicious ?

Lac. Without Question.

Soc. Do you call a pernicious Thing fine ?

Lac. God forbid, *Socrates*.

Soc. Then you'll never call that Sort of Patience by the Name of Valour, since 'tis not fine, and Valour is somewhat that's very fine.

Lac. You say right.

Soc. Then, according to you, a wise and prudent Patience is Wisdom ?

Lac. So I think.

Soc. Let's see whether this Patience is only prudent in some Things, or in every Thing, whether small or great ?

For Instance : A Man spends his Estate very patiently and prudently, with a firm Certainty, that his Spending will one Day fetch him great Riches ; Would you call this Man valiant and stout ?

Lac.

Lac. I would be very loth to do that, *Socrates*.

Soc. But a Physician has a Son or some other Patient lying ill of a great Inflammation in the Breast: This Son teazes him for something to eat. The Physician is so far from yielding to his Importunity, that he patiently bears his Complaints and his Anger: Would you call this Physician valiant and stout?

Lac. No more than the other.

Soc. But as for War. Here's a Man of that Disposition of Soul we now speak of. He has a Mind to fight; and his Prudence supporting his Courage, tells him he will quickly be relieved, and that his Enemies are the

Socrates makes
Laches fall into
the common
Prejudice, that
an imprudent
and indiscreet
Temerity is Va-
lour.

weaker Party, and that he has the Advantage of the Ground. This brave Man, that is thus prudent, will you make him more valiant and courageous than his Enemy, who stands his ground, notwithstanding the Disadvantages he lies under, and that without these Reflections?

Lac. No, sure; the last is the bravest.

Soc. And, after all, the Courage of the last is far less prudent than that of the former.

Lac. That's true.

Soc. Then it follows from your Principle, that a good Horse-man, that in an Engagement behaves himself bravely, and trusts to his Dexterity of managing a Horse, is less courageous than he who wants that Advantage.

Lac. Yes, sure.

Soc. You'll say the same of an Archer, a Slinger, and all the other Orders of Soldiery?

Lac. Without Doubt.

Soc. And those, who, without being acquainted with the Art of Diving, have the Courage to dive, and are the first that throw their Heads into the Waters, are, according to you, more bold and courageous than the expert Divers?

Lac. Yes, sure.

Soc. According to your Principles it must be so.

Lac.

Lac. And these are my Principles.

Soc. But after all, those artless and unexperienced Men encounter Danger much more imprudently than those who expose themselves with the Advantage of Art.

Lac. Yes, sure.

Soc. But we concluded just now, that indiscreet Boldness and imprudent Patience, are very scandalous and pernicious.

Lac. That's true.

Soc. And we looked upon Valour to be a good and a fine Thing.

Lac. I own it.

Soc. But now it is quite contrary : We give the Name of Valour to this indiscreet Boldness, that we despise so much.

Lac. I own it.

Soc. And do you think it is well done ?

Lac. I am not such a Fool, *Socrates*.

Soc. Thus, *Laches*, by your own Principles, you and I are not upon the Foot of the Dorick Tone : For our Actions do not agree with our Words. If one take a View of our Actions, I presume he would say we are Men of Courage : But if he heard our Words, he would quickly change his Sentiments.

The most perfect Love, and the most worthy of Men, when their Actions and Words are of a Piece.

Lac. You say right.

Soc. But do you think it fit we should continue in this Condition ?

Lac. No, sure.

Soc. Are you willing we should act for one Minute, conformably to the Definition we gave just now ?

Lac. What Definition is that ?

Soc. That true Courage, true Valour, is Patience : If you please then, let's shew our Patience, in carrying on our Enquiry, that so Valour may not laugh at us for pursuing her without Courage ; since according to our Principles, Patience is Courage.

Lac. I am willing, *Socrates*, and shall not at all flinch, tho' I am a Novice in those Disputes. But I must own,

I am out of Humour and vexed, that I cannot explain my Thoughts : for methinks I conceive perfectly what Valour is ; and I understand now that Idea does so balk me, that I cannot explain it.

Soc. But *Laches*, a good Huntsman ought always to run after the Beast he pursues, and not to weary himself in running at every Thing he sees.

Lac. I agree to it.

Soc. Are you willing we should call *Nicias* to hunt with us, to try if he'll have any better Fortune ?

Lac. With all my Heart, why not ?

Soc. Come then, *Nicias*, come and help your Friends, if you can, who are in a sad Quandary, and know not what hand to turn to : you see what Condition we are in, and how impossible it is for us to get clear of it. Pray rescue us, by giving us to know, what Valour is, and proving it.

Nic. I thought all along that you defined this Vertue amiss. How comes it to pass, *Socrates*, that you do not upon this Occasion make use of what I have hear you speak so often and so well ?

Soc. What't that, *Nicias* ?

Nic. I have often heard you say, that a Man is dextrous at the Things he knows, but very unhappy at what he does not know.

Soc. That's very true.

Nic. And by Consequence, if a valiant Man be good at any Thing, he's good at what he knows.

Soc. Do you hear him, *Laches*.

Lac. Yes, I hear him : but I do not well understand what he means.

Soc. But methinks I perceive his Meaning. As I take it he means that Valour is a Science.

Lac. What Science, *Socrates* ?

Soc. Why do not you ask him.

Lac. I desire the same Favour of him.

Soc. *Nicias*, answer *Laches*, a little, and tell him what Science Valour is in your Opinion ; for 'tis neither the Science of playing upon the Flute, nor that of playing upon the Harp.

Nic.

Nic. No, surely.

Soc. What is it then? And what is the Subject of it?

Lac. You ask him very well, *Socrates*; let him tell us then what Science it is.

A 3d Definition of Valour, which alone can give the true Idea of it. See the Remarks.

Nic. I say, *Laches*, that it is the (a) Science of Things that are terrible, and of those that do not surpass our Strength, and in which one may shew a steadfastness, whether it be in War, or in the other Contingencies of Life.

Lac. A strange Definition, *Socrates*.

Soc. Why do you think it so strange?

Lac. Why, because Science and Valour are two very different Things.

Soc. *Nicias* pretends they are not.

Lac. Yes he pretends it, and therein he dotes.

Soc. Good God! let us endeavour to instruct him: Reproaches are not Reasons.

Nic. He has no Design to abuse me, but he wishes that what I have said may be of no Weight, because he himself is deceived all along.

Lac. It is the very Truth, and I shall die of Grief, or make it appear that you have not spoke better than I. Without going any farther, don't the Physicians know what there is that's dangerous in Diseases? Do the most valiant Men know it better? Or do you call the Physicians valiant Men.

Nic. No, surely.

(a) *Nicias* himself knew not all the Strength of this Definition; he understood only, that Valour was the Effect of Experience and Custom. For Example, Men who have run thro' many Dangers, are commonly more valiant than those who have never seen any; for as they have already escaped those Dangers, they believe that they may likewise overcome all others. This is the Sentiment of *Nicias*, but it is not that of *Socrates*, who from his Definition draws a Principle far more excellent, as will be seen by what follows.

Lac.

Lac. Neither do you give that Name to Labourers ; yet they know what it is that's most terrible in their Labour. It is the same with all other Tradesmen ; they all know very well what it is that is most terrible in their Profession, and what it is that may give them Assurance and Confidence : but they are not the more valiant for that.

Soc. What say you, *Nicias*, of that Criticism of *Laches* ? For my Part, I think there's something in it.

Nic. It certainly has something in it, but nothing of Truth.

Soc. How so ?

Nic. How ! because he thinks that Physicians know not any Thing more of Diseases, than to say that a Thing is healthful or unhealthful. 'Tis very certain that they know nothing more of it : for, in good earnest, *Laches*, do you imagine that the Physician knows whether his Patient has more Reason to be afraid of Health or of Sickness ? And don't you think that there are abundance of sick to whom it would be more advantageous not to be cured than to be cured ? Dare you say that it is always good to live, and that there are not abundance of People to whom it would be more advantageous to die.

Valour is not only the Knowledge of what is terrible or not terrible, but also of what will be so. A great Principle.

Lac. I am persuaded that there are some People who would be more happy to die.

Nic. And do you think that the Things that seem terrible to those who would willingly live, appear the same to those who had rather die ?

Lac. No, doubtless.

Nic. And who will you be judged by on these Occasions ? The Physicians ? They don't in the least see into it. People of other Professions, they know nothing of the Matter. It belongs then only to those who are skilful in the Science of terrible Things : and it is those whom I call valiant.

Soc.

Soc. Laches, do you understand what *Nicias* says ?

Yes, we must
be Prophets, we
must foresee the
Evils to
come.

Lac. Yes, I understand that according to his reckoning there is none valiant but Prophets : for who else but a Prophet can know if it be more advantageous to die than to live ? And I would ask you, *Nicias*, * Are you a Prophet ?

If you be not, farewell to your Valour.

Nic. How then ? Do you think that it is the Business of a Prophet to know himself in Things that are terrible, and in those wherein he can shew Stedfastness ?

Lac. Without doubt ; and whose Business is it else ?

Nic. Whose ! His of whom I speak, the valiant Man ; for the Business of a Prophet is only to know the Signs of Things that are to happen, as of Deaths, Diseases, Losses, Defeats, and Victories, whether it be in War or in other Combats : and do you think, that it is more proper for him than for another Man, to judge which of all those Accidents are more or less advantageous to this Man or to that ? Never had any Prophet the least Thought of such a Thing.

Lac. Truly, *Socrates*, I cannot comprehend his Meaning : for according to his Account, there is neither Prophet, nor Physician, nor any other Sort of Men, to whom the Name of valiant can be applicable. This valiant Person, of whom he has an Idea, must then be

This valiant
Man is not a
God, but he is
animated and
supported by
God.

God. But, to tell you my Thoughts, *Nicias* has not the Courage to confess, that he knows not what he says ; he only quibbles and shifts to conceal his Confusion. We could have done as much, you and I, if we had had nothing else in View but to hide the Con-

* *Laches* jeers *Nicias* here in obscure Terms, because of his Respect to the Diviners ; for as he was a very religious Man, he had a great Respect for all Diviners, and kept one always in his House.

traditions we fall into. If we were before a Judge, this Conduct might perhaps be reasonable. 'Tis a Piece of Cunning to entangle a bad Cause ; but in Conversation, like ours, to what purpose is it to endeavour to triumph by vain Discourse ?

Soc. Certainly that is a very ill Thing : But let us see if *Nicias* does not pretend to say something to the purpose, and whether you don't injure him by accusing him of talking merely for talking's Sake. Let us desire him to explain his Thought to us more clearly ; and if we find that he has Reason on his Side, we will be of his Mind ; if not, we will endeavour to speak better.

Lac. Ask him yourself, *Socrates*, if you please ; I have asked Questions enough of him.

Soc. I will do it : I will argue with him for you and me too.

Lac. If you please.

Soc. Tell me, I pray you, *Nicias*, or rather tell us, for I speak also for *Laches*, do you maintain that Valour is the Knowledge of Things that are terrible, and of Things in which one may testify some Assurance and Confidence ?

Nic. Yes, I do maintain it.

Soc. You maintain also, that this Knowledge is not given to all Sorts of People, seeing it is not known either to the Physicians, or to the Prophets, and that yet nobody can be valiant without this Knowledge. Is not this what you said ?

It is not known to Physicians as Physicians : nor yet to Prophets as such.

Nic. Yes doubtless.

Soc. Then we may apply the Proverb in this Case : *That it is not the same of every wild Sow ; every wild Sow is not valiant and courageous.*

Nic. No, surely.

Soc. It is evident by this, *Nicias*, that you are fully persuaded, that the wild † Sow of *Crommion* was not courageous, whatever the Ancients have said of her. I do not tell you this in Jest, but in good Earnest: he who speaks as you, must not of necessity admit of any Courage in Beasts, or grant, that the Lions, Leopards, Boars, know many Things which most Men are ignorant of because of their being too difficult. Besides, he who maintains that Valour is what you say it is, must also maintain, that Lions, Bulls, Harts, Foxes, are borne-qually valiant one with another.

Lac. By all that's sacred, *Socrates*, you speak to admiration. Tell us then truly, *Nicias*, do you believe that Beasts, which are generally reckoned full of Courage, are more Understanding than we? or dare you go against the common Opinion, and maintain, that they have not Courage?

Nic. I tell you in a word, *Laches*, that I do not call either Beast or Man, or any Thing whatever, that thro' Imprudence and Ignorance fears not the Things that are terrible, valiant and courageous; but I call them fearless and senseless. Alas! do you think that I call all Children who thro' Imprudence, fear no Danger, valiant and courageous? In my Opinion, to be without Fear, and to be Valiant, are two very different Things: there is nothing more rare than Valour accompanied with Prudence, and nothing more common than Boldness, Audaciousness, and Intrepidity, accompanied with Imprudence; for it is the Property of most Men and Women, of all Beasts and Children. In a word, those whom you and most People call valiant, I call Rash and Fool hardy; and I give the Name of Valiant

† The Aim of *Socrates* is to try *Nicias*, and to shake him in his Opinion, by making him fear that his Principle would hurt their Religion: for if the wild Sow of *Crommion* had not been valiant and courageous, *Theseus* is not so great a Hero for having overcome her, nor *Hercules* for having defeated the Lion of *Nemea*.

only to those who are Prudent and Wise : these only are the Persons I mean.

Lac. Do you see, *Socrates*, (a) how he offers Incense to himself, as if he were the only valiant Man ; for he strives to rob all those, who pass for such, of that Glory.

For *Nicias* was very prudent and very wise. See the Remark.

Nic. That is none of my Design, *Laches* ; do not you fret yourself, I know that you and (b) *Lamachus* are prudent and wise, if you be valiant. I say the same of many of our *Athenians*.

Lac. (c) Tho' I could answer you in your own Coin, yet I will not, lest you should accuse me (d) of being ill-natured and foul mouthed.

Soc. Don't say so : *Laches*, I see plainly you do not perceive that *Nicias* hath learned these fine Things of our Friend *Damon*, and that *Damon* is the intimate Friend of *Prodicus*, the ablest of all the Sophists for that Kind of Distinctions.

Lac. Oh, *Socrates*, it becomes a Sophist very well to make Ostentation of his vain Subtilties ; but for a Man like *Nicias*, whom the *Athenians* have chosen to sit at the Helm of the Republick——

(a) Wisdom and Prudence were the true Character of *Nicias*, who undertook nothing but where he saw at least an apparent Safety, and who, by waiting for Opportunities to act safely, did often let them slip ; which begot him the Character of a cowardly Man : however he undertook Things well, and executed 'em better, performing his Part always well.

(b) 'Tis that *Lamachus* who was General of the *Athenians* with *Nicias* and *Alcibiades*, in the Expedition of *Sicily*, where he was killed.

(c) *Laches* speaks like one that is a little touched, for he would say, that he could answer *Nicias* that he is not valiant, because he is too prudent and too wise : as indeed the Poets themselves taxed his Prudence with Cowardice.

(d) The Greek Copy says, Lest you should take me for a Man of the Tribe of *Aixionides* : for the People of that Tribe were much cry'd down for their railing Temper and Ill-Nature.

Soc. My dear *Laches*, it well becomes a Man who hath so great Affairs upon his Hands, to study to be more learned and more wise than others ; wherefore I think that *Nicias* deserves to be heard, and that we ought at least to enquire into his Reasons why he defines Valour thus.

Lac. Enquire then as much as you please, *Socrates*.

Soc. 'Tis what I am going to do ; but don't think that I acquit you of it, and that you shall not assist me in some Things : Listen a little then, and take Heed to what I am going to say.

Lac. I shall do so, since it pleases you.

Soc. That is so far well : Now come on, *Nicias* ; pray you tell us, in resuming the Matter from the Beginning, is it not true, that at first we considered Valour † as a part of Vertue ?

Nic. 'Tis true.

Soc. Did not you answer, that Valour was certainly but one Part, and that there were other Parts, which all together were called by the Name of Vertue ?

Nic. How could I say otherwise ?

Soc. You say then as I do : for, besides Valour, I acknowledge there are other Parts of Vertue, as Temperance, Justice, and many others ; don't you also acknowledge them ?

Nic. Doubtless I do.

Soc. That's good, we are agreed upon this Point : Let's go then to those Things which we call terrible, and wherein you say a Man may shew some Assurance and Confidence ; let us examine them well, lest it happen that you understand them one Way, and we another ; we are going to tell you what we think of them. If you don't agree with us, you will correct us. We believe the Things which you call terrible, are such as inspire People with Terror and Fear ; and that those

† *Socrates* would prove, that Vertue being one, he, who has not all the Parts that compose it, cannot brag of being vertuous.

wherein you say we may shew some Assurance, are such as do not inspire us with that Fear. Now those that cause Fear, are neither Things that have already happened, nor Things that actually happen, but such as we expect: for Fear is only the Expectation of an Evil to come. Are you not of this Opinion, *Laches*?

Lac. Yes, yes, perfectly.

Soc. This then is our Sentiment, *Nicias*. By those Things that are terrible, we understand the Evils to come; and by the Things wherein one may shew some Assurance, we understand those Things which are also to come, and which appear good, or at least don't appear to be ill. Do you admit our Definition, or not?

Nic. Yes, yes, I admit it.

Soc. Then it is the Knowledge of those Things which you call Valour?

Nic. Yes, it is.

Soc. Let's go to a third Point, and see if we can agree upon that too?

Nic. What is that?

Soc. You shall hear it presently. We say, (that is *Laches* and I) that in all Things † Science never differs from itself: it is not one Thing, as to Things past, to know how they passed; another, as to the Things present, to know how they are, and how they happen; and another upon the Things to come, to know how they will be, and how they will fall out; but it is always the same: for Example, as to Health, let the Time be what it will, Physick never differs from itself, it is always the

† *Socrates* would make *Nicias* understand, that in defining Valour to be the Knowledge of Things that are terrible, that is to say, of Evils to come, he has not been large enough in his Definition; for Knowledge extending itself to what is past, what is present, and what is to come, Valour must have all that Extent if it be truly a Science. Then we must say, that it is the Knowledge of all the Evil and of all the Good that hath been, that is, and that shall be; for Valour ought no less to judge of what has been, and of what is, than of what will be. But of what use is it? That *Socrates* will make plain by and by.

same Art of Physick that judges of it, and that sees what has been, what is, and what will be healthful or unhealthful. Husbandry in the same Manner judges of what has come, of what is now come, and of what will come. And as to War, you can very well testify, and will be believed, that the Art of a General extends itself to all, to what is past, to what is present, and to what is to come, that he has no Occasion for the Art of Devination, and that on the Contrary he has it at Command, as knowing better than it, what happens and what

For if the Diviner commanded the General, he would then be General himself.

ought to happen. Is not the Law itself express in that ? For it commands not that the Diviner shall command the General, but that the General shall command the Diviner. Is not this what we say, *Laches* ?

Lac. Yes certainly, *Socrates*.

Soc. And you, *Nicias*, do you also say as we do, and do you agree, that Knowledge, being always the same, judges equally of what is past, what is present, and what to come ?

Nic. Yes, I say as you say ; for I think it cannot be otherwise.

Soc. You say then most excellent *Nicias*, that Valour is the Knowledge of Things that are terrible, and of those that are not so ? Is not that what you say ?

Nic. Yes.

Soc. Have not we agreed, that those Things that are terrible, are Evils to come, and those Things that are not terrible, and in which we can shew some Assurance, is some Good that we expect.

Nic. We are agreed upon it.

Soc. And that Knowledge does not extend itself only to what is to come, but also to Things present, and to what is past.

Nic. I agree in that.

Soc. Then it is not true, that Valour is only the Knowledge of Things that are terrible, and of those that are not terrible ; for it does not only know the Good and the Evil that is to come, but its Jurisdiction extends

as far as that of other Sciences, and it also judges of what is past, and of what is present, and, in a word, of all Things, whether they be near at Hand or at a Distance.

Nic. That seems to be true.

Soc. Then you have only defined to us the third Part of Valour, but we desired you to give us a full Definition of it : at present it seems to me, that, according to your Principles, 'tis the Knowledge not only of Things that are terrible and not terrible, || but also of almost all the Good and all the Evil, at what distance soever they be from us before or after. Have you then changed your Sentiment, *Nicias* ? what do you say ?

Nic. It appears to me, that Valour has all the Extent you say ?

Soc. That being so, do you think that a valiant Man wants any Part of Vertue, if it be true, that he knows all the Good and all the Evils that have been, that are, and that may be ? and do you believe, that such a Man can want Temperance, Justice, and Sanctity ? he to whom alone it belongs to use a prudent Precaution against all the Evils that may happen to him on the Part of Man and on the Part of God, and to put himself in a Condition to draw from thence all the Good that can be expected, seeing he knows how he ought to behave himself both towards Man and towards God.

If he wanted any one of those Qualities, he would not be valiant.

Valour consists then in shunning the Evils, and procuring to himself the Good that may happen to us, not only on the Part of Men, but also on the Part of God.

Nic. What you say now, *Socrates*, seems to have something in it.

|| *Socrates* will have us understand, that Valour puts us in a Condition to attract the Good and to avoid the Evil that may happen to us on the Part of Man and on the Part of God ; for it may serve to correct what is past, to dispose well of what is present, and to use wise Precautions against what is to come. It is so solid a Principle, that nothing can shake it.

Soc. Valour then is not a Part of Vertue, but is Vertue in all its Parts ?

Nic. So it seems to me.

Soc. Yet we said that it was but a Part of it.

Nic. We did so.

Soc. And what we said then does not now appear to be true.

Nic. I own it.

Soc. And consequently, *Nicias*, we have not yet found out what Valour is.

Nic. † I am of your Mind.

Lac. Yet I should have thought, my dear *Nicias*, by the Contempt you shewed of Me, when I was answering *Socrates*, that you would have found it out better than another ; and I had great Hopes that, with the Assistance of *Damon's* high Wisdom, you would have accomplished it very well.

Nic. Cheer up, *Laches*, that is admirable. You think it nothing that you appeared very ignorant of what relates to Valour, provided I appear as ignorant as you ; you regard nothing but that, and you believe yourself no Way blameable, when you have me for a Companion in that Ignorance, which is so scandalous to Men of Quality : but that's the Humour of Men, they never

In effect he answered better than *Laches*, and came nearer the Mark.

look to themselves, but always to others. For my Part, I think I am answered indifferently well. If I am deceived in any Thing, I don't pretend to be infallible, I shall undeceive myself, by taking

† *Nicias* does not comprehend that which *Socrates* makes him almost touch with his Finger, that Vertue cannot be divided, and that every one of its Parts is Vertue entire. Valour is not without Temperance, Sanctity and Justice, and there is not one of those without Valour. But how comes it about that *Nicias* and *Laches* do not understand this Language ? 'Tis because they were used to the unhappy Distinctions of Sophists, who had filled their Minds with their false Ideas, and who had ruined Vertue by dividing it and cutting it in Pieces. This will be explained more at large in the following Dialogue.

Instructions, whether it be from *Damon*, whom you would so willingly ridicule, tho' you never saw or knew him, or from any others : and when I am well instructed, I will communicate my Knowledge to you ; for I am not envious, and you seem to me to have great Need of Instruction.

Lac. And for you, *Nicias*, if we may believe you, you'll suddenly be the eighth wise Man : In the mean Time, for all this fine reasoning, I advise *Lyfimachus* and *Melesias* to send us and our good Councils for the Education of their Children, a going, and if you'll believe me, as I have just now said, they'll fix only upon *Socrates* ; for as for my Part, if my Children were old enough, I would do so.

Nic. Oh ! as for that I agree with you. If *Socrates* will take Care of our Children, we need not look out for another Master, and I am ready to give him my Son *Niceratus*, if he will be so good as to take Charge of him : but always, when I speak to him of that, he recommends me to other Masters, and refuses me his Assistance. Try then, *Lyfimachus*, if you can have any more Power over him, and if he will have so much Complaisance for you.

Lyf. It would be an Act of Justice, † because, for my Part, I would do for him what I would not do for many others. What do you say then, *Socrates* ? will you suffer yourself to be prevailed upon, and will you take Charge of these Children to make them vertuous ?

Soc. He must be a very strange and cruel Man that will not contribute to make Children as honest as they can be. For my Part, if in the Conversation we have now had together, I had appeared more learned and the rest more ignorant, I would have thought you had Reason to chuse me preferably to others : but you see very well, that we

† This Passage must not be translated as *des Serres* translated it, I would give him more. *Lyfimachus* had no Thoughts of speaking of a Salary ; that would have too much offended *Socrates*, who did not teach for Money ; nor does the *Greek* Expression bear more than I have said,

labour all under the same Uncertainty and Perplexity. Then why should I be preferred? I think that neither one nor other of us deserves Preference: and, if it be so, consider if I am not going to give you good Advice: I am of Opinion, (we are alone, and we will not discover ourselves) that we should all seek the best Master, first for ourselves, and then for these Children, and for that End not to spare Expences, nor any Thing else in the World: for I shall never advise our remaining in the State wherein we now are. If any Body deride us for going still to School at these Years, we will defend ourselves by the Authority of * *Homer*, who says, in the same place, *That 'tis very bad for the poor to be shame-faced.* And thus, by laughing at all they can say, we shall take Care of ourselves, and of these Children.

Lyf. That Counsel, *Socrates* pleases me infinitely well; and for my Part, the older I am, the more Desire I shall have to instruct myself at the same Time with our Children. Do then as you have said, come to-morrow Morning early to my House; do not fail therein, I pray you, that we may advise how to put in Practice what we have resolved upon. 'Tis Time that this Conversation should break up.

Soc. I will not fail therein, *Lyfsmachus*; I will be with you to morrow Morning very early, if it please God.

* In the 17th Book of his *Odyss.*





T H E
I N T R O D U C T I O N
T O
P R O T A G O R A S.



AFTER that *Plato* had, in the foregoing Dialogue, given, as it were, a Specimen of the false Notions that prevailed in his Time, and had infected the chief Persons of the Republick, here he discovers their Authors, and attacks them with abundance of Force. He therefore introduces *Socrates* disputing with *Protagoras*, who was the most considerable of all the Sophists, and the Person who, by the Art of poisoning Mens Minds, had acquired the greatest Reputation, and most Riches.

At first he shews, with a natural Simplicity, the Veneration Men had throughout all *Greece* for those Impostors. They were followed wherever they went, and they no sooner arrived in any City, but the News of it was spread abroad all over ; People flocked to them
with

with all possible Eagerness, and their Houses were filled betimes in the Morning. Men that were so followed, could not be without some Sort of Merit, and particularly in such a discerning Age as that. 'Tis also evident, that *Protagoras* was a Man of great Wit, and expressed himself with wonderful Ease. What is it those two Qualities could not do, especially when supported by a deal of Presumption, which rarely fails to attend them? Instances of it are seen daily, so that it is needless to cite 'em. Who is it that goes to examine whether those Doctors vent false Maxims? Who is it that is able to distinguish the false Gloss of Opinion from the true Light of Knowledge? They speak agreeably; they flatter our Passions and Prejudices; they promise us Knowledge and Vertue, and fill us with an high Conceit of ourselves. What needs there more to make them be followed?

This was the Profession of the Sophists. As nothing is so opposite to that Spirit of Error as true Philosophy, *Socrates* was a mortal Enemy to those false Teachers; and *Plato*, who trod in his Footsteps, could not vex them worse, than by preserving the Memory of all the Disputes that that wise Man had with them on several Occasions, and of all the Banters he put upon them. This is what he does in several Dialogues, as the *Sophist*, *Euthydeme*, *Gorgias*, *Hippias*, and *Protagoras*.

I have put this last after *Laches*, because it is a natural Continuation of it; for here is examined that famous Question, If Vertue can be taught? and what Valour is, properly speaking?

Nothing is more natural than the Plan of that Dialogue, and nothing more solid than the Manner in which it is performed.

A young Man become fond of the Sophists, goes to *Socrates* before Break of Day, to beg of him to conduct him to *Protagoras*, who was just arrived at *Athens*. *Socrates* agrees. They go to the House of *Callias*, where he lodged; and *Callias* was one of the Chiefs of the Republick.

They

They find *Protagoras* walking in the Midst of a Crowd of *Athenians* and Foreigners, who listened to him as an Oracle. *Prodicus* of *Ceos*, and *Hippias* of *Elee*, two of the greatest Sophists of the Age, were also there. And therefore the Victory which *Socrates* obtains in this famous Dispute, ought to be looked upon as the Defeat of all the Party of the Sophists, who assisted therein by their Leaders.

At first, *Protagoras* seems to be an admirable Man ; to prove that Vertue can be taught, he tells a very ingenious Story, and it must be confessed, that he gives his Opinion the most specious Colours that could be, he omits nothing that can be said, and what he says is every Day repeated by People who are far from thinking themselves to be Sophists.

Socrates confutes him with a Dexterity that cannot be sufficiently praised ; and by his Way of treating them, he teaches us, that at all Times, when one has to do with that Sort of People, the true Secret to get the Depth of them, is not to suffer them to speak so much as they would, and to make their chimerical Systems ; for they avoid and shift off all your Arguments, and escape from you at last by their long Discourses. You must then oblige them to answer positively, and without rambling, to all you ask them : With this Precaution the Dispute will soon be at an End. That very Man who when suffered to harangue and make Orations upon any Thing, has many Times confounded every Body, seems to be Weakness itself, when he is kept close and confined to the Limits of a regular Dispute. In short, 'tis seen that *Protagoras* has nothing but some confused Notions, that which he hath scraped up by his undigested Reading, and that instead of Knowledge he has nothing but a monstrous Heap of Opinions which contradict and destroy one another when they are founded to the Bottom, and compared together.

The Aim of *Socrates*, in this Dialogue, is not to confound and triumph over the Sophists, he has a more noble Prospect ; he would cure the *Athenians* of affecting them so much, and teach important Truths, the Ignorance of which is the only Source of all the Evils that happen to Men,

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Men, not only in this Life, but also in that which is to come.

The first Truth is, that there is nothing more dangerous than to submit ourselves to all Sorts of Teachers, and that it is not the same with Sciences which nourish the Soul, as with Food that nourishes the Body. The latter may be bought by every one ; for, after they have bought it, they may carry it home in Vessels of small Value, and, before they use it, they have Time to advise with those who know whether it be good or bad, and can teach them how to use it : Whereas if one buy Knowledge of the first that comes, he exposes himself to very great Danger ; for in buying it he has no other Vessel to put it into but the Soul itself, which always favours of that which is put into it, and which, from the very Minute that it receives the Doctrine, is cured or poisoned for ever, unless some good Physician be found to restore it to its former State, which is very hard to do.

The second Truth is, That those false Teachers, by teaching that Vertue is composed of different Parts which have no Dependance upon one another, do entirely destroy it, and corrupt the Mind and the Heart of their Disciples ; for they bring them to vain Assurance, that they may have some Parts of Vertue without having the rest, and be, for Example, temperate without being just ; just without being temperate or pious, and valiant tho' impious ; and thereby put them out of Condition of ever becoming virtuous. To divide Vertue thus, and to tear it, if we may venter to say so, to Pieces, is absolutely to annihilate it and destroy it.

Vertue is one in its Principle and Object ; it is indivisible and eternal as they are, and all its Acts depend upon itself : tho' each of them have certain distinguishing Characters, yet they are inseparable and indivisible ; they always hold together by some common Tye ; they can neither be limited nor momentary, but are all eternal as Vertue that produces them, and as the Soul whereof they are the Life : In a Word, Vertue is intire in every Act, and no Act of Vertue perishes, for all that perishes

rishes is not Vertue. A Demonstration of this might be made: Where the Spirit of God is not, there is no Vertue; and where the Spirit of God is, there Vertue is necessarily with all its Parts, and by consequence a just Man is temperate and pious; a temperate Man is valiant and just; and he who is valiant is neither impious, debauched, or unjust. These are natural and incontestable Truths in Spight of the Illusions of our Prejudices.

The third Truth that *Socrates* would teach, is, That it does not belong to every Body to explain the Poets, and that the Sophists, who boasted of great Learning in that, could do nothing but spoil the finest Passages of the Poets, and those that contained the soundest Theology and the greatest Maxims of Morality. Here is found a small Dissertation upon a Passage of *Simonides*; who, in one of his Poems, which Time has robbed us of, quarrelled with that famous Sentence of *Pittacus*, *It is a difficult Thing to be vertuous*. *Simonides* finds Fault with that; he would have had him say, it is a difficult thing to become vertuous, and at the same Time that it is not impossible, but that it is absolutely impossible to be so always; for there is no Man upon Earth who is innocent and just all his Life-time, and we must not hope to find any such. God alone is unchangeable and constant in the Perfection of Vertue, and those whom he supports and favours. This Theology, which is so agreeable to the Christian Doctrine, pleases *Socrates*, and 'tis he himself who draws pure Light from out of the Middle of the Darkness, wherein those Sophists had wrapped it up, by their bad Criticisms and false Explications. We may thereby see what profound Judgment a Man must have, to enable him to explain the Poets with Success, that is to say, for the publick Good.

This Passage of *Simonides* leads *Socrates* to touch upon a fifth Truth, which is this, That in order to become good, one must have been wicked; so to become wicked, one must have been good. For nobody can be called perverse, but he who from a good Man is become wicked. This Maxim does not

Perversus non dicitur nisi qui depravatus a recto est. *S. Hierom. Eccl. Chap. I.*

appear

appear at first to be what it really is : It is very profound, and draws into the Knowledge of this first Truth which is one of the solid Foundations of *Platonick* Philosophy, that Men were created perfect, and that they have fallen from that Perfection by the unhappy Use they made of their Liberty. Therefore we must not expect a perfect Man in this World : And, as *Simonides* did, we must, with all our Heart, love and praise those who have fewest Failings, and who commit nothing that is shameful.

From this Sentiment of *Simonides*, *Socrates* also draws the Explication of this sixth Truth, That the Injustice of Men ought not to obliterate in us those certain Sentiments which Nature has engraven in our Heart, and which this Poet calls by the Name of *Necessity* ; Because we must absolutely submit unto and obey them, or cease to be Men. For Example, all the Causes of Complaint that an ill-humoured Father or Mother, an unjust Country or a cruel Master can give us, will never justify our Aversion to them, nor authorise a Spirit of Disobedience, Vengeance or Revolt. Let them treat us ever so ill, we ought to love them, praise them, serve them, &c. And upon this Subject *Socrates* does, with an Eloquence that may be called Christian, shew the Difference there is in those Occasions between the Conduct of a good and a bad Man.

These great Truths which *Socrates* draws from the Poem of *Simonides*, do not hinder him from acknowledging, that Philosophers, who treat of difficult and important Questions, ought to have recourse to the Poets, and to change the Dispute into a Dissertation upon the Sense that ought to be given to a Verse ; for we cannot address ourselves to them to demand the Reason of what they say. The most Ignorant will dispute with the most Learned even to the End of Time ; for what will you do to convince him ? His Wilfulness and Ignorance are much stronger than your Reasons. And if you dispute with a learned Man, he will not always have the Courage to confess that he is in the wrong : Private Interest or Jealousy and Vanity, too frequent Companions of that Sort
of

of Knowledge, will hinder him from submitting to the clearest Truths, even tho' he himself be secretly convinced of them. Where then will be the End of the Dispute? The surest Way is to leave the Poets there, and to press your Man upon his own Principles, for which he is obliged to give a Reason.

After this Precaution, *Socrates*, to decide the Question that is the Subject of the Dispute, would have it agreed on, what Knowledge properly is, and would have it determined, if it be the Slave of the Passions, as People fancy it to be; or, if it be strong enough to govern Men surely; And 'tis in this also that *Socrates* appears to be a divine Man, for he makes it appear that Knowledge is the strongest Thing in the World, that it alone can put Man in a State never to be overcome by his Passions, and that it alone will always deliver him from the greatest Dangers, and will make him triumph over all the Powers of the Earth, that shall arm themselves to force him to commit any thing contrary to the Light

of this Science. This agrees exactly with those admirable Words of our Lord, spoken to the Jews, *Ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free.* *Socrates* might have drawn this great Notion from the Words

of *Solomon*, who says, that *the Knowledge of Wisdom will give Life to him that has it.* For by Knowledge, *Socrates* means the Knowledge of God, and of the Truth: Knowledge, which

is the Source of all Vertues, and which makes Temperance, Justice, Valour, Sanctity, Strength, &c. The Proposition of *Socrates*, applied to other Sciences, would be perfectly ridiculous.

The Cause of Vertue being known, so is also that of Vice, by Reason they are Contraries. 'Tis therefore Ignorance that occasions Vice: From whence it follows by necessary Consequence, that those who commit Wickedness, do it whether they will or not.

Most Men will not agree to this Principle; on the contrary,

Et cognoscetis
veritatem, &
veritas liberabit
vos. S. John 8.
32.

Scientia Sapien-
tiæ vivificabit
habentem.
Eccles. 7.

trary, they maintain that we commit Evil when we know it, and that it depends upon ourselves to shun it, and that we refuse to do good with an entire Knowledge, and with a full Power to follow it. And when they are asked the Reason of this strange Conduct, they say, that it is because Man is enslaved by his sensual Pleasures.

'Tis therefore proper to enquire into this vulgar and ill understood Reason ; for when once that is well cleared up, 'twill be evidently known what Vertue is, the Resemblance that Valour has with all the other Parts of that Vertue, will appear, and it will be agreed that this Principle of *Socrates* is so certain a Truth, that even those who think themselves the furthest from it, and that contradict it most, comply therewith without perceiving it, and allow it contrary to their Design, in Terms of which they know not the Sense and Force.

These are the indisputable Maxims that *Socrates* establishes, and which are necessary for the Decision of the Question.

Pleasure is a Good, and Grief is an Evil. Pleasure which leads to Grief is an Evil, and Grief which leads to Pleasure is a Good.

There is nobody but who seeks after Good, and flees from Evil.

These Principles being supposed, when 'tis said a Man knowing Evil will notwithstanding commit it ; and that knowing Good, he doth not cease to flee from it, because he is enslaved by his sensual Pleasure ; it is not meant there of Pleasure which leads to Grief, for that is an Evil ; neither is it meant of Grief which leads to Pleasure, for nobody commits Evil for the Sake of Grief : It is spoke of Pleasure synonymous of Good. Which is as much as to say, that this Man shuns Good and follows Evil, because he is thereunto inclined by Good ; which every Body will own to be ridiculous.

But why is not the Good that inclines us, capable to surmount the Evil ? And why are the Evils the strongest, even when Goodness inclines us ? There is a manifest Contradiction there. Some will say it is because the Evils are greater and more numerous than the Good.

But

But this is still more ridiculous, for from thence it will follow, that to be overcome by the Good, is to chuse the greatest Evils in Room of the least Good.

From whence comes so strange a Choice? It can proceed only from this, that we cannot measure the Greatness of the Good and of the Evil, and cannot distinguish the one from the other. Then we do not deceive ourselves but for want of Knowledge; that is to say, through Ignorance: And this is what *Socrates* designs to prove. Therefore 'tis Knowledge that brings forth Temperance, Justice, Sanctity, Valour, Strength, &c. Or rather, all those Vertues are nothing but Knowledge itself; and consequently Knowledge, far from being overcome by the Passions, is on the other Hand able alone to triumph over them; always Mistress wherever it is: Knowledge alone can deliver us, and Ignorance alone can destroy us. This Doctrine is altogether consonant to what the Christian Religion teaches us,

*That Men not being willing to retain
God in their Knowledge, God gave them
over to a reprobate Mind: And God
shall send them a Spirit of Error.*

Rom. 1. 28.

2 Theff. 2. 11.

But how comes it, that *Socrates* asserting that Vertue is a Science, maintains at the same Time, that it cannot be taught? For it is certain that all Sciences can be taught. How then doth *Socrates* agree with himself? This Contradiction is not so difficult to reconcile, as that of *Protagoras*, who would have Vertue to be quite another Thing than Science; and, who, notwithstanding pretends that it may be taught. There are some Sciences which Men teach, but there is one that Men do not teach, and that can be learned from no other but God. This is what *Socrates* would have us to understand, and what those false Teachers, who are accustomed to make ill Use of human Sciences, could not perceive.

Since Science is Vertue, Valour can be nothing but Science; and consequently, all Boldness, that is not accompanied with Prudence, can't be called Valour; for on the contrary, it is Ignorance. Valour is the Science
of

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of Things that are terrible; that is to say, that of two Things that are terrible, it induceth us to chuse that which is the least, and to chuse it even with the Hazard of our Life; as we have seen in *Laches*.

I shall not enter upon the particular Beauties of this Dialogue, which consist in the Variety, and in the Liveliness of the Characters: in the Mirth and pleasant Humours of *Socrates*, in the Simplicity and Nobleness of the Narratives, and in the Knowledge of Antiquity therein discovered: Those Beauties are perceptible enough.

But I cannot but relate a Passage here which seems to me very remarkable, and which *Socrates* only touches *en passant*, without insisting upon it, as finding it too sublime for those with whom he conversed. It is when he says, *That even tho' the Pleasures of the World were not attended with any Kind of Evil in this Life, yet they would be no less bad, because they cause Men to rejoice; and to rejoice in Vice, is the most deplorable of all States, and the Punishment of Sin.*

We must not finish this Argument without speaking of the Date of this Dialogue, as to which *Athenæus* accuseth *Plato* to have committed very considerable Faults in Chronology. The whole Strength of his Criticism consists in this. *Plato* tells us, that this Dispute of *Socrates* against *Protagoras* happened the Year after the Poet *Pherocrates* his Play, called, the *Savages*, was acted. This Play was acted in the Time of the Archon *Aristion*, in the 4th Year of the 89th Olympiad. The true Time then of this Dispute, according to *Plato*, is the Year after; that is to say, the first Year of the 90 Olympiad, in the Time of the Archon *Astiphilus*. Yet here are two Things that contradict this Date.

The first is, that by a Passage in a Play of *Eupolis's*, which was acted a Year before that of *Pherocrates*, it appears that *Protagoras* was then at *Athens*: Now *Plato* says positively, that in the Time of this Dispute, that is to say, the first Year of the 90th Olympiad, *Protagoras* arrived at *Athens* but three Days before.

The second is, That *Hippias d'Eleis* was present at that

that Dispute : which could not be ; for the Truce which the *Athenians* had concluded with the *Lacedemonians*, being expired, no *Peloponnesian* could be at *Athens* at that Time.

I should not have revived this Censure, if *Casaubon*, that wise and judicious Critick, had not been so struck with it as to write, that he did not see what could be answered in Justification of *Plato*, whereas what he answered is not hard to find. It will quickly appear, that the Objections of *Athenæus* serve only to fix the Time of this Dispute the more, as *Plato* has observed.

We know for certain, that the *Athenians* made a Peace with the *Lacedemonians* for fifty Years, in the Time of the Archon *Alcæus*, the third Year of the 89th Olympiad. It is true, that this Treaty was not faithfully observed on either Side ; but it is also true, that this ill-cemented Peace lasted six Years and ten Months, without coming to an open Rupture. Then *Hippias d' Eleis* might be at *Athens* two Years after this Treaty, which lasted five Years longer, after these two Years were expired. So much for the last Objection.

The first is no better founded : Let us see what *Eupolis* says. *Protagoras of Teos is within there*. He says nothing but that ; and it may be observed at first Sight, that he is deceived as to the Country of *Protagoras* : he assures us, that he is of *Teos* ; and he was of *Abdera*. This Remark will be of Use to us.

I say then, that *Athenæus*, instead of imploying this Verse of *Eupolis* to contradict *Plato*, ought rather to have made use of the Passage of *Plato* to understand the said Verse of *Eupolis*. The Poet and the Philosopher are in the right, and *Athenæus* is the only Person that is in the Wrong. *Protagoras* had made two Journeys to *Athens*. *Plato* speaks of the second, and the Verse of *Eupolis* ought to be understood of the first : For tho' *Protagoras* was not at *Athens* when the Play was acted in the Time of the Archon *Alcæus*, it was enough that he had been there : The Poets have the Privilege to bring the Times nearer, and to take Notice of Things that are past,

past, as if they were present; besides, he might be there when the Poet composed it. Thus the Verse of *Eupolis* serves on the one Hand for a Commentary to what *Hippocrates* says in this Dialogue: *Socrates, I come to pray you to speak for me to Protagoras; for, besides that I am too young, I never saw, nor knew him, I was but a Child when he made his first Journey.*

And, on the other Hand, this Passage of *Plato* serves to excuse the Ignorance of *Eupolis* about the Country of *Protagoras*; for *Eupolis* might very well be ignorant of it at this first Journey, that Sophist not being then very well known, whereas it would not have been pardonable in him to have been ignorant of it at the second.

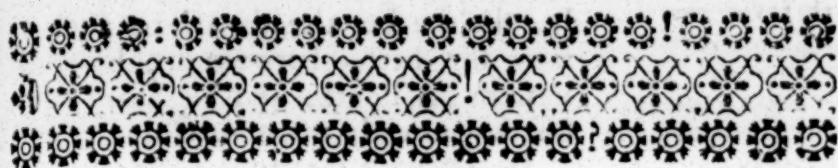
This Fault of *Athenæus* is less surprizing than that of *Casaubon*, who followed him, and who in explaining his Reasons commits another more considerable Mistake, whilst he assures us that *Thucydides* does not speak of the one Year's Truce that was made between the *Athenians* and the *Lacedemonians* under the Archon *Isarchus*, the first Year of the 89th Olympiad, at the End of the eighth Year of the War, and two Years before the

He sets down the End of the eighth Year of the War, the 14th Day of the Month *Esphebolion* (*February*) and the Beginning of the Spring.

Treaty of Peace that has been spoke of; for it is expressly set down in the fourth Book, and the Treaty is there related all at length, with the Date of the Year, of the Month, of the Day, and of the Season.

The Wranglings of *Athenæus* serve only to justify *Plato's* Exactness, and to make it appear that this Dialogue is beyond the Reach of all Criticism; for if this Censurer had found any Thing else to find Fault with, the Envy with which he was animated against this Philosopher would not have suffered him to have forgot it.

According to *Diogenes Laertius*, this Dialogue is ἐνδεξιμαχικός, a Dialogue of Accusation, a Satirick Dialogue. One may say, that it is also ἀναισθητικός, destructive. But those Names mark only the Turn and the Manner of the Dialogue. Its true Character is Logical and Moral.



PROTAGORAS:

OR, THE

SOPHISTS.

A Friend of Socrates.

Socrates.

Socrates's * Friend. **F**ROM whence come you, *Socrates*?
But ought one to ask it? 'Tis from
your usual Chase. You come
from running after the handsome
Alcibiades. I confess, that I also pleased myself the

* Enquiry is made why *Plato* does not name this Friend of *Socrates*, and 'tis what will never be found out: It can only be guessed at. Perhaps *Plato* was afraid of exposing the Friend of *Socrates* to the Resentment of the Sophists, who were in great Credit at *Athens*, and who were revengeful: or, that the Part which this Friend acts here, not being considerable, it was not worth while to name him.

other

It is observed
that *Socrates*
followed *Alcibi-*
ades every
where, to prevent
his corrupting
himself.

other Day with looking upon him ; he
seemed to me to be very fine and come-
ly, tho' he be already a Man : for we
may say here, between us, he is not
now in his Youth, and his Beard casts a
Shadow already upon his Chin.

Soc. What's that to the Purpose ? Do
you think that † *Homer* was much in the
wrong, in saying, that the Age of a Young Man, who
begins to have a Beard, is most agreeable ? That is, just
the Age of *Alcibiades*.

Soc. Friend. You just come from him then ! how are
you in his Favour ?

Soc. I am very well with him ; I perceived this very
Day, that I was more in his Favour than usual, for he said
a thousand Things in my Favour, and always took my
Part : I have but just parted from him. And I'll tell you
a Thing that may seem very strange to you, which is, that
whilst he was present, I saw him not, and did not so
much as think of him.

Soc. Friend. What happened to you both then, that
you neither saw him nor thought of him ? Is it possi-
ble that you have met with some finer young Man in
the City than *Alcibiades* ? I cannot believe any Thing of
it.

Soc. It is even so.

Soc. Friend. In good earnest ? Is he an *Athenian*, or a
Stranger ?

Soc. He is a Stranger.

Soc. Friend. Whence comes he then ?

Soc. From *Abdera*.

Soc. Friend. And did you think him so fine, that he
hath effaced the Comeliness of *Alcibiades* ?

† This Passage of *Homer* is in the tenth Book of his *Odyssey*,
where that Poet speaks of *Mercury*, who takes upon him the Shape of
a young Man that begins to have a Beard. Thus *Socrates* compares
Alcibiades to that God.

Soc. The greatest Beauty is not to be laid in the Balance with great Wisdom.

Wisdom is more amiable than Beauty.

Soc. *Friend.* You have just now come from a wise Man then ?

Soc. Yes, a wise Man ; nay, a very wise Man, at least if you look upon *Protagoras* to be the wisest of Men now living.

Soc. *Fr.* What do you tell me ? Is *Protagoras* in this City ?

Soc. Yes : he has been here these three Days.

Soc. *Fr.* And you have just now parted from him ?

Soc. Yes, I have just now parted from him, after a very long Conversation.

Soc. *Fr.* Alas ! will you not relate that Conversation to us, if you ben't in Haite ? Sit down, I pray you, in that young Man's Place, who will willingly give it you.

Soc. I will do it with all my Heart ; and shall be obliged to you, if you will give Ear to it.

Soc. *Fr.* We shall be much more obliged to you, if you will relate it to us.

Soc. The Obligation then will be reciprocal. Your Business is only to hear me. This Morning while it was yet dark, *Hippocrates* the Son of *Apolloderus* and *Phaon's* Brother, knocked very hard at my Gate with his Cane ; it was no sooner opened to him, but he came directly to my Chamber, crying with a loud Voice, *Socrates*, are you asleep ? Knowing his Voice, I said, what, *Hippocrates* ! What News do you bring me ? Very good News, says he. God grant it, replied I. But what News is it then, that you come so early ? *Protagoras* is in Town, says he. I replied, he has been here these two Days. Did you not hear it till now ? I heard it but this Night : and having said this, he drew near my Bed, and feeling with his Cane, sat down at my Feet, and went on in this Manner. I returned last Night very late from the Village of *Doinoe*, where I went to take my Slave *Satyrus* again, who had run away : I was resolved to come and tell you that I was going in Search of him, but some other Thing put it out of my Mind. After I had returned, supped, and was going to bed, my

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Brother came to tell me, that *Protagoras* was come to Town : At first my Thoughts were to come to acquaint you with this good News ; but considering that the Night was already too far advanced, I went to bed, and after a small Slumber, which refreshed me a little after my Fatigue, I arose and came running hither. I, who knew *Hippocrates* to be a Man of Courage, perceiving him all amazed, asked him what the Matter was ? Has *Protagoras* done you any Injury ? Yes certainly answered he, laughing ; he has done me an Injury that I will not forgive him, that is, that he is wise and does not make me so. O ! said I to him, if you will give him good Money, and if you can oblige him to receive you for his Disciple, he will also make you wise.

I wish to God, says he, that were all ; I would not leave myself a Halfpenny, and I would also drain my Friends Purses. 'Tis only that that brings me hither : I come to pray you to speak to him for me ; for besides that I am too young, I never saw him nor knew him : I was but a Child, when he came hither first, but I hear every Body speak very well of him, and they assure me, that he is the most eloquent of Men. Let's go to him, before he goes abroad. I am told he lodges with * *Callias* Son of *Hipponicus*. Let us go thither, I conjure you. 'Tis too early, said I to him ; but let us walk in our Court, where we will argue till Day-Light, then we will go : I assure you we shall not miss him, for he seldom goes abroad. Then we went down into the Court, and while we were walking there, I had a Mind to find out what *Hippocrates's* Design was. To this End, I said to him, Well, *Hippocrates*, you are going to *Protagoras* to offer him Money, that he may teach you something : What Sort of a Man do you take him to be ; and what sort of Man would you have him to make you ? If you should go to the great Physician of *Cos*, who is

* *Callias* was one of the first Citizens of *Athens* : His Father *Hipponicus* had been General of the *Athenians* with *Nicias* at the Battle of *Tanagre*.

your Name Sake, and a Descendant of *Æsculapius*, and should offer him Money, if any body should ask you, *Hippocrates*, to what Sort of Man do you pretend to give that Money, and what would you become by Means of this Money; what would you answer? I would answer, that I give it to a Physician, and that I would be made a Physician.

And if you should go to *Polycletus* of *Argos*, or to *Phidias*, to give them Money to learn something of them, and any one should ask you the very same Question, to whom do you give that Money, and what would you be; what would you answer?

I would answer, says he, that I give it to a Statuary, and that I would be a Statuary.

That is very well. Now then we are going, you and I to *Protagoras*, with a Disposition to give him all that he shall ask for your Instruction, if all that we have will satisfy him for it, or be enough to tempt him; and if it be not enough, we are also ready to make Use of the Credit of our Friends. If any one perceiving his extraordinary Eagerness, should ask us, *Socrates* and *Hippocrates* tell me, in giving so much Money to *Protagoras*, to what Sort of a Man do you think you give it; what should we answer him? What other Denomination has *Protagoras* that we know of? We know that *Phidias* has that of Statuary, and *Homer* that of Poet: How shall we call *Protagoras*, to describe him by his Profession?

Protagoras is called a Sophist, *Socrates*.

Well then, said I, we are going to give our Money to a Sophist.

Yes, certainly.

And if the same Person should continue to ask you, what do you design to become, with *Protagoras*?

At these Words my Man blushing, for it was then light enough to let me see what Alteration there was in his Countenance; If we will follow our Principle, says he, it is evident that I would become a Sophist.

How, by all that's good, said I to him, would you not be ashamed to give yourself out to be a Sophist among the *Greeks*?

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I swear to you, *Socrates*, seeing I must tell you the Truth, I should be ashamed of it.

Ha ! I understand you, my dear *Hippocrates* ; your Design then is not to go to the School of *Protagoras*, but as you went to that of a Grammarian, Musick-Master, or Master of Exercises : For you went not to all those Masters to learn the Depth of their Art, and to make Profession thereof ; but you went thither only to exercise yourself, and to learn that which a Gentleman, and a Man that would live in the World, ought necessarily to know.

You are in the right, said he ; that's exactly the Use that I would make of *Protagoras*.

But, said I, do you know what you are going to do ?

As to what ?

You are going to trust a Sophist with your Understanding ; and I dare lay you a Wager, that you do not know what a Sophist is ; and, since it is so, you know not then with whom you are going to trust that which is most valuable to you, and you know not whether you put it into good or bad Hands.

Why, I believe I know very well what a Sophist is.

Tell me then, what is it ?

A Sophist, as his very Name testifies, is a learned Man, who knows a thousand good Things.

We may say the same Thing of a Painter, or an Architect. They are also learned Men, who know a great many good Things : But if any Body should ask us, wherein they are learned ? we should certainly answer them, that it is in what regards drawing of Pictures and building of Houses. If any one should ask us in like Manner, wherein is a Sophist learned ? What should we answer ? What is the Art positively that he makes Profession of ? And what should we say it is ?

We should say, that his Profession is to make Men Eloquent.

Perhaps we might speak true in so saying ; that is something, but it is not all : your Answer occasions another Question, to wit, in what is it that a Sophist renders

ders a Man eloquent ? For a Player upon the Lute, does not he also render his Disciple eloquent in that which regards the Lute ?

That is certain.

In what is it then that a Sophist renders a Man eloquent ? is it not in that which he knows ?

Without doubt.

What is it that he knows then, and teaches others ?

In Truth, *Socrates*, I cannot tell.

How then, said I to him, taking the Advantage of this Confession ; alas ! don't you perceive to what frightful Dangers you are going to expose yourself ? If you had occasion to put your Body into the Hands of a Physician

A Master of the Lute speaks better of the Lute than the most eloquent Man in the World.

Nothing is more dangerous than to give ourselves up to Teachers of all Sorts.

whom you know not, and who might as well destroy it as cure it, would not you look to it more than once ? Would you not call your Friends and Relations to consult with them ? And would you not take more than one Day to resolve on the Matter ? You esteem your Soul infinitely above your Body, and you are persuaded that on it depends your Happiness or Unhappiness, according as it is well or ill disposed ; and notwithstanding its Welfare is now at Stake, you neither ask Advice of your Father, nor Brother, nor of any of us who are your Friends : you do not take so much as one Moment to deliberate whether you ought to entrust it with this Stranger who is just now arrived ; but having heard of his Arrival very late at Night, you come next Morning before Break of Day, to put it into his Hands without considering of it, and are ready not only to employ all your own Riches for that Purpose, but also those of your Friends. You have resolved upon it, you must deliver up yourself to *Protagoras*, whom you know not, as you yourself confess, and with whom you have never spoke : you call him a Sophist, and, without knowing what a Sophist is, you throw yourself into his Hands.

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All that you say, *Socrates*, is very true; you are in the right.

Don't you find, *Hippocrates*, that the
The Sophist is but a Merchant. Sophist is but a Wholesale Merchant, and
a Merchant. a Retailer of those Things wherewith
the Soul is nourished!

So it seems to me, *Socrates*, said he; but what are the Things wherewith the Soul is nourished?

Sciences, I answered him. But, my dear Friend, we must be very careful that the Sophist, by boasting too much of his Merchandize, do not deceive us, as those People do, who sell all that is necessary for the Nourishment of the Body: for the latter, without knowing whether the Provisions which they sell be good or bad, commend them excessively, that they may sell them the better; and those who buy them know them no better than they, unless it be some Physician, * or Master of Exercise. It is the same with those Merchants who go into the Cities to sell Sciences to those who have a Mind to them; they praise indifferently all that they sell. It may very well be, that most of them know not if what they sell is good or bad for the Soul: but all those who buy any Thing of them are certainly ignorant as to that

He who knows sound Doctrine, and is a good Physician of the Soul, may hear all Sorts of Teachers.

Matter, unless they meet with some Person who is a good Physician for the Soul. If you are skilled in that Matter, and know what is Good or Bad, you may certainly buy Sciences of *Protagoras* and of all the other Sophists; but if you are not skilled therein, have a Care, my dear *Hippocrates*, that when you go

* In *Hippocrates's* Time, and a little before, the Physicians having neglected the Study of *Diet*, which requires an exact Knowledge of every Thing in Nature, the Masters of Exercise laid hold on it as on a deserted Estate, and took upon themselves to order their Disciples such Diet as was agreeable to them in Regard to their Temperament and Exercises. *Hippocrates* began to put himself again in Possession of it, and by Degrees the Physicians regained the Places of Exercise. There were but few Masters of Exercise who kept it up in the Time of *Plato*. Most of them had hired Physicians, &c.

there,

there, you don't make a very bad Market, and hazard that which is dearest to you in the World ; for the Risk we run in buying Sciences, is far greater than that which we run in buying Provisions for Nourishment : after we have bought the last, they may be carried Home in Vessels which they cannot spoil ; and before using them we have Time to consult and to call to our As-

The buying of Provisions for the Soul is more dangerous than that of Provisions for the Mouth.

sistance those who know what we ought to eat and drink, and what not ; the Quantity we may take, and the Time when, insomuch that the Danger is not very great. But it is not the same with Sciences, we can't put them into any other Vessel but the Soul ; as soon as the Bargain is made, it must of necessity be carried away, and that too in the Soul itself ; and we must withdraw with it, being either enriched or ruined for the rest of our Days. Let us therefore consult People of greater Age and Experience than ourselves upon this Subject ; for we are too young to determine such an important Affair : but let us go on however, seeing we are in the Way ; we shall hear what *Protagoras* will say ; and after having heard him, we will communicate it to others. Doubtless *Protagoras* is not there all alone, we shall find *Hippias* of *Eleas* with him, and I believe we shall also find *Prodicus* of *Ceos*, and many others besides, all of 'em wise Men, and of great Insight into Things.

This Resolution being taken, we go on. When we came to the Gate, we stopt to conclude a small Dispute we had had by the Way : this continued a short Time. I believe the Porter, who is an old Eunuch, heard us ; and that the Number of Sophists that came thither constantly, had put him in an ill Humour against all those who came to the House. We had no sooner knockt, but opening the Gate and seeing us, 'Ah, ah, (said he) here are more of our Sophists, he is not at Leisure.' And taking the Gate with both his Hands, he shut it in our Teeth with all his Force. We knocked again, and he answered us thro' the Door, ' Did not you understand me ? Have

‘ not I already told you, that my Master will see no-
 ‘ body ?

My Friend, said I, we don’t come here to interrupt *Callias*, we are no Sophists; you may open without Fear: we come to see *Protagoras*. For all this, it was with much ado that he opened to us. When we entred, we found *Protagoras* walking before the Portal, and with him on one Side *Callias*, the Son of *Hippius*, and his Brother by the Mother; *Paralus*, the Son of *Pericles*; and *Charmides*, the Son of *Glaucon*; and on the other, were *Xanthippus*, the other Son of *Pericles*; *Philippides*, the Son of *Philomelus*, and *Antimoerus* of *Sicily*, the most famous Disciple of *Protagoras*, and who aspires to be a Sophist. After them marched a Troop of People, most of which seemed to be Strangers that *Protagoras* brings always with him from all the Cities thro’ which he passes, and whom he attracts by the Sweetness of his Voice like another *Orpheus*. There were also some *Athenians* amongst them. When I perceived this fine Troop, I took great Pleasure to see with what Discretion and Respect they marched always behind, being very careful not to be before *Protagoras*. As soon as *Protagoras* turned with his Company, this Troop opened to the Right and Left with a religious Silence to make Way for him to pass thro’, and after he had passed, began to follow him.

Next to him, (a) to make use of the Expression of *Homer*, I consulted *Hippias* of *Eleas*, who was seated upon the other Side of the Portal, on an elevated Seat; and near him, upon the Steps, I observed *Eryximachus* the Son of *Acumenus*, *Phedrus*, of (b) *Myrrhinuse*, *Andron* the Son of *Androtion*, and some Strangers of *Eleas*

(a) This Word was taken from the 11th Book of the *Odysses* of *Homer*, where *Ulysses* descended to Hell, and saw the Ghosts of the Dead. By this Word alone *Socrates* means that these Sophists are not Men, but Shadows, and vain Phantoms, *εἴδωλα*. This obliged me to make use of this Word, *Ἰὼν ὀπίσσω*, I consulted: which is somewhat old, but better and more usual.

(b) *Myrrhinuse*, a Town of *Attica*.

mixed with the rest. They seemed to propose some Questions of Physick and Astronomy to *Hippias*, who answered all their Doubts. I also saw *Tantalus* there ; *Prodicus de Ceos* was also there, but in a little Chamber ; which was usually *Hipponicus's* Office, and which *Callias*, because of the Number of People that came to his House, had given to those Strangers, after having fitted it up for them. *Prodicus* then was still a bed, wrapt up in Skins and Coverings, and *Pausanias* of (c) *Creame* was seated by his Bed-side, and with him a young Man, who seemed to me to be of noble Birth, and the comeliest Person in the World. I think I heard *Pausanias* call him *Agathon*, and am much deceived if he be not in Love with him. There were also the two *Adimantes*, the one the Son of *Cephis*, and the other the Son of *Leucolophides*, and some other young People. Being without I could not hear the Subject of their Discourse, although I wished passionately to hear *Prodicus*, for he appears to me to be a very wise, or rather a Divine Man : but he has so big a Voice, that it caused a Sort of Echo in the Chamber, which hindered me from understanding distinctly what he said. We had been in but a Moment, when after us came *Alcibiades* the Comely, as you used to call him, and *Critias* the Son of *Calaischrus*.

After we had been there a short Time, and considered a little what passed, we went out to join *Protagoras*. In accosting him, *Protagoras*, said I to him, *Hippocrates* and I are come here to see you.

Would you speak to me in private, said he, or in publick ?

When I have told you what brings us hither, answered I, you yourself shall judge which will be most convenient.

What is it then, said he, that hath brought you ?

Hippocrates, whom you see there, replied I, is the Son of *Apollodorus*, of one of the greatest and richest Families of *Athens*, and as nobly born as any young Man

(c) *Ceramis* or *Cerame*, a Borough of *Attica*.

of his Age ; he designs to make himself illustrious in his Country, and to acquire Reputation ; and he is persuaded that to succeed therein, he has need of your Help for some Time. See then whether you will entertain us upon this Subject in private or publick.

The Vanity of the
Sophists.

greatest Quality

The usual Folly
of all the So-
phists ; they
would have their
Art, Profession,
Ec. to be very
ancient.

Prophecies, as *Orpheus* and *Museus* : some have disguised it under the Name Gymnastick, as *Iccus* of *Tarentum*, and as one of the Greatest Sophists that ever was, does now at this Time ; I mean *Herodicus de Selymbra*, in *Thrace*, originally from *Megara* : and others have concealed it under the specious Pretext of Musick, as your *Agathocles*, a great Sophist, if ever there was any ; *Pythoclides* of *Ceos*, and an infinite Number of others.

All those People, I tell you, to shelter themselves from Envy, have sought after Sally-Ports to withdraw themselves out of Trouble in Time of Need. And in that I am in no wise of their Opinion, being persuaded that they have not done what they intended to do. For it is impossible that they can hide themselves long from the Eyes of those who have the chief Authority in Cities : they will at last discover your Subtilties. It is very true, that the People do not usually perceive them, but that

That is very well done, *Socrates*, to use this Precaution towards me ; for a Stranger who goes to the greatest Cities, and persuades young People of the greatest Quality to leave their Fellow-Citizens, Parents, or others, young and old, and only to adhere to him, that they may become more able Men by his Conversation, cannot make use of too much Precaution : for it is a very nice Art, much exposed to the Darts of Envy, and which attracts much Hatred and many Snares. For my Part, I maintain, that the Art of Sophistry is very ancient ; but those who professed it at first, to hide what it has odious or suspected, have sought to cover it, some with the Veil of Poetry, as *Homer*, *Hesiod*, and *Simonides* ; others with the Veil of Purifications and

does

does not save you ; for they are always of the Sentiment of their Superiors, and speak only by their Mouth. Besides, there is nothing more ridiculous than to be surprized, like a Fool, when one would hide himself ; that does nothing but procure you still a greater Number of Enemies, and renders you more suspected ; for then you are suspected to be a Dissembler, and crafty in all Things. For my Part, I take the opposite Way ; I am downright ; I make an open Profession of teaching Men ; and I declare myself a Sophist. The best Cunning of all is, to have none : I had rather show myself than be discovered. With this Frankness, I fail not to take all other necessary Precautions ; insomuch that, Thanks be to God, no Misfortune has befallen me as yet, tho' I proclaim that I am a Sophist, and tho' I have practised that Art for a great many Years ; for by my Age I should be the Father of all of you, be as great as you please : so that nothing can be more agreeable to me, if you are inclined to it, than to speak to you in the Presence of all those that are in the House.

I immediately knew his Drift, and saw that he sought for nothing but to value himself before *Prodicus* and *Hippias*, and to make an Improvement of our having addressed ourselves to him, as being enamoured on his Wisdom. Then I said to him, to oblige him ; But must not *Prodicus* and *Hippias* be called, that they may hear us ? Yes certainly, said *Protagoras*, who desired no better. And *Callias*, catching the Ball upon the rebound, Shall we, said he, prepare Seats for you, that you may speak more at your Ease ? That seemed to us to be a very good Thought ; and at the same Time, being impatient to hear such able Men discourse, we set all Hands to work to disfurnish the House of *Hippias*, and to pull all the Chairs out of it. This was no sooner done, but *Callias* and *Alcibiades* returned, bringing with them *Prodicus*, whom they had made to rise, and all those that were with him. When we were all seated, *Protagoras* addressing his Discourse to me, said, *Socrates*, now you may tell me, before all this good Company,

pany, what you had already begun to say to me for this young Man.

Protagoras, said I, I shall pass no other Compliment upon you here, than what I have already done, and I shall tell you plainly why we are come hither. *Hippocrates* there has an earnest Desire to enjoy your Conversation, and he would willingly know what Advantages he shall reap from it. This is all we have to say to you.

Then *Protagoras*, turning towards *Hippocrates*, My dear Child, said he, the Advantages which you shall reap from being with me, are, that from the first Day of this Correspondence you shall return at Night more learn'd than you were that Morning you came ; the next Day the same, and every Day you shall find that you shall have made some new Progress.

But, *Protagoras*, says I, there is nothing extraordinary in this, and what is not very common ; for you yourself, how old and learned, soever you be, if any Body teach you what you knew not, you will also become more knowing than you were. Alas !

We must not strive simply to learn, but to learn something that's good.

that is not what we demand. But suppose *Hippocrates* should all of a sudden change his Mind, and that he takes a Fancy to apply himself to that young Painter who is lately arrived in this City, to *Zeuxippus d' Heracleus* ; he addresses himself to him as he does now to you ; that Painter promiseth the same Things as you have done, that every Day he shall become more learned and make new Progress. If *Hippocrates* asks him, wherein shall I make so great a Progress ? Will not *Zeuxippus* answer him, that he will make a Progress in Painting ?

Suppose he should have a Mind to join himself in the same Manner to *Orthagoras the Theban*, and that after having heard the same Things from his Mouth, as he has heard from yours, he should ask him the same Question ; wherein should he become every Day more learned ? Will not *Orthagoras* answer him, that 'tis in the Art of playing upon the Flute ? The Matter being so, I pray you,
Pro-

Protagoras to answer us likewise as positively. You tell us, that if *Hippocrates* join himself to you, from the first Day, he will return more learned, the next Day still more, and every Day after make new Progresses, and so on all the Days of his Life. But explain to us wherein it is he will be so learned, and the Advantages he shall reap from this Learning.

You have Reason, *Socrates*, said *Protagoras* ; that's a very pertinent Question, and I dearly love to answer those who put such Sort of Questions to me.

I tell you then, that *Hippocrates* needs not fear, with me, any of those Inconveniencies which would infallibly happen to him, with all our Sophists ; for all the other Sophists do notably pre-

The Sophist always despises all those of his Profession.

judice young People, in forcing them, by their fine Discourses, in Spight of their Averfion to them, to learn Arts which they care not for, and which they would in no wise learn ; as Arithmetick, Astronomy, Geometry, Musick : [And in saying that, he looked upon *Hippias* designing as it were to point him out :] Whereas with me a young Man will learn nothing but the Science for which he has address'd himself to me ; and that Science is nothing else but Prudence, which teaches one to govern his House well, and which, as to Things that regard the Republick, renders us capable of saying and doing all that is most advantageous for it.

See, said I to him, if I conceive you aright : it seems to me, that you would speak of Politicks, and that you pretend to be able to make Men good Citizens.

It is so, said he ; that is the Thing that I boast of.

In truth, said I to him, *Protagoras*, that is a wonderful Science you have, if it be true that you have it, for I shall not scruple to tell you freely what I think. I have hitherto thought, that it was a Thing that could not be taught : but since you say that you teach it, how can we but believe you ? In the mean Time it is just that I should give you the Reasons why I believe it cannot be taught, and that one Man cannot communicate that Science to another. I am persuaded, as are all the *Greeks*, that

that the *Athenians* are very wise. * I see in all our Assemblies, that when the City is obliged to undertake some new Buildings, they call all the Architects before them, to ask their Advice ; that when they design to build Ships, they send for the Carpenters that work in their Arsenals ; and that they do the same in all other Things that are capable to be taught and learnt : and if any Body else, who is not of the Profession, take upon him to give Advice, tho' he be ever so fine, rich, and noble, yet they don't so much as give Ear to him ; but they laugh at him, hiss him, and make a terrible Noise, till such Time as he retires, or is carried out by the Officers, by Order of the Senate. This is the Manner of the City's Conduct in all Things that depend upon Art.

But when they deliberate upon those Things that relate to the Government of the Republick, then every body is heard alike. You see the Mason, Locksmith, Shoemaker, Merchant, the Seaman, the Poor, Rich, Noble, the Waggoner, &c. rise up to give their Advice, and nobody takes it ill ; there is no Noise made then, as on other Occasions, and none of them is reproached for intruding to give his Advice in Things he had never learnt, and in which he had not had a Master ; an evident Demonstration that the *Athenians* do all believe that that cannot be taught. And this is what is not only seen in the general Affairs relating to the Republick, but also in private Affairs, and in all Families : for the wisest and the ablest of our Citizens can't communicate their Wisdom and Ability to others.

Without going farther, *Pericles* has carefully caused his two Sons, who are there, to learn all that Masters could teach them ; but as to Wisdom, he does not teach them that, he does not send them to other Masters,

* The first Reason of *Socrates* founded upon the Practice of all Men. Upon Things that are to be taught, they ask Advice only of those who have learnt them, but upon Virtue they advise with every Body : a certain Mark that they are persuaded that Virtue is not acquired.

* but they feed in common in all Pastures, like Beasts consecrated to God, that wander without a Herd, to see if of themselves they can light by good Fortune upon those healthful Herbs, which are Wisdom and Vertue. 'Tis true, that the same *Pericles*, being Tutor to *Alcibiades* and *Clinias*, separated them, lest the latter, as being much younger, should be corrupted by his Brother *Alcibiades* ; and placed *Clinias* with *Ariphron*, to the End that that wise Man might take Care to bring him up and instruct him. But what was the Issue of it ? *Clinias* had not been six Months there, before *Ariphron*, not knowing what to do with him, returned him to *Pericles*.

I could quote you an infinite Number of others, who, tho' they were very vertuous and learned, yet they could never make their own Children, nor those of others the better People for all that. And, when I think of all those Examples, I confess, *Protagoras*, that I continue of this Sentiment, † that Vertue can't be taught : But at the same Time, when I hear you speak as you do, it makes me waver, and I begin to believe, that what you say is true ; being persuaded, that you have great Experience, that you have learned much of others, and that you have found out many Things yourself that we are ignorant of. If therefore you can plainly demonstrate to us, that Vertue is of a Nature to be taught, do not

* This Passage which is very fine, had not been intelligible, if I had translated it *verbatim* ; for the *Greek* says all this is one Word, *ὡς περ ἀφελος*. It was therefore requisite to explain the Figure which is excellent. *Socrates* compares Men to those Beasts which the Ancients consecrated sometimes to the Gods. As those Beasts had no Herds but those Gods themselves, so it is the same with Men, chiefly as to what relates to Vertue. Not only God, to whom they are consecrated by their Birth, can conduct them to the pure Springs, healthful Waters and fat Pastures. It is the same Notion as *David* had in *Psalms* 20. *In loco pascuæ ibi me collocavit.*

† It is an uncontrovertible Truth : For who is it that can correct him whom God hath abandoned, because of his Vices ? Who can make strait, what he hath made crooked ?

conceal so great a Treasure from us : But I conjure you to communicate it to us.

Well, said he, I will not conceal it from you ; but chuse, Shall I, as an old Man who speak to young People, demonstrate it to you † by way of a Fable, or shall I do it by a plain and coherent Discourse ?

At these Words, most of those who were present cry'd out, that he was the Master, and that the Choice was left to him.

Since it is so, said he, I believe, that a Fable will be most agreeable.

(a) There was a Time when the Gods were alone, before there were either Beasts or Men. When the Time appointed for the Creation of these last came, the Gods formed them in the Earth, by mixing the Earth, the Fire, and the other two Elements, whereof they are composed, together. But before they brought them to the Light, they ordered (b) *Prometheus* and *Epimetheus* to adorn them, and to distribute to them all Qualities convenient. *Epimetheus* begged of *Prometheus* to suffer him to make this Distribution ; which *Prometheus* consented to.

† Fables were the Strength of the Sophists. It was by them that Natural Religion, if we may say so, was supplanted ; and that *Paganism*, which is the Corruption thereof, was introduced in its Room : Wherefore St. Paul exhorts the Faithful with so much Care to avoid Fables. When a Man refuses to hearken to the Truth, he, in Course, gives Ear to Fables.

(a) In this Fable, which is very ingenious, are traced great Foot-steps of Truth ; as, that God was from everlasting before the Creation of Man ; that there was a Time destined by Providence for that Creation, and that Man was created of the Earth, in which were hid the Seeds of all Creatures.

(b) By *Prometheus*, is here meant the Superior Angels ; to whom, some think, God recommended the Care of Man in the Creation, tho' they act solely by his Spirit ; for they only execute his Orders. And, by *Epimetheus*, are meant the Elementary Vertues, which can give nothing but what they have received, and which go astray when they are not led and guided by the Spirit that created them.

Behold

Behold then *Epimetheus* in his Office ! He gives to some Strength without Swiftneſs, and to others Swiftneſs without Strength. To theſe he gives natural Arms, and denies them to others, but at the ſame Time gives them other Means to preſerve and defend themſelves ; he aſſigns Caves and Holes in the Rocks for the Retreat of thoſe to which he gives but ſmall Bodies ; or otherwiſe, by giving them Wings, he ſhews them their Safety is in the Air. He makes thoſe to whom he has allotted Bulk, underſtand, that that Bulk is ſufficient for their Preſervation. Thus he finiſhed his Diſtribution with the greateſt Equality he poſſibly could, taking particular Care that none of thoſe Kinds ſhould be extirpated by the other.

After having provided them with Means to defend themſelves from the Outrage of each other, he took care to provide them againſt the Injuries of the Air, and againſt the Rigour of the Season : For this Purpoſe he clothed them with thick Hair, and very cloſe Skins, able to defend them againſt the Winter-Froſts, and the Summer-Heats ; and which, when they have Occaſion to ſleep, ſerve them inſtead of a Quilt to lie upon, and a Covering over them ; he provides their Feet with a very firm and thick Hoof, and with a very hard Skin.

That being done, he aſſigns to each of them their Food, viz. to one Herbs, to another the Fruits of the Trees ; to ſome Roots, and there was one Kind which he permitted to feed upon the Fleſh of other Creatures : But leſt that Kind ſhould come at laſt to deſtroy the others, he made it leſs fruitful, and made thoſe that were to nourish them extraordinary fruitful. But as *Epimetheus* was not very wiſe and prudent, he did not take Notice that he had employed all his Qualities to the uſe of irrational Creatures, and that Man was ſtill wanting to be provided for ; he therefore knew not on what Side to turn himſelf, when *Prometheus* came to ſee what Partition he had made. He ſaw

The Fleſh-eating
Creatures leſs
fruitful than the
others, and why.
Epimetheus be-
ing left to him-
ſelf, and not be-
ing guided by
Prometheus,
knows not what
he does.

all the Creatures perfectly well provided for ; but found Man (a) quite naked, without either Weapons, Shoes, or Covering.

The Day appointed to take Man out of the Bosom of the Earth, and to bring him to the Light of the Sun, being come, *Prometheus* therefore knew not what to do to make Man capable of preserving himself. At last, he made use of this Expedient : * He robbed *Vulcan* and *Minerva* of their Wisdom relating to Arts ; He also stole the Fire ; for without Fire this Wisdom could not be possessed ; it would have been quite useless : and he presented them to Man. After this Manner Man received † Wisdom sufficient to preserve his Life : but he did not receive the Wisdom which relates to Politicks : ‖ For *Jupiter* had it, and *Prometheus* had not the Liberty to enter into (b) that sacred Mansion of this Master of the Gods.

(a) *Epimetheus* had given him all that he could give ; for Man ought to furnish himself with all things necessary for his Preservation, only from Reason.

* *Vulcan* and *Minerva* are the two Causes of Arts. *Vulcan* [the Fire] furnishes the Instruments and the Operation, and *Minerva* [the Spirit] gives the Design and the Knowledge by the Imagination, which is, as 'twere, a Ray that she sends from above : for Arts are only Imitations of the Spirit and of the Understanding, and they only give the Form, and adorn the Matter upon which they act. *Procl.*

† According to this Fable, the Knowledge of Arts preceded Politick and Moral Vertues in the Soul of Man ; and there is nobody who knows not the Falsity of this Tradition.

‖ Yes ; but *Jupiter*, the Sovereign of the Gods, had adorned the Soul of Man therewith from the very Minute of his Creation. It is true, that this first Man lost it very soon by his Fall, and that his Posterity had need of a *Mercury*, that is to say, a Minister of God to bring it back to them. Politick Wisdom is with *Jupiter* as *Proclus* says, because God by the most wise Laws which he had established for the Government of the World, hath given the most perfect Model of the most excellent Politician.

(b) This Mansion of *Jupiter* is called here by a Word which signifies *Fortress*, and by which the ancient Theologues, says *Proclus*, understood the upper Region of the Heaven and the *Primum Mobile* ; from whence they conceived, that God gave

Motion

Gods. The Way to it was defended by (a) terrible Guards : But, as I just now told you, he slipt into the common Room, where *Vulcan* and *Minerva* were at work, and having robbed that God of his Art, which is practised by Fire, and this Goddess of hers, which relates to the Design and Conduct of the Works, he gave them to Man, who by this Means found himself in a Condition to provide all Things necessary for Life. 'Tis said that *Prometheus* was afterwards punished for this Robbery, which he committed only to repair the Default of *Epimetheus*.

When Man had received such Shares of all those Divine Advantages, he was the only one of all the Creatures, who, because of his Kindred, that linked him to the Divine Being, thought that there were Gods, who raised Altars and erected Statues to them ; he also settled a Language, and gave Names to all Things : He built himself Houses, made himself Clothes, Shoes, Beds, procured himself Food out of the Bowels of the Earth.

Notwithstanding all those Helps that Men had from their very Birth, yet they

Man, the only one of all the Creatures, that has Knowledge of God, whom he honours and serves : And this Knowledge came to him from his first Being.

As *Moses* says,
And the Name
that Adam gave
to every one of
the Creatures,
was its true
Name.

lived

Motion to all Things, and communicated his Light, and his fruitful Irradiations to the inferior Gods for the Creation of Beings, without being subject to any Cause, and 'tis of this Fortress that *Homer* would speak, when he says, that *Jupiter* keeps himself at a Distance upon the highest Pinnacle of the Heavens.

(a) Those terrible Guards which defend the Way to this Fortress of *Jupiter*, serve, according to *Proclus*, to point forth the Immutability of his Decrees, and his indefatigable Watchfulness for the Support of that Order which he has established. We may also say, that those Guards are to let us know, that all the Celestial Spirits cannot enter into the Secrets of Providence, but in so far as God has a Mind to call them thereunto by his Goodness. Wherefore *Jupiter* says in *Homer*, that the other Gods cannot enter into his Councils, and that they can know nothing, but

In the first Book
of his *Iliads*.

what

lived dispersed ; for there was yet no City. Therefore they were miserably devoured by the Beasts, as being every where much feeble than they. The Arts they had were a sufficient Help for them to nourish themselves, but very insufficient for Defence against Enemies, and to make War with them ; for they had not as yet any Knowledge of Politicks, whereof the Art of War is one Part. * They therefore thought only of gathering themselves together, for their Preservation, and of building of Cities. But they were no sooner together, than they did one another more Mischiefs, by their Injustice, than the Beasts had formerly done them by their Cruelty. And those Injustices proceeded only from this, that they had not yet any Idea of Politicks. Therefore they were soon obliged to separate themselves ; and were again exposed to the Fury of the Beasts.

Jupiter being moved with Compassion, and also fearing that the Race of Man would soon be extirpated, † sent *Mercury* with Orders to carry Shame and Justice to Men, to the end that they might adorn their Cities, and confirm the Bonds of their Amity.

Mercury having received this Order, asked *Jupiter*, how he should do to communicate unto Men Shame and Justice, and if he should distribute them as *Prometheus* had distributed the Arts. For, added he, the Arts were

what he pleases to communicate to them. Those Guards may also have been feigned from the Cherubims that God placed at the Entrance of the Terrestrial Paradise, and who defended the same with a flaming Sword.

* This is a Principal which the ungodly would turn to their Advantage, in maintaining that the Society of Men had no other Motive but their Preservation. That is most false : Men were united long before they Thought of building Cities. God had planted in their Hearts the Seeds of Love and of Charity for one another, and this Seed was nourished and augmented by Religion ; the Motive of Preservation was only a more remote Motive, which even necessarily supposes a precedent Good-Will.

† The Antients therefore knew this Truth, that God could make use of the Ministry of a God, or of an Angel, to acquaint Men with his Will, to cure their Weaknesses, and to communicate Virtues to them.

distributed

distributed thus : For Example, He who has the Art of Physick given him, is able alone to serve many particular Persons. It is the same also with all other Artists. Will it therefore be enough if I follow the same Method, and if I give Shame and Justice to a small Number of People ? Or shall I distribute them indifferently to all ? To all, without doubt, replied *Jupiter*, they must all have them : For if they are communicated only to a small Number, as other Arts are, there will never be either Societies or Cities. Moreover, thou shalt publish this Law in my Name, that every Man that has not Shame and Justice, shall be cut off as the Plague of Cities.

This is the Reason, *Socrates*, why when the *Athenians* and other People consult about Affairs relating to Arts, they listen only to the Counsel of a small Number, that is to say, of Artists. And if any others, who are not of the Profession, take upon them to give their Advice, they do not allow him, as you have very well observed, and as indeed 'tis but reasonable. But when they treat of Affairs relating only to Policy, as this Policy ought always to run upon Justice and Temperance, then they hear every body, and that with very good Reason ; for every one is obliged to have those Vertues, otherwise there can be no Cities. That is the only Reason of this Difference which you have so well argued against.

Yes, he is obliged to have them ; but, after having lost them, Men cannot restore them.

And, that you may not think that I deceive you, when I say, that all Men are truly persuaded that every Person has a sufficient Knowledge of Justice, and of all other Politick Vertues, I will give you a Proof which will not suffer you to doubt it ; to wit, that in other Arts, as you have very well observed, if any one should brag, that he excels therein, and that a Man, for Example, should boast, * that he is an excellent Player upon the

Every one had it, but they have lost it ; but this the Sophist did not know.

* It is a false reasoning of the Sophist. We plainly see when a Man knows not how to play upon the Flute ; but it is not so easily seen whether a Man be just, or only counterfeits Justice.

Flute,

Flute, without knowing any Thing of it, every Body hisses at him, and his Friends make him retire as a Man who has lost his Wits. On the other Hand, when we see a Man, who, as to Justice and other Politick Vertues, says before every one, and testifies against himself, that he is neither just nor vertuous, tho' in all other Occasions there is nothing more commendable than to tell the Truth, and that it is a Mark of Shamefacedness, at the same Time it is taken in this Case for a Sign of Folly ; and the Reason of it is said to be, that all Men are oblig'd to alledge they are just, even tho' they be not ; and that he, who at least cannot counterfeit a just Man, is a perfect Fool, seeing there is no Person who is not obliged to participate of that Vertue, or otherwise he must cease to be a Man. You see then, that it is with good Reason every Body is heard speak when Politicks are talked of, because every one is persuaded, that there is no Man who has not some Share of it.

Now that the World is persuaded, that those Vertues are neither the Present of Nature, nor an Effect of Chance, but the Fruit of Reflections and of Precepts, is what I am now going to demonstrate to you.

* You see that nobody blames us for the Faults and Vices, which we are persuaded are natural to us, or which come to us by Chance, nobody admonishes us, nobody reforms us, and, in a word, nobody chastises us to make us otherwise than we are. On the Contrary, they pity us. For who would be so mad as to undertake to reprehend a Man who is a Cripple, one-ey'd, deformed, or a Dwarf, for being so ? Is not every one persuaded, that those Defects of the Body, as well as

* This Way of Argument, how specious soever, is false. It is impossible for a *Man* to alter some Defects in his Body ; but there are certain Defects of the Soul that may be changed by natural Light, which is not wholly extinguished in us. *Man* is not changed *radically*, if we may be allowed to speak so ; but he is brought to obey Reason to a certain Point, or to put a Restraint upon himself in obeying the Law, which is sufficient for civil Society ; but this is far from being vertuous.

its Beauties, are the Work of Nature, or an Effect of Fortune, which often changes what Nature has made ? It is not the same as to other Things which are certainly known to be the Fruit of Application and Study ; when any Body is found who has them not, or who has Vices opposite to those Vertues which he ought to have, then we are really angry with him : he is admonished, he is reprimanded, and he is chastised. Among these Vices are Injustice, Impiety, and, in a word, all that is opposite to politick and civil Vertues. As all those Vertues are to be acquired by Study and Labour, this makes every one exclaim against those who have neglected to learn them.

If God does not concur with and bleſs the Labours of Men, they can't be acquired, but they may be counterfeited.

This is ſo true, *Socrates*, that if you will take the Pains only to examine what that one Word is, *to puniſh the wicked*, what Force it bears, and what End is propoſed by this Punishment ; that alone is ſufficient to perſuade you of this Truth, that Vertue may be acquired.

* For nobody puniſhes a Miſcreant merely becauſe he has been wicked, unleſs it be ſome ſavage Beaſt, who puniſhes 'em to ſatisfy his own Cruelty. But he who puniſhes with Reaſon, does

Another falſe Principle. See the *Remarks*.

not do it for paſt Faults, for it is impoſſible to hinder what has been done from being done ; but for Faults that are to come, to the end that the Guilty may not re-

* All that *Protagoras* ſays here is falſe. There are two Things to be conſidered in the Punishment of the Wicked ; The Punishment of the Sin which is a Satisfaction to Divine Juſtice, whereof the Juſtice of Men is only the Echo, if we may be allowed ſo to ſpeak. Judges, as Stewards or Diſpenſers of the Divine Power, take away the Life, or inflict other Punishments upon the Wicked, to the End that Sin may be puniſhed. And, as Heads of the Government, who do all for the Good of the State, they order that this Punishment ſhall be executed publickly, that every one may take Warning : for the Fool himſelf becomes more wiſe when the wicked Man is puniſhed : *Pefſilente flagellato Stultus ſapientior erit*, Prov. 19. 25.

lapſe, and that others may take Example by their Punishment. And every Man who has this for his End, muſt of Neceſſity be perſuaded, that Vertue may be taught. For he puniſhes only for the future. Now it is plain, that all Men who puniſh the Wicked, whether it be in private or in publick, do it only for this End ; and your *Athenians* do it as well as others. From whence it follows by a moſt juſt and neceſſary Conſequence, that your *Athenians* are perſuaded, as well as other People, that Vertue may be acquired and taught. Thus it is with a great deal of Reaſon that your *Athenians* give Ear in their Councils to a Maſon, a Smith, a Shoemaker, &c. and that they are perſuaded that Vertue may be taught. Methinks this is ſufficiently proved.

The only Scruple that remains is, that which you make about great Men ; for you aſk whence it comes that great Men teach their Children in their Infancy all that can be taught by Maſters, and make them very learned in all thoſe Arts ; and that they neglect to teach them their proper Vertues, which at the ſame Time cauſe all their Grandeur and their true Character. To answer you that, *Socrates*, I ſhall have no farther Recourſe to Fables, as before, but ſhall give you very plain Reaſons.

Another falſe Principle. See the *Remarks*.

† Don't you believe, that there is one Thing above all, to which all Men are equally obliged, or otherwiſe there can be neither Society nor City ? The Solution of your Difficulty depends upon

† This is another falſe Argument of the Sophiſt. It is certain that Vertue exiſts ; that all Men are obliged to partake of it, and that God has given them Vertue : but it is alſo certain, that they have loſt it by the ill Uſe they made of their Free-will, and that they cannot recover it but by the Help of God. Education, which is a Means to aſſiſt Nature, is of no Efficacy, unleſs God give Bleſſing

on this one Point alone : for if this only Thing exists, and that it be neither the Art of a Carpenter, nor that of a Smith, nor that of a Porter, but that it is Justice, Temperance and Holiness, and, in a word, all that is comprehended under the Name of Vertue ; if that Thing exists, and all Men are obliged to partake thereof, insomuch that every particular Person who would instruct himself, or do any other Thing, is obliged to guide himself by its Rules, or to renounce all that it desires ; that all those who will not partake thereof, Men, Women, and Children, must be reprov'd, reprehended, and chastis'd, till Instructions or Punishments reform them ; and that those who will not be reformed, must either be punished with Death, or banished : If it be so, as you cannot doubt of it, and that notwithstanding this, those great Men, of whom you speak, should teach their Children all other Things, and should neglect to teach them this only Thing, I mean Vertue ; it must then be * a Miracle if those Children, so much neglected, become People of Worth, and good Citizens. I have already prov'd to you that every Body is perswaded that Vertue may be taught in publick and private. Since it may be taught, do you think that Fathers teach their Children all the Things that they may be securely ignorant of, without incurring either the Pain of Death, or the least Penalty ; and that they neglect to teach them those things, the ignorance whereof is usually attended by Death, Prison, Exile, Confiscation of Goods, and in a Word, by the utter

to it : it may curb the Wicked for some Time, by reviving some Sparks of their almost dead Reason, and frightening them with the Punishments of Vice ; and it is here that it usually terminates ; but that alone will never infuse Vertue. Man plants and Man waters, but it is God who giveth the Encrease.

* Yes, without Doubt, it is a Miracle ; for we are naturally so corrupt, that God must intervene to restore the Soul to the State which it has lost. This Sophist thinks he says something that's absurd and impossible, but at the same Time speaks a very great Truth.

It is rather the Part of those who have not been brought up to it, to counterfeit the same.

Ruin of Families ? For this is the thing that happens to those who are not brought up vertuously. Is there not a greater likelihood that they will employ all their Pains and all their Application, to teach them that which is so important and so necessary ? Yes, without doubt, *Socrates* ; and we ought to think that those Fathers, taking their Children in their younger Years, that is to say, as soon as those Children are capable of understanding what is said to them : never cease all their Life-time to teach and reprehend them, and not only the Fathers, but also the Mothers, Nurses, and Preceptors, they all chiefly endeavour to make Children honest and vertuous, * by letting them see upon every Thing they do, and upon every Word they speak, that such a Thing is just, and such a Thing is unjust ; that this is handsome and that unhandsome ; that this is holy, and that impious ; that we must do this, and shun that. If Children voluntarily obey these Precepts, they are rewarded and praised ; and if they don't obey them, they are threatned and chastised ; they are propt up and set aright, like Trees that bend and become crooked.

When they are sent to School, it is earnestly recommended to their Masters not to apply themselves so much to teach them to read well, and to play well upon Instruments, as to teach them Honesty and Modesty. Therefore those Masters take very great Care of it. When they can read, and understand what they read, instead of giving them Precepts by Word of Mouth, they make them read the best Poets, and oblige them to get them by Heart. There they find excellent Precepts for Vertue and Recitals which contain the Praises of the greatest Men of Antiquity, to the End that those Children being

* All this Education did then only tend, and does no more now, for the most Part, but to accustom Children to obey the Laws of Honour, Decency, and Justice *a la mode*, and to govern themselves in all Things, not by Principles of Religion, but by Maxims of Policy. Is that to teach Vertue ?

inflamed with a noble Emulation, may imitate and endeavour to resemble them.

The Masters of Musick, and those who teach them to play upon Instruments, take the same Pains ; they train up young People to Modesty, and take particular Care that they do nothing unhandsome.

When they understand Musick, and can play well upon Instruments, they put into their Hands the Poems of the Lyrick Poets, which they make them sing and play upon the Harp, to the end that those Numbers and that Harmony may insinuate themselves into their Souls, whilst they are yet tender ; and that being thereby rendered more soft, tractable, polite, and, if we may say so, more harmonious and more agreeable, they may be more capable of speaking well, and doing well : for the whole Life of Man has need of || Number and Harmony.

Not being satisfied with those Means, they send them also to Masters of Exercise, to the End that having a sound and robust Body, they may the better execute the Orders of a Masculine and sound Spirit, and that the Weakness of their Constitution may not oblige them to refuse to serve their Country, whether it be in War, or in other Functions. And those who send their Children most to Masters, are such as are best able to do it ; that is to say, the richest : insomuch that the Children of the richest begin their Exercises the earliest, and continue them the longest ; for they go thither in their tender Years, and don't cease going till they are Men.

By this Reason
the Children of
the richest ought
to be the most
virtuous.

They have no sooner quitted those Masters, but their Country obliges them to learn the Laws, and to live according to the Rules they prescribe, to the end that that may do all Things by Reason, and nothing out of Conceit and Fancy.

But the Laws
neither change
the Mind not
Manners.

|| Yes, but it is of such Numbers and Harmony as Men don't teach : the Harmony which they teach oftentimes serves only to render them more unfit for the other.

And as Writing-Masters give their Scholars, who have not as yet learnt, a Rule under their Paper, that in copying their Examples they may always follow the Lines that are traced out ; so the Country gives Laws to Men, that were invened and established by the ancient Legislators. It forceth them to govern and to submit to be governed according to their Laws ; and if any one goes astray, it punisheth him ; and this Punishment is called with you, as in many other Places, by a Word which properly signifies *to reform* ; as Justice reforms those who turn aside from the Rule which ought to guide them.

After so much Pains taken, both in publick and private, to inspire Vertue, are you amazed, *Socrates*, and can you have the least Doubt that Vertue may be taught ? This should be so far from surprizing you, that you ought, on the other hand, to be very much surprized if the contrary should be true.

But you will say, How comes it to pass, that many of the greatest Mens Children become the most dishonest People of the World ? Here's a very plain Reason, that has nothing amazing in it, if what I have already supposed be firm and unshaken ; that is to say, if it be true, * that every Man is indispensably obliged to have Vertue, to the end that Societies and Cities may subsist. If that be so, as without doubt it is, chuse among all the other Sciences or Professions that Men are employ'd in, which you shall think fit, and you shall see what I would be at.

Another false Reasoning. See the Remarks.

Let us suppose, for Example, that this City could not subsist, unless we were all Players on the Flute : † is it not certain that we should all addi-
ourselves

* He is oblig'd to have Vertue, and God hath given him a Light capable to guide him to the true Fountain ; but Societies and Cities don't examine if he be truly vertuous ; it is enough for them that he counterfeits it, and that he lives as if he were so. The Sophist argues always upon a false Principle.

† This Sophist always mistakes himself. It is not the same with Vertue as with other Arts ; a Man is an able Artist, tho' he

ourselves to the Flute, that both in Publick and Private we would teach one another to play upon it ; that we would reprehend and chastise those who should neglect to play, and that we would no more make that Science a Miltary to them, than we do that of Justice and Law ? For does any Body refuse to teach another Justice ? and does any Body keep that Science secret, as is practis'd in other Arts ? No certainly. And the Reason of it is this, that the Vertue and Justice of every particular Man is useful to the whole Body. That's the Reason why every Body is always ready to teach his Neighbour all that concerns Law and Justice. If it were the same in the Art of playing on the Flute, and that we were all equally ready to teach others without any Reserve, what we know of it, do you think, *Socrates*, that the Children of the most excellent Players upon the Flute, would always become more perfect in that Art than the Children of the worst Players ? I am persuaded you believe nothing of it. * The Children who would be found to be the most happily born for that Art, would be those who should make the greatest Progress therein, and who should render themselves the most famous for it ; the rest would fatigue themselves in vain, and would never gain any Name on it : as we daily see the Son of an excellent Player upon the Flute to be an indifferent Scholar ; and,

has not acquired the highest Perfection in Art ; but a Man is not vertuous, unless he has all Vertue : for if one Part of it be wanting, all is wanting. *Protagoras* is going immediately to fall into a manifest Contradiction.

* *Protagoras* contradicts himself by this Argument ; for if none but those who are happily born acquire the Perfection of Arts, and that Men can't change an unhappy Birth, it follows, from this Principle, that Men cannot even teach the Perfection of Arts ; and it is a certain Truth. How could they inspire us with Vertue then ? for we must be as happily born for Vertue. What is it then to be happily born ? Is it to have our Reason less changed and corrupted ? In this State, Education cultivates the natural Seed which God hath sowed in our Souls, and God by his Blessing makes it grow, and brings it to its perfect Maturity. Then 'tis neither Nature alone that procures Vertue, nor Labour alone, nor both together ; 'tis God alone : for 'tis he who corrects our depraved Nature, and blesteth our Labour.

on the other Hand, the Son of a Blockhead to become a very able Musician : but in general they are all good enough, † if we compare them with the ignorant, and with those who never handled a Flute. We must hold it for certain, that it is the same in the Present Case ; such an one as would appear to you now to be the most unjust of all those who are brought up in the Knowledge of the Laws, and in civil Society, would be a very just Man, and even able to teach Justice, if you should compare him with People who have neither Education, Law, Tribunal, nor Judges, who are not forced by any necessity to apply themselves to Vertue ; and who, in a word, would resemble (a) those Savages which *Pherecrates* caused to be acted last Year, at the (b) Country Feasts of *Bacchus*. Believe me, if you were among Men, like those *Misanthropes* that that Poet introduces, you would think yourself very happy to fall into the Hands of an (c) *Euribates* and a *Phrynondas*, and you would sigh after the Wickedness of our People, against which you declaim so much now. But your Distemper comes only from too much Ease ; because every Body teaches Ver-

† One may be comparatively able in Arts, but not so in Vertue. We may be less wicked than others, but that does not make us virtuous.

(a) The Poet *Pherecrates* had acted a Play, whereof the Title was *ἄγριοι, The Savages*. And there is some Appearance, that he represented therein the unhappy Life that the first Men led before they were united by Society ; and his Aim was to let the *Greeks* see that there was no Happiness for them, but to be well united, and faithfully to execute the Treaty of Peace, which had so lately terminated a long and fatal War.

(b) At the Country Feasts of *Bacchus*. He says the Country Feasts, because there were other Feasts of *Bacchus* that were celebrated in the City the Beginning of the Spring, and the Country-Feasts were celebrated the latter end of Autumn, in the Fields.

(c) *Euribates* and *Phrynondas* were two notorious Profligates, who had given Occasion for the Proverbs, *An Action of Euribates, To do the Actions of Euribates, 'Tis another Phrynondas*. Here the Sophist complies with Reason. It is without all Doubt that Men can teach Men the Vertue that those People had.

ue as they can, and you are pleased to cry out, and to say, that there is not so much as one Master that teacheth it. It is just as if you should seek in *Greece* for a Master who teacheth the *Greek* Tongue, you will find none: Why? because every Body teacheth it. Indeed, if you seek for one who can teach Tradesmens Sons the Trade of their Fathers with the same Capacity as their Fathers themselves or sworn Masters can perform it, I confess, *Socrates*, that such a Master would not easily be found; but their is nothing more easy than to find one who can teach the ignorant. It is the same with Vertue and all other Things.

And how little soever the Advantage be that another Man has over us, to push us forwards, and to make us advance in the Way of Vertue, it is always a very considerable thing, and for which we ought to think ourselves very happy.

Now I am certainly one of those who have all the necessary Qualities for that; for I know better than any other Person

in the World, all that must be done to become perfectly an honest Man; and I can say, that I do not rob them of the Money which I take; nay, I deserve more, even in the Opinion of my Scholars. Wherefore this is the Bargain that I usually make: when any Body has learn'd of me, if he will, he pays me what others used to give me; if not, he may go into a Temple, and after having sworn that what I have taught him is worth so much, deposit the Sum which he designs for me. *Socrates*, this is the Fable, and the simple Reasons I have thought fit to make use of to prove to you, that Vertue may be taught, and that the *Athenians* are all persuaded of it; and to let you see, that we must not be astonished if the Children of the greatest Men are commonly very little Worth, and if those of the Ignorant and of the poorest succeed better, since we even see that the Sons of *Polycletus*, who are of the same Age with *Xantippus* and *Paralus*, are nothing, if compared with their Father; and so of many other Children of our greatest Masters. But for those whom I just now named, it is not Time to judge

But Vertue is not the Business of the Ignorant.

Observe the Pride of the Sophist.

them, there is still Hopes, and their Youth is a Refuge for them.

This long and fine Discourse being pronounced with much Ostentation and Pride, *Protagoras* held his Tongue; and I, after having been a long Time put to a stand, as a Man charmed and ravished, looked upon him as if he ought to speak on still, to tell me Things that I very impatiently expected: but seeing that he had actually done, having at last resumed Courage with much Difficulty, I turned towards *Hippocrates*. In Truth, *Hippocrates*, said I to him, I cannot express how much I am indebted to you, for having obliged me to come hither; for I would not for all the World but have heard *Protagoras*: Hitherto I believed, that it was no Ways by the Help and Care of Men that we became honest People; but now I am persuaded that it is a Thing purely humane. There is only one small Difficulty remaining, which *Protagoras*, who has just now demonstrated such fine Things, will easily resolve. If we should consult some of our great Orators upon those Matters, perhaps

He reproaches
all those great
Orators that
they were a little
tainted by the
Commerce they
had with the
Sophists.

they would entertain us with such-like Discourses, * and that we should believe we heard a *Pericles*, or some of those who have been the most Eloquent; and after that, if we should make Objection to them, they would not know what to say, nor what to answer, but be as mute as a Book. But tho' one should ask them ever so little upon what they might have already said, they would never end, and would do as a Brass Kettle, which being once struck, keeps its Sound a long Time, unless one puts his Hand upon it, and stops it; for that's just what our Orators do, so soon as they

* This is a difficult Passage, if we have no regard to the Time, that is to say, if we do not observe the Date of the Dialogue. It is that which deceived *Henry Stephens*, who translated it as if *Pericles* were still alive, whereas he had been dead eight or nine Years.

are touched they resound without End. It is not the same with *Protagoras*, for he is not only very capable of holding long and fine Discourses, as he has just now made it appear, but also of answering precisely, and in few Words, to the Questions that are asked him ; and can start others, and wait for and receive the Answers as he ought, which few People are able to do.

Now then, *Protagoras*, said I to him, there wants but a small Thing to content me upon the whole, and I shall be fully satisfied when you shall have had the Goodness to answer it. You say, that Vertue can be taught ; and if I may believe any Body in the World upon that, 'tis you. (a) But I pray you to remove the Scruple which you have left in my Mind. You have said, that *Jupiter* sent Shame and Justice to Men ; and in your whole Discourse you have spoke of Justice, Temperance, and Sanctity, as if Vertue were one only Thing which included all those Qualities. Explain it to me then exactly, if Vertue be one, and if Justice, Temperance, Sanctity, are only its Parts ; or if all those Qualities which I have now named be only different Names of one and the same thing. This is what I farther desire of you.

There is nothing more easy, *Socrates*, than to satisfy you in that Point : for Vertue is one Thing, and those are its Parts.

But, said I to him, are those its Parts, as the Mouth, Nose, Ears and Eyes are the Parts of the Face ? Or are they Parts like Parts of Gold, that are all of the same Nature as the Mass, and differ from each other only in Quantity ?

The Sophist acknowledges, that Vertue is one, but that it is composed of different Parts.

(a) *Socrates* does not trouble himself to answer all the Sophisms of *Protagoras*, which are too gross ; but he goes at once to the main Point of the Question, which consists in knowing the Nature of Vertue ; for Vertue being well known, it will be clearly seen that it is not possible for Men to teach it.

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They are without doubt Parts of it, as the Mouth and the Nose are Parts of the Face.

But said I, do Men acquire some one Part of this Vertue, and others another? Or is there a Necessity that he who acquires one must acquire all?

By no means, answered he. (a) For you see every Day People who are valiant and unjust, and others who are just without being wise.

For Valour and Wisdom are only Parts of Vertue.

Assuredly, said he, and Wisdom is the greatest of its Parts.

And is every one of its Parts different from another?

Without doubt.

And every one has its Properties: As in the Parts of the Face the Eyes are not of the same Use with the Ears, and have different Properties and Faculties; and so of all the other Parts, they are all different, and don't resemble each other either in Form or Quality. Is it the same of the Parts of Vertue? Does not one of them in any wise resemble another? and do they absolutely differ in themselves and in their Faculties? It is evident, that they do not resemble each other at all, if it be the same of them as of the Example which we have made Use of.

Socrates, that is very certain, and the Example is just.

(a) That's the Poison of this Doctrine, which is but too much spread abroad to this Day. Some fancy that Vertue may be divided, so as a Man may have some of its Parts without having the rest; which is contrary to all the Light of Reason, as has been explained in the Argument. It was in Opposition to this very Error that Solomon wrote in the *Ecclesiastes*, ch. 9. *He who sinneth in one Thing shall lose much Riches.* For it is one of the Explanations that St. Hierome gives to this Passage, 'That one only Sin causeth many former good Works to perish; and that all Vertues accompany one another, insomuch that he who has one has all; and he who Sins in one Thing is Subject to all Vices without exception.'

Then

Then said I to him, Vertue has no other of its Parts which resemble Knowledge, Justice, Valour, Temperance, nor Sanctity,

No, without doubt.

Come then, let you and I see and examine to the Bottom the Nature of every one of its Parts. Let us begin with Justice : Is it any thing, or Nothing ? For my part, I find it is something : what do you think ?

I also think it to be something.

If then any Body should apply himself to you and me, and should so say to us, *Protagoras* and *Socrates*, explain to me, I pray you, what is that which you just now call'd *Justice* ? is it something that is just or unjust ?

Socrates is going to prove that Justice and Sanctity are but one and the same Thing.

I should answer him off-hand, That it is something that is just : would not you answer the same ?

Yes certainly.

Justice consists then, he would say, according to you, in being just ?

We would say yes : is it not so ?

Without doubt, *Socrates*.

And if he should ask us, after that, Don't you also say, that there is a Sanctity ? Should not we answer him in the same Manner, that there is ?

Affuredly.

You maintain, he'd reply, that it is something ; what is it then ? is it to be holy or to be profane ? For my Part, I confess, *Protagoras*, that at this Question I should be all in a Passion, and should say to the Man, Speak Sense, I pray you ; what is there that can be holy, if Sanctity itself be not holy ? Would not you answer thus ?

Yes indeed, *Socrates*.

If after that the Man should continue to question us, and should say, But what did you say a Minute ago ? have I misunderstood you ? It seemed to me, that you said the Parts of Vertue were all different, and that one was never like another. For my Part, I should answer him,

him, you have Reason to alledge that that was said ; but if you think it was I who said it, you misunderstood me ; for it is *Protagoras* who affirmed it, I only asked the Question : doubtless he would not fail to apply himself to you, *Protagoras* ; he would say, Do you agree to what *Socrates* says ? Is it you alone that assure me, that none of the Parts of Vertue are like to one another ? Is that your Opinion ? What would you answer him, *Protagoras* ?

I should be forced to confess it, *Socrates*.

And after this Confession, what could we answer

For that must of necessity be, if the Parts of Vertue were unlike.

him, if he should continue his Questions, and tell us, According to you then Sanctity is neither a just Thing, nor Justice a holy Thing ; but Justice is profane, and Sanctity is unjust. Is then the just Man profane and impious ?

What should we answer him, *Protagoras* ? I confess, that for my Part, I should answer him, that I maintain Justice to be holy, and Sanctity to be just : and if you yourself did not prevent me, I should answer for you, that you are persuaded that Justice is the same Thing with Sanctity, or at least a Thing very like it ; and that Sanctity is the same Thing with Justice, or very like it. See then if you would hinder me to answer so for you, or if you would confess it to me.

I should not confess it to you, *Socrates* ; for that does not seem to me to be true at the Bottom, and we ought not to grant so easily that Justice is Holiness, and that Sanctity is Justice : there is some Difference between them ; but what will you make of that ? If you will, I consent that Justice is holy, and that Sanctity is just.

Now, if I will, said I to him, I have nothing to do with that ; it is not as *I will* that is in Question, it is you

For to argue against Suppositions, is to argue against a Chimera.

or I, it is our Persuasion and our Principle ; and if we refuse one another, that *if*, which does nothing but darken the Truth and render Proofs useless, must be removed.

However,

However, we may say, answered he, that Justice resembles Sanctity in something ; for one Thing always resembles another in some Sort : white always has in some Measure a Resemblance to black, hard to soft ; and so of all other things which seem to be the most contrary to each other. Those very Parts which we have agreed have each different Properties and Faculties, and that one is not like the other, I mean the Parts of the Face ; if you look to them narrowly, you will find, that they resemble each other a little, and that they are in some Measure one like another : and after this Manner you may very well prove, if you will, that all Things are like one another. But however, it is not just to call Things alike, that have but a small Resemblance to each other ; as it is not just neither to call those Things unlike that differ but a very little from each other, as a light Resemblance does not render Things alike, to speak properly, so a small Difference does not make them unlike.

A sorry Evasion of the Sophist, who will establish between the Parts of Virtue, a remote and almost insensible Resemblance, that he may not acknowledge that which is very near, very natural, and very sensible.

Being amazed at this Discourse of the Sophist, I asked him, Does then the Just and Holy seem to you to have only a light Resemblance to each other ?

That Resemblance, *Socrates*, is not so small as I have said, but at the same Time it is not so great as you say.

Well, said I to him, since you seem to me to be in so ill an Humour against this Sanctity and Justice, let us leave them there, and let us take some other Subject.

* What do you think of Folly ? is it not entirely contrary to Wisdom ?

It seems so to me.

* *Socrates* is going to prove, that Temperance and Moderation are the same Thing with Wisdom, seeing they are contrary to Folly ; for one Contrary can have but one Contrary : And thus Temperance, Moderation and Wisdom, are the similar Parts of Virtue. And consequently. &c.

When

When Men have governed themselves well and profitably, don't they seem to you to be more temperate and more moderate than when they do the contrary ?

Without Contradiction.

Are they not then governed by Moderation ?

It cannot be otherwise.

And those who have no good Government over themselves, don't they act foolishly, and are in no wise moderate in their Conduct ?

I agree with you in that.

Therefore is not acting foolishly contrary to acting moderately ?

It is agreed.

That which is done foolishly, does it not come from Folly ? and does not that which is done discreetly proceed from Moderation ?

That's true.

Is not that which proceeds from Force, strong ; and that which proceeds from Weakness, feeble ?

Certainly.

Is it not from Swiftness that a Thing is swift, and from Slowness that a Thing is slow ?

Without doubt.

And all that is done the same, is it not done by the same ? and is not the Contrary done by the Contrary ?

Yes, doubtless.

Oh ! let us see then, said I, is there not something that is called Beauty ?

Yes.

This Beauty, has it any other Contrary than Ugliness ?

No.

Is there not something that is called good ?

Yes.

This Good, has it any other Contrary than Evil ?

No, it has no other.

Is there not in the Voice a Sound which is called Acute ?

Yes.

And

And that Shrill, has it any other Contrary than Grave?

No.

Every Contrary then has but one Contrary, and there are no more ?

I confess it.

Let us see then ; let us make a Recital of the Things wherein we are agreed.

We have agreed,

1. That every Contrary has but one only Contrary.
2. That Contraries are made by Contraries.
3. That which is done foolishly is done after a quite contrary Manner to that which is done discreetly.
4. That which is done discreetly proceeds from Moderation, and that which is done foolishly proceeds from Folly,

'Tis agreed.

That therefore which is done a contrary Way, ought to be done by the Contrary ; that which is done discreetly, is done by Moderation, and that which is done foolishly, is done by Folly, of a contrary Way, and always by Contraries ?

For Contraries always produce Contraries, as the same produce the same.

Certainly.

Is not Moderation then contrary to Folly ?

So it seems to me.

You remember however, that you agreed just now, that Wisdom was contrary to Folly.

I confess it.

And that one Contrary had but one Contrary.

That is true.

From which then of those two Principles shall we recede, my dear *Protagoras* ? Shall it be from this, That one Contrary has but one Contrary ? Or from that which we asserted just now, That Wisdom is some other Thing than Temperance or Modesty ; That each of them are Parts of Vertue, and that as they are different, they are also unlike, both by their Nature and Effects, as the Parts of the Face : Which of those two Principles shall we renounce ? For they don't agree well, and they make a horrible Discord. Ah, how is it possible they should

should agree, if there be a necessity that one Contrary must have but one only Contrary, and can't have more, and that it be found in the mean Time, that Folly has two Contraries, which are Wisdom and Temperance ? Does it not appear so to you *Protagoras* ? He has agreed to it, whether he will or not.

Wisdom and Temperance then must of all Necessity be but one and the same Thing, as we found just now, that Justice and Sanctity were a little while ago. But don't let us weary ourselves, my dear *Protagoras*, and let us examine the rest. I ask you, A Man, who does an unjust Thing, is he prudent in being unjust ?

For my Part, *Socrates*, said he, I should be ashamed to confess it. However, it is the Opinion of the People.

For the Vulgar believe, that there are many Injustices which are prudent while they are profitable.

Well, would you have me apply myself to the People, or shall I speak to you ?

I beg it of you, said he, direct yourself only to the People.

That's equal to me, said I, provided you answer me. For it imports me nothing that you think that or that ; I examine only the Opinion ; But it may very well be, that in examining the Opinion, 'tis myself when I examine, and sometimes also the Person who answers me.

Upon that, *Protagoras* made some Scruple, disdaining to be thus questioned, and saying, that the Matter was thorny. But at last he took his Part, and resolved to answer me. Then I said to him, *Protagoras*, answer, I pray you, to my first Question : Do you think any of those who act Injustice are prudent ?

I think there are some, said he.

Is not to be prudent, to be wise ?

Yes.

Is not to be wise, to have right Aims, and to take the best Part even in Injustice itself ?

I grant it.

But do the Unjust take the right Side when they succeed well, or when their Success is naught ?

When they succeed well.

You

You affirm then, that there are certain good Things. Certainly.

Then do you call those things that are profitable to Men good ?

Yes, by *Jupiter* ; and frequently I don't stick to call those which are not profitable to Men also good.

The Tone in which he spoke to me made me know, that he was exasperated, in a great Disorder, and ready to be transported with Anger ; seeing him in this Condition, I had a Mind to make the best of him : Therefore I asked him with greater Precaution and Discretion ; *Protagoras*, said I to him, do you call good, those Things that are profitable to any Man, or those that are no ways profitable ?

Not at all, *Socrates*. For I know many that are absolutely useless to Men, as certain Drinks, certain Food, certain Medicines, and a thousand others of the same Nature ; and I know others that are useful to them. There are some that are indifferent to Men, and excellent good for Horses. Some are only useful to Cattel, others only to Dogs. Such a Thing is of no Use to Animals, and very good for Trees. Moreover, that which is good for the Root is often bad for the Twigs, which you should make to die, if you should cover them with it. With-

out going further, Oil is the greatest Enemy to all Plants, and to the Skin of all Cattel, and it is very good for the Skin of Man. It is so true, that that which is called good, is various ; for Oil itself, which I speak of, is good for the exterior Parts of Man, and very bad for the interior. For that Reason the Physicians absolutely forbid the sick to eat it, or at least give them but very little, and only enough to correct the bad Smell of certain things which they make them take.

The Sophist is very angry that *Socrates* should have forced from him this Confession, that he calls that which is profitable good.

Protagoras smells what *Socrates* would be at, and, to evade being caught by him, he throws himself into all these Distinctions ; where, in commenting upon an impertinent Science, he puts off the chief Question.

Protagoras

Protagoras having thus spoken, all the Company clapt their Hands, as if he had said Wonders : And I said to him, *Protagoras*, I am a Man naturally very forgetful, and, if any Body makes long Discourses to me, I immediately forget the Subject of the Dispute. Therefore, as if I was something deaf, and you had a Mind to discourse with me, you would resolve to speak a little louder to me than to others ; even so I desire you to accommodate yourself to this Fault that I have. And since you have to do with a Man whose Memory is very short, shorten your Answers, if you intend that I should follow you.

How would ye have me abridge my Answers ? Would you have me make them shorter than they ought to be ?

No, said I.

Then is it as short as it must be ?

It is.

But who shall be Judge of it, and to what Measure shall we cut it ? must it be mine or yours ?

I have always heard, *Protagoras*, that you were a very capable Man, and that you could make others capable of making as long and as short Discourses upon all Sorts of Subjects as one pleased ; and as nobody enlargeth so much as you when you think fit, so nobody can explain himself in fewer Words. If then you have a Mind that I should enjoy your Conversation, make use of the latter with me ; few Words, I conjure you.

Socrates, said he, I have had to do with many People in my Life, and even with the most renowned ; you cannot but have heard of my Disputes : but if I had done what you would have me to do now, and if I had suffered my Discourses to be cut short by my Antagonists, I should never have obtained so great Advantages over them, and the Name of *Protagoras* would never have been so famous among the *Greeks*.

By this Answer I found that this Manner of answering precisely to Questions did not please him, and that he would never submit to be questioned. Seeing then that I could no longer be of that Conversation ; *Prota-*

goras,

goras, said I to him, I do not press you to dispute with me whether you will or not, and to follow a Method that is disagreeable to you ; but if you have a Mind to speak to me, 'tis your Part to proportion yourself to me, and to speak so as that I may be able to follow you : For as all the World says, and as you yourself say, it is equal to you to make long or short Discourses. You are very learned, there is nothing to say against that. For my Part, it is impossible for me to follow Discourses that are so long winded. I wish I were capable of it, but no Man makes himself. And seeing that is indifferent to you, you ought to have that Complaisance for me, to the End that our Conversation may continue. At present seeing you have it not, and that I have not Time to hear you so prolixly, for I must be going ; Farewell, I am just going, what Pleasure soever I might have without doubt taken in your curious Dissertations. At the same Time I rose, as having a Mind to retire ; but *Callias* taking me with one Hand by the Arm, and with the other holding me by the Cloke, We will not suffer you to go, *Socrates*, said he ; for if you go, all is done, there will be no more Conversation. I conjure you then in the Name of God to stay, for there is nothing that I would so willingly hear as your Dispute : I beg it of you, do us this Favour.

I answered him standing, as I was ready to go ; Son of *Hipponicus*, I have always admired the Love you have for Sciences, I admire it still now, and I commend you for it. Truly I would with all my Heart do you the Favour you ask me, if you demand a Thing that was possible.

But as if you should command me to run a Race with *Crison d' Himere*, or some of those who run the Race six Times together, or with some Courier, I would say, *Callias*, I should demand nothing more than to have all the Swiftness necessary ; I could wish it as

This *Crison d' Himere* had the Price of the Race of a Furlong three Times successively.

much as you, but that is impossible. If you would see us run, *Crison* and me, you must obtain of him, that he will proportion himself to my Weakness, for I cannot

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go very swift, and it lies on him to go slowly. I tell you the same on this Occasion, if you have a Mind to hear *Protagoras* and me, desire him to answer me in few Words, as he had begun to do : For otherwise, what Sort of Conversation will it be ? I have hitherto heard Men say, and always believed it, that to converse with one's Friends, and to make Harangues, were two very different Things.

Nevertheless, *Socrates*, said *Callias* to me, methinks that *Protagoras* demands a very just thing, seeing he desires only to be permitted to speak as much as he shall think fit, and that you may have the same Liberty ; the Condition is equal.

You are deceived, *Callias*, said *Alcibiades*, that is not at all equal. For *Socrates* confesseth he has not that Abundance, that Affluence of Words ; and he yields that Advantage to *Protagoras*. But as for the Art of Dispute, and to know how to question and answer well, I shall be much surprized if he yields it either to *Protagoras*, or any Body

else whosoever. Let *Protagoras* then confess, in his turn, with the same Ingenuity, that he is more weak in that Point than *Socrates*, that will be enough ; but if he brags that he will oppose him, then let him enter the List with equal Arms, that is to say, by questioning and being questioned, without enlarging without End, and without deviating upon every Question, on purpose to embroil the Discourse, and to shun the giving of an Answer, and to make

the Auditor lose the State of the Question. For as for *Socrates*, I will be Security for him, and that he will forget nothing ? he jeers us when he says he is forgetful. So it seems to me that his Demand is the more reasonable, for every one must speak and tell his Sentiments in all Disputes.

That's exactly the Character of *Alcibiades*, he fancies that *Socrates* disputes only through Vanity ; and that if *Protagoras* should acknowledge himself inferior, *Socrates* would pretend to no more.

* between Delight That Word

At

At these Words of *Alcibiades*, *Critias* directing his Discourse to *Prodicus* and *Hippias*, said, Methinks, my Friends, that *Callias* has declared himself openly for *Protagoras*; and that *Alcibiades* is an Opiniator, who strives to dispute, and to exasperate Men's Spirits. As for us let us not fall out with one another in taking Part, some with *Protagoras*, and others with *Socrates*: Let us rather join our Prayers to obtain of them, not to part in such a Way, but to continue this agreeable Conversation.

You speak extraordinary well, *Critias*, said *Prodicus*; all those who are present at a Dispute, ought to be Neuters, but not indifferent, for these two Things ought not to be confounded: to be neuter, is to give to each Party all the Attention which he requires; and not to be indifferent, is when one reserves his Vote for him who is in the right. For my Part, if you would follow my Advice, *Protagoras*, and you *Socrates*, here is a thing wherein I would willingly have you agree between you, that is, to dispute and not to quarrel; for Friends dispute between themselves for their better Instruction, and Enemies quarrel to destroy one another. By this Means this Conversation would be very agreeable and very profitable to us all. First, the Fruit which on your Side you would reap there-from, would be, I don't say our Praises, but our Esteem: Now Esteem is a sincere Homage, which causes a Soul to be truly touched and persuaded; whereas Praise is frequently but a vain and deceiving Sound, which the Mouth pronounces contrary to the proper Sentiments of the Heart. And we the Auditors should get thereby, not that which is called * certain Pleasure, but a real and sensible Satisfaction.

The Duty of those who are present at a Dispute.

The Difference between Esteem and Praise.

* By this Passage it appears that the *Greeks* made some difference between *εὐφραίνεσθαι* & *ἡδυνεσθαι*, that by the first they meant the Delights of the Spirit, and by the other the Pleasures of the Body. That was not always exactly observed: But at the Bottom these Words are determined to this Sense by their Root.

For Satisfaction is the Contentment of the Spirit, which is instructed, and which acquires Wisdom and Prudence; whereas Pleasure is only, properly speaking, the tickling of the Senses.

Most of the Auditors highly applauded this Discourse of *Prodicus*, and the wise *Hippias* afterwards beginning, said : My Friends, I look upon you all, so many as are here, as Kinsmen, Friends, and Citizens of one and the same City, not by Law, but by Nature; † for by Nature every Thing is tied to its like. But the Law, which is a Tyrant over Men, forceth and layeth violent Hands upon Nature on many Occasions. It would be a very shameful Thing, if we, who know the Nature of Things perfectly, and who pass for the ablest among the *Greeks*, should come into *Athens*, which for Sciences ought to be looked upon as the august *Prytaneum* of *Greece*, and should be assembled in the greatest and richest House of the City, to do nothing there worthy of our Reputation, and to spend our Time in wrangling and contesting about Trifles, like the most ignorant of Men. I conjure you then, *Protagoras* and *Socrates*, and I advise you, as if we were here your Arbitrators to regulate you, to pitch upon a Temperament and a Medium. You *Socrates*, don't you stick too rigorously to the plain and concise Method of a Dialogue, unless *Protagoras* will acquiesce therewith. Leave him some Liberty, and slacken the Reins of his Discourse, that it may appear more magnificent and sublime to us. And you, *Protagoras*, don't swell the Sails of your Eloquence, so as to carry you into the High-Sea, and to make you lose the Sight of the Shore. There is a Medium between those two Extremities. Therefore if you will give Ear to me, you shall chuse a Moderator, a Pre-

† For the Law establishes several Corporations that are contrary one to another, whereas Nature unites all that are of the same Kind. Therefore there is a Principle of Union in human Nature.

sident, who shall oblige you both to keep within Bounds.

This Expedient pleased all the Company. *Callias* told me again, that he would not suffer me to go, and they pressed me to name the President myself : I declined it, saying it would be a Shame for us to take a Moderator of our Discourses. For, said I, he whom we shall chuse shall be either our Inferior or our Equal. If he be our Inferior, it is not just that the most incapable should give Laws to the most learned ; and if he be our Equal, he will think as well as we, and that Choice will become altogether useless.

But, it will be said, you shall name who is more learned than you ; it is easy to say so, but in Truth I don't think it possible to find a more able Man than *Protagoras* : and if you should chuse one who is not so able as he, and whom you pretend, however, to be more able, you yourselves see what Distaste you give to a Man of that Merit, in subjecting him to such a Moderator. For, as for my Part, that in no Ways concerns me, it is not my Interest that makes me speak, I am ready to renew our Conversation to satisfy you : That if *Protagoras* will not answer, let him question : I will answer, and at the same Time shall endeavour to show him the Manner how I think every Man who is questioned ought to answer. When I have answered him as often as he shall have thought fit to question me, he will give me Leave to question him in my Turn, and he will answer me after the same Manner. That if he scruples to answer me, then you and I will join to beg that Favour of him, which you desire of me at present, which is, not to break the Conversation, and there is no Necessity to name a Moderator for that ; instead of one, we shall have many, for you shall all be so.

Every Body said that this was what ought to be done.

Protagoras was not much for it ; but in fine, he was obliged to submit, and to promise that he would question first, and that when he should be weary of questioning, he should permit me to do it in my Turn, and should answer in his Turn precisely to the Question without roaming.

Then

288 Protagoras ; or, *The Sophists*.

Then he began after this Manner.

* Methinks, *Socrates*, that the best Part of Erudition consists in being very well versed in reading the Poets : that is to say, to understand all they say so well, as to be able to distinguish what is well said, and what is ill said ; to give Reasons for it, and to make every Body sensible of it. Don't fear that I am going to remove myself far off from the Subject of our Dispute, my Question shall run upon Vertue. All the Difference there shall be therein, is, that I shall transport you into the Country of Poetry. *Simonides* says in some Place, directing his Discourse to *Scopas*, the Son of *Creon* the *Theffalonian* : ' It is very difficult to become truly virtuous, and to be in Vertue as a Cube ; that is to say, ' that neither our Carriage, our Actions, nor our Thoughts ' shall shake us, and shall never draw us from that State ' of our Mind ; and that they shall, neither deserve the ' least Reproach, nor the least Blame.' Do you remember that Passage or shall I relate it to you ?

There is no need, said I, I remember it, and have studied it with great Pains.

You are in the right : but do you think that Piece is well or ill done ?

It seems to me to be perfectly well done, and is of very great Sense.

But would you call that Piece well done, if the Poet contradicts himself in it ?

No, without doubt.

Oh ! said he, another Time examine Things better, and look into them more narrowly.

As for that, my dear *Protagoras*, said I, I believe I have sufficiently examined it.

Since you have so well examined it, you know then that he says in the Sequel : ' The Saying of *Pittacus* ' does not please me at all, tho' *Pittacus* was one of the

* The *Sophists* boasted that they understood all the Poets perfectly well, and we are going to see the Difference in that Point between a *Sophist* and a Man who is truly learned.

Sages. For he says that it is difficult to become virtuous. Do you comprehend that the same Man said this after what he had said but a little before.

Yes, I do.

And do you find that those two Passages agree ?

Yes, *Protagoras*, said I, and at the same Time, lest he should go upon some other Thing, I asked him, Don't you find that they agree ?

How shall I find that a Man agrees with himself when he blows cold and hot ? At first he fixes this Principle, *That it is difficult to become virtuous.* And a Minute after he forgets that fine Principle ; and in relating the same Motto, spoke in his own Sense by *Pittacus*, *That it is very difficult to become virtuous* ; he blames him, and says in plain Terms, that that Sentiment does not please him in any wise, and yet it is his own. Thus when he condemns an Author, who says nothing but what he had said himself, he manifestly cuts his own Throat, and he must of necessity speak ill either there or here.

He had no sooner spoke, but a great Noise was raised, and the Auditors fell a praising of him. As for me, I confess it, like a Fencer who had received a great Blow, I was so stunned that I neither saw nor heard, and my Brains turned as with the Noise they made, as with what I heard him say. In fine, for I must tell you the Truth, to gain Time to dive into the Meaning of the Poet, I turned myself toward *Prodicus*, and directing my Discourse to him ; *Prodicus*, said I to

him, *Simonides* is your Country-Man ;

it is therefore just that you should

come to his Assistance, and I call you

to it, as *Homer* feigns that the *Scamander*,

being vigorously pressed upon by *Achilles*, calls *Simonides* to his Succour, in saying to him :

Let you and I repel this terrible Enemy.

say the same to you, let us take Care lest *Simonides* be turned topsy-turvy by *Protagoras*. The Defence of this Poet depends on your Ability, which makes you to

For *Prodicus*
was a Native of
Geos, as well as
Simonides.

distinguish so subtilly between * *Will* and *Desire*, as two very different Things. It is that same Ability which has furnished you with so many fine Things that you just now taught us. See then if you will be of my Opinion, for it does not at all appear to me that *Simonides* contradicts himself. But tell me first I pray, what you think of it. Do you think, that to be, and to become, are one and the same Thing, or two different Thing.

A fine Question ! two very different Things ; assuredly, answered *Prodicus*.

In the first Verse then, *Simonides* declares his Thought, in saying, *That it is very difficult to become truly vertuous.*

You say true, *Socrates*.

And he blames *Pittacus*, not as *Protagoras* thinks, for having said the same Thing as he, but for having said

For *to be* denotes a fixed State, and *to become* denotes an Alteration, or a going from one State to another. something very different from it. In Effect, *Pittacus* has not said as *Simonides* did, *That it is difficult to become vertuous*, but *to be vertuous*. Now, my dear *Protagoras*, *to be* and *to become*, are not the same Thing, even in the Judgment of *Prodicus*. And if they

be not the same Thing, *Simonides* does in no wise contradict himself. Perhaps that *Prodicus* himself and many others, entring into *Simonides*'s Thought, might say

'Tis a Passage of *Hesiod* in his Poem of Works, v. 287.

with *Hesiod*, *That it is very difficult to become vertuous* : For the Gods have placed Labour before Vertue, but when a Man is come to the Pinnacle of the Mountain where it dwells, then tho' it

be very difficult, it is easy to possess it.

Prodicus having heard me speak thus, praised me extremely. But *Protagoras* answering, said, *Socrates*

* Distinctions were the Strength of the *Sophists*. *Socrates* is going to put *Prodicus* upon it to make some, and whilst he guides him, *Prodicus* speaks to a Miracle ; but so soon as he has laid a Snare for him the *Sophist* fails to fall into it.

your Explication is still more vicious than the Text, and the Remedy worse than the Disease.

Then I have done very ill, according to your reckoning, *Protagoras*, answered I ; and I am a pleasant Physician indeed, seeing that in designing to cure a Distemper, I make it to grow worse.

It is just as I tell you, *Socrates*.

How so ?

The Poet, said he, would be impertinent and ignorant, if he had spoke of Vertue as of a Thing which is vile, despicable and naughty, * that it is easy to possess it, for every Body agrees that it is very difficult.

Being amazed at this Quibble ; in Truth, said I, *Protagoras*, we are very happy that *Prodicus* is present at our Dispute. For I fancy that you are very well persuaded that the Science of *Prodicus* is one of the divine Sciences that you call those of the ancient Times, and which is not only as old as *Simonides*, but also much more ancient. You are certainly very able in many other Sciences ; but as for that, you seem to me to be but little instructed in it. For my Part, I may say that I have some Tincture of it, because I am one of *Prodicus's* Disciples. (a) Methinks that you don't comprehend that *Simonides* does not give the Word *difficult* the Sense

This is founded upon what *Protagoras* said at the Beginning, in speaking of the Antiquity of the Sophists.

* *Protagoras* changes Sides here, according to the good Custom of the Sophists ; and instead of demonstrating the pretended Contradiction of *Simonides*, he throws himself upon *Hesiod*, who says, that it is easy to possess Vertue ; and in that he puts a very ridiculous Quibble upon him. This the Character of the Sophists. They were very ignorant at the Bottom ; but with some Reading, which had spoiled their Minds, and which they supported with Abundance of Impudence, they made themselves to be admired by Fools.

(a) At all Times, when a Word seems to signify something contrary to the Design of the Poet, all the different Significations that that Word can have in the Passage in Question, ought to be examined

Sense which you give it. Perhaps it is with that Word (a) as with those of *Dreadful, Terrible*. At all Times when I make use of them in a good Part, and say, for Example, to praise you, *Protagoras is a terrible Man, Prodicus* is always at me for it, and asks me, if I be not ashamed to call that which is laudable, terrible : For says he, that Word is always taken in an ill Sense. This is so true, that you shall find nobody who says, *terrible Riches, terrible Peace, terrible Health* : but every body says, *a terrible Sickness, a terrible War, a terrible Poverty*, that Word always denoting Evil, but never Good. How do you know but that (b) perhaps by this Epithet *difficult*,

mined into. This Maxim is extraordinary good, and of very great use in Criticism, as *Aristotle* hath very well observed. *Socrates* makes use of it here in Appearance to defend *Simonides*, and in Effect to make those Sophists perfectly ridiculous.

(a) *Socrates* cunningly makes the Impertinence of those Sophists appear here, in the Criticism which they made upon Words : For Example, upon the Word *δεινός*, they would not have it used in a good Sense, because it was never used but in speaking of Things that are bad, as Poverty, Prison, Sickness. But these Sophists ought to have observed this Difference, that this Word is always truly taken in an ill Sense, when applied to inanimate Things, but that it may be taken in a good Sense when applied to Persons. *Homer*, who understood and wrote his Language better than all those Sophists, has more than once joined *δεινός* with *αἰδοῖτο*, *venerable*. As in the Beginning of the 8th Book of the *Odysses*, in speaking of *Ulysses* ; for *δεινός*, as our Word *terrible* signifies often astonishing, and extraordinary, which attracts Consideration, Respect.

(b) The Snare which *Socrates* lays here for those Sophists would be too plain, if the Word *χαλεπός* *difficult*, did never signify *bad, vexatious*, but it is taken in this last Sense by all the Poets. *Homer* himself has used it in that Sense, as in the Beginning of that fine Ode of *Anacreon*, *χαλεπὸν τὸ μὴ φιλεῖν*. *It is a vexatious Thing not to love*. 'Tis that which deceives *Prodicus*, whose Ignorance he makes to appear in going about to persuade him, that perhaps it was the Inhabitants of the Isle of *Ceos*, who used that Word in that Sense. *Prodicus* being deceived, would value himself upon this Remark, and acting the great Critick, he says that *Simonides* reproaches *Pittacus* who was a Man of *Lesbos*, whose Language was gross and barbarous, for having used that Word ignorantly. *Protagoras* is a little more

Simonides

Simonides and all the Inhabitants of the Isle of *Ceos* have a Mind to express something that is bad, vexatious, or other Thing which we don't understand. Let us ask *Prodicus*. For it is reasonable to ask him the Explication of the Terms which *Simonides* made use of. Tell us then, *Prodicus*, what would *Simonides* say by that Word *difficult* ?

He would say, *bad*.

Behold then, said I, my dear *Prodicus*, why *Simonides* blames *Pittacus* for having said that it is *difficult* to be *vertuous*, imagining, without doubt, that he meant thereby that it is a bad Thing to have Vertue.

Do you think, *Socrates*, answered *Prodicus*, that *Simonides* meant any other Thing, and that his Aim, was not to upbraid *Pittacus*, who neither knew the Force nor the Difference of Terms, but (a) spoke coarsly, like a Man born at *Lesbos*, and accustomed to barbarous Language ?

Protagoras, do you understand what *Prodicus* says ? and have you any Thing to answer ?

I am very far from your Opinion, *Prodicus*, said *Protagoras* ; and I take it for a Truth, that *Simonides* understood nothing more by that Word *difficult*, than what we all understand ; and that he meant not that that was bad, but that it was not easy ; and that it must be acquired with much Pains and Labour.

To tell you the Truth, *Protagoras*, I doubt not in the least but that *Prodicus* knows very well what *Simonides*'s Meaning is. But he plays upon you a little, and lays a Snare for you, to see if you will fall into it, or if you have the Cunning to avoid it, and to maintain your Opinion. For here is an indisputable Proof, that *Simonides* does not call *difficult* that which is bad, because he adds immediately after, *And God alone possesses that precious Treasure*. For if he had meant that it is a bad Thing to be vertuous, he would never have added, that God a-

(a) The Language of the *Lesbians* barbarous. The Rudeness of Language usually accompanies Clownishness of Manners

lone has Vertue; he would have been very wary of making so bad a Present to the Divinity alone. If he had done it, *Prodicus*, far * from calling *Simonides* a divine Man, would not fail to call him a Blasphemer and a Profligate. But since you are something curious to know if I be well versed in that which you call the Reading of the Poets, I am going to tell you the Meaning of that small Poem of *Simonides*; or if you had rather explain it to me, I will willingly hearken to you.

Protagoras hearing me say so, failed not to take me at my Word; and *Prodicus* and *Hippias*, with the rest, besought me, not to defer giving them that Satisfaction.

I am going, said I, to endeavour to explain to you my Sentiments upon that Piece of *Simonides*. You must know then, that Philosophy is very ancient among the *Greeks*, † particularly in *Crete* and *Lacedemon*. There are more Sophists there than in all the World beside;

* Here is a very small Fault; yet it fails not to corrupt the Text extremely, and to alter the Sense of it. To follow the Letter, we should have rendered it, *very far from calling him a Man of Ceos*; for the Greek says *ὅτι ἄδαμῶς κείον*, and not in the least a Man of Ceos. But there is nobody but will agree that it ought to be read, *ὅτι ἄδαμῶς δεῖον*, and not in the least a divine Man, for *Simonides* was called so. What Sense would a Man of Ceos bear in Opposition to Blasphemer and Profligate? That was never heard of before. But it will be said, the Piety of the Men of Ceos might be so recommended; and so famous, that perhaps they might say a Man of Ceos, for a pious Man. It was quite contrary. The Inhabitants of the Isle of Ceos were an impious People, witness the Law they made to put to Death all the old Men above 60 Years of Age; and that when they were besieged by the *Athenians*, they put to Death all those who were not able to bear Arms; which struck the *Athenians* with so much Horror, that they raised the Siege to stop the Current of such horrible Impiety.

† He put *Crete* with *Lacedemon*, because *Lycurgus* had brought back from *Crete* to *Lacedemon* many of the Laws that were made by *Minos*, and had drawn from thence the Idea of the Government which he had established. See the Remarks of *Plutarch* upon the Life of *Lycurgus*, Tom. I. p. 199.

but

but they conceal themselves, and make as if they were simple and ignorant People, just like the Sophists you spoke of, that it may not be discovered that they surpass all the *Greeks* in Learning and Science, and that they may be only looked upon as brave Men, who are superior to others by their Courage and Contempt of Death. (a) For they are persuaded that if they were known, for what they are, every Body would apply themselves to that Study, and the Art would be no longer valued. Thus by concealing their Ability, they deceive thro' all the Towns of *Greece*, those who affect to follow the *Lacedemonian* Way of living. The most Part, in Imitation of them, cut their Ears, have only a Cord for their Girdle, use the hardest Exercises, and wear their Cloaths so short, that they don't cover half their Body. For they persuade themselves, that 'tis by those Austerities, that the *Lacedemonians* have made themselves Masters of *Greece*: and the *Lacedemonians* are so jealous of the Science of their Sophists, that when then have a Mind to discourse with them freely, and are weary of seeing them in Secret and by Stealth, (b) They turn out all those Apes that counterfeit them; that is to say, all those Strangers they find in their Towns, and then discourse with those Sophists, without admitting any Stranger to those Conversations. Neither do they suffer their young People to travel into other Towns, for Fear they should forget what they have learnt: and the same Thing is done in *Crete*. Among those great Teachers,

The Folly of most of the Towns of *Greece*, which affected to imitate the austere Life of the *Lacedemonians*.

(a) This Passage favours and supports what *Thucydides* wrote, That *Lycurgus* banished all Foreigners, for Fear they should imitate his Policy, and learn to love Vertue: and 'tis for this that *Plutarch* thought he ought to justify him. See the Life of *Lycurgus*, p. 243.

(b) *Lycurgus* shut up the Gates of *Sparta* against all Strangers whose Curiosity only drove them thither, and came not for any Advantage or Profit: he also forbid travelling. *Plutarch* gives very fine Reasons for it, p. 248.

For the Women
were educated as
the Men.

They accustomed
their Children to
make quick and
sharp Repartees,
and to wrap up
Abundance of
Sense in a few
Words.

there are not only Men, but also Women : and a certain Mark that I tell you the Truth, and that the *Lacedemonians* are perfectly well instructed in Philosophy and Learning, is, that if any body will discourse with the most pitiful Fellow of the *Lacedemonians*, he will at first take him for an Idiot; but in the Sequel of the Conversation, that Idiot will find means pertinently to place a short and quick Repartee, and full of Sense and Strength, which he will shoot like an Arrow out of a Bow. Insomuch that he who had so bad an Opinion of him, will find himself but a Child in Comparison to him. Also Abundance of People in our Age, and the Ages past, have conceived that to *Laconize*, is more to study Philosophy than to work, being well persuaded, and justly, that it belongs only to a Man who is well instructed and well educated to speak such fine Sentences. Of this Number were *Thales* of *Miletum*, *Pittacus* of *Mitylene*, *Bias* of *Priene*, our *Solon*, *Cleobulus* of *Lynde*, *Myson* of *Chen*, a Town of *Laconia*, and *Chilon* of *Lacedemon*. All those Sages were zealous Followers of the *Lacedemonian* Learning, as appears still by some of their good Sentences that have been preserved. Being one Day all together, they consecrated to *Apollo*, as the first Fruits of their Wisdom, those two Sentences which are in every Body's Mouth, and caused them to be wrote in Letters of Gold upon the Portals of the Temple of *Delphos*; *Know thyself, and know nothing too much.*

Why is it that I relate to you those Pieces of Antiquity? It is to let you see the Way and Character of the Philosophy of the Ancients was a certain Laconick Brevity. Now, one of the best Sentences that was attributed to *Pittacus*, and that the Sages most boasted of, is deservedly this, *It is difficult to become vertuous.* *Simonides* then, as emulating *Pittacus* in that Career of Wisdom, conceived that if he could overthrow this fine Sentence,

Sentence, and triumph over it as over a Champion of Reputation, who had carried away the Acclamations of every Body, he would thereby acquire an immortal Renown. It is then this Sentence he only carps at, and 'tis with a Design to destroy it, that he hath composed this whole Poem, at least I believe it so; let us examine him together, to see if I be in the right.

First, the Beginning of this Poem would be senseless, if to express only, *That it is difficult to become vertuous*, the Poet should say, *It is difficult, I confess, to become vertuous*; For that Word, *I confess*, is added without any Sort of Reason, unless we suppose that *Simonides* had considered the Sentence of *Pittacus* to quarrel with it. *Pittacus* having said, *That it is difficult to be vertuous*: *Simonides* opposeth that, and corrects that Principle, in saying, *That it is difficult to become vertuous, and that that is truly difficult*. For observe well, that he does not say that it is difficult to become *truly vertuous*; as if among the vertuous, there might be some who were truly vertuous, and others who were vertuous without being truly so: that would be the Discourse of a Fool and not of a wise Man, as *Simonides*. Therefore there must needs be a Transposition in this Verse, and the Word *truly* must be transposed and put out of its Place to answer *Pittacus*. For 'tis as if there was a Kind of Dialogue there between *Simonides* and *Pittacus*. The latter says immediately, *My Friends, it is difficult to be vertuous*. And *Simonides* answers; *Pittacus, you advance a false Principle there, for it is not difficult to be vertuous, it is yet worse: but it is difficult, I confess, to become vertuous, so as not to be shaken, and to be firm, in Vertue, as a Cube on its Basis; and that neither our Carriage, our Thoughts, nor our Actions, can draw upon us the least Reproach or Blame; that it is truly difficult*. At this Rate 'tis plain that he has Reason to put this Word, *I confess*, there: and that the Word *truly* is very well placed at the End. The whole Sequel of the Poem proves that this is the true Sense; and it would be easy to make it appear that all its Parts agree together, that they are perfectly well composed, and that all possi-

ble Grace and Elegance is found in them, with abundance of Strength and Sense ; but that would carry us too far to run it all over ; let us content ourselves to examine the Idea of the Poem in general, and the Aim of the Poet, to make it appear that he only proposes to himself by all that Poem, to refute that Sentence of *Pitacrus*.

This is so true, that a little after, as if it were to give a Reason for what he had said, *That to become vertuous is a Thing truly difficult ; he adds, However that it is possible for some Time ; but after one is become so, to persist in that State, and to be vertuous, as you say, Pittacrus, that's impossible, and above the Strength of Man : This happy Privilege is only for God alone, and it is not humanly possible for a Man not to become wicked when an insurmountable Calamity falls upon his Head.*

He is going to prove that in all Things Vice supposes a State of Vertue which preceded. A very remarkable Truth.

But what Sort of People are they that insupportable Calamities afflict, so as that they are no longer themselves ? For Example, among those who sit at the Helm of a Ship. It is evident that they are not the Ignorant and the Idiots, for the Ignorant are cast down even in a Calm. As one does not throw to the Ground a Man that is lying upon it, but one that is standing upright ; so Calamities only deject and change an able Man, and they never change one who is ignorant. A terrible Tempest which turns the Sea topsie-turvey all of a sudden, astonishes and overcomes a Pilot ; irregular and stormy Seasons astonish and overcome the Husbandman ; a wise Physician is confounded by Accidents, that he could not foresee with all his Art of Physick : in a Word, 'tis the good that happen to become wicked, as another Poet testifies in this Verse : *The good are sometimes good, and sometimes wicked.*

But it never happens to the wicked to become wicked, he is always so. It is only the Learned, the Good, and the Wise, to whom it happens to be wicked when a frightful and sudden Calamity overthrows them. And it is humanly impossible that it can be otherwise. And you,

you, *Pittacus*, you say, *that it is difficult to be good ;* (say rather, *That it is difficult to become so*, and that yet it is possible ; but to persist in that State, is what is impossible ; for you must agree that every Man who does good, is good ; and that every Man who does ill, is wicked. What is it then to do good, for Example, in Learning ? and who is the Man that you call good in that ? Is it not he who has Knowledge, and who is Learned ? What is it that makes a good Physician ? Is it not the Knowledge to cure or to comfort the Sick ? And is not that which makes an ill Physician, his Want of Skill to cure ? Whom then shall we call a bad Physician ? Is it not evident that a Man must in the first Place be a Physician, before we can give him that Name ? and that in the second Place he must be a good Physician, for it is only the good who is capable of becoming a bad Physician ? In effect, we who are ignorant in Physick, tho' we should commit Faults in that Art, yet we should never become bad Physicians, seeing we are not Physicians ourselves.

He that does not know what Architecture is, can never properly be what is called a bad Architect, for he is no Architect at all : and so in all other Arts. Every Man then who is no Physician, whatever Faults he commits in acting the Physician, is not however, in a strict Sense, a bad Physician. It is the same of the virtuous Man ; he may become vicious, without Contest, whether it be by Age, Labour, Sickneſs, or by any other Accident ; but he can't become vicious, unless he was virtuous before. Therefore the only Scope of the Poet in this Work is to make it appear, that it is not possible to be, and to persevere always in that State ; but that it is possible to become virtuous, as it is possible to become vicious. The virtuous are absolutely those whom the Gods love and favour. Now the Sequel of the Poem makes it plainly appear, that all this is said against *Pittacus*. For he adds :
 ' Wherefore I shall not fatigue myself to seek that
 which

This Principle of *Socrates* tends naturally to this Truth, that all Men being born corrupt, were virtuous in their Original.

‘ which is impossible to find, and I shall not consume

We must not
hope to find an
innocent Man
upon Earth
without Sin.

*Non est homo
iustus in Terra.*
Eccles. 7 21.

‘ my Life in flattering myself with the
‘ vain Hopes of seeing a Man without
‘ Blame, and intirely innocent amongst
‘ us Mortals, who live upon what the
‘ Earth presents to us. If I were hap-
‘ py enough to find him, I should
‘ quickly tell it you.’ And in all his

Poem he carps so much at this Sen-
tence of *Pittacus*, that he says a little after. ‘ For my
‘ Part, every Man who does not a shameful Action, vo-
‘ luntarily, I praise him, I love him. I do not speak
‘ of Necessity, that is stronger than the Gods them-
‘ selves, all this is also spoke against *Pittacus*. In Effect
Simonides was too well taught to refer this *Voluntarily*

There was never
a Philosopher
who durst assert
that Men sinned
voluntarily.

to him who commits shameful Actions, as if there were
People who did ill voluntarily. For I
am persuaded that of all the Philoso-
phers, there is not one to be found,
who says that Men sin voluntarily.
They all know that those who commit
Crimes, commit them whether they

will or not. Therefore *Simonides* does not say, that he
will praise him who does not commit Crimes voluntari-
ly; but this *Voluntarily* has Reference to himself. He says,
that he will praise him voluntarily, and with all his Heart;

There are cer-
tain People that
we ought always
to praise and
love whatever
Mischief they
do us. All that
Socrates says
here is wonder-
ful.

For he was persuaded that it frequently
happens that an honest and a good Man
is forced to love and to praise certain
People. For Example, a Man has a very
unreasonable Father and Mother, an
unjust and cruel Country, or some
other such like Thing. If that happens
to a wicked Man, what does he? First
he is very glad of it, and afterwards
his chief Care is to complain publicly,

and to make the ill Humour of his Father and Mother,
and the Injustice of his Country known every where, in
Order thereby to free himself from the just Reproaches that
might be made against him for the little Care he has of
them,

them, and for having abandoned them; and under this very Notion he multiplies the Subjects of his Complaint, and adds a voluntary Hatred to that forced Enmity. The Conduct of an honest Man is far different in such Occasions: His sole Care is to hide and cover the Faults of his Father and Country; far from complaining of them, he hath so much command of himself, as always to speak well of them. That if any crying Injustice hath forc'd him to be angry with them, he himself is their Mediator to himself; he argues with himself for them, and tells to himself all the Reasons they can bring to appease him, and to bring him back to his Duty; and he is never at Peace with himself till that being Master of his Resentment, he has restored them his Love, and praised them as before. I am persuaded that *Simonides* himself * has frequently found himself under an Obligation to praise a Tyrant, or some other considerable Person. He has done it, † but he did it in Spight of himself. This then is the Language he speaks to *Pittacus*. ‘ When I blame you, *Pittacus*, it is not because I am naturally inclin’d to blame; on the contrary, it suffices me that a Man is not wicked and useful to no good Purpose, nobody shall ever see me quarrel with any Person, who may be of any Use to his Country. I do not love to find Fault, for the Race of Fools is so numerous, that if any Man should take upon him to reprehend them, he should never have done. We must take all that for good and fine, wherein we find no shameful Mixture, or scandalous Blot. When he says, we must take all that for Good, &c.’ It is not the same as if he said, ‘ We must take all that for white, wherein we find no Mixture of black, for that would be altogether

* He speaks this, because *Simonides* had kept a very good Correspondence with *Pausanias*, King of *Lacedemon*, who gained the Battel of *Platées*, and with *Hiero* the wisest of all the Ancient Tyrants.

† That is to say, that he did it in Obedience to the Law of Nature, confirmed by the written Law, and which he called by the Name of Necessity.

‘ ridiculous.’

‘ ridiculous.’ But he would have them to understand, that he contents himself with a Mediocrity, and that he reprehends and blames nothing wherein this Mediocrity is found. For we must not hope to meet with Perfection in this World. ‘ Wherefore, saith he, I do not look for a Man who is altogether innocent among all those who are nourished by the Product of the Earth. Were I happy enough to find him, I should not hide him from you, but should quickly shew him to you. Till then I shall praise no Man as being perfect. It sufficeth me that a Man be in this laudable Mediocrity, and that he do no ill. Those are the People whom I love and praise.’ And as he speaks to *Pittacus* who is of *Mitylene*, he speaks in the Language of the *Mitylenes*, *Voluntarily I praise them, and I love them*. This Word *Voluntarily* has no Reference to what precedes, but to what follows. He means that he praises those People of his own Accord, whereas there are others whom he praises of Necessity. ‘ Thus then, *Pittacus*, continues he, if you had kept yourself in that Mediocrity, and told us Things that were probable, I should never have reprehended you; but in lieu thereof you impose upon us, for Truths, Principles that are manifestly false, and which is worse, about very essential Things; wherefore I contradict you.’ Behold, my dear *Prodicus*, and my dear *Protagoras*, what, in my Opinion, is the Meaning and the Scope of this Poem of *Simonides*.

Then *Hippias* answering, said, Indeed *Socrates* you have perfectly well explained the hidden Meaning of that Poem: I have also a short Speech to make to you to confirm your Explication. If you please I will communicate my Discoveries to you.

‘ That is very well, said *Alcibiades*, interrupting him, but it must be another Time. At present it is reasonable that *Protagoras* and *Socrates* make an End of their Dispute, and that they stand to the Treaty they have made. If *Protagoras* inclines still to question, *Socrates* must answer; and if he has a Mind to answer in his Turn, *Socrates* must question. I leave it to *Protagoras*’s Choice, said I, let him see which is most agreeable to him. But if

if he would be advised by me, we should leave off the Poets and Poetry. I confess, *Protagoras*, that I should be wonderfully well pleased to dive with you into the Depth of the first Question I proposed, for in conversing thus of Poetry, we do as the ignorant and common People when they feast one another, * for not being able to discourse among themselves of fine Things, and to maintain Conversation, they are silent and borrow Voices to entertain one another ; they hire at a great Charge Singers and Players upon Flutes to supply their Ignorance and Clownishness. Whereas when honest Men, who have been well educated and instructed, eat together, they don't send for Singers, Dancers, and Players on the Flute ; they find no Trouble to entertain one another without all those Fopperies and vain Amusements that are only pardonable in Children : But they speak and hear one another reciprocally with Decency and good Behaviour, even when they excite one another the most to drink, and to prefer the Harmony of their Discourse to all Voices and Flutes. It ought to be the same in this Kind of Conversation, especially when it is between such People, as most of those who are here value themselves to be ; they have no Occasion for strange Voices, nor for Poets, of whom they cannot ask a Reason for what they say, and to whom most of those who cite them attribute some one Sense, some another, without being ever able to convince one another, or to come to an Agreement. That's the Reason why able Men ought to let alone those Dissertations upon the Poets, and to entertain themselves together, in founding and examining one another by their Discourse, to give a Proof of the Progress they have made in the Study of Wisdom.

Good Conversation preferable to the most excellent Musick.

* The Musicians and Players upon Instruments were introduced to Feasts by Clownish People who were incapable of entertaining themselves. Does not the violent Passion that is observed now a-days for Musick proceed from the same Defect ? Perhaps we sing only because we cannot discourse.

That's

That's the Example which methinks you and I ought rather to follow. Letting the Poets alone then, let us discourse together, or if I may say so, let us fence together to see how far we are in the right. If you have a Mind to question me, I am ready to answer you ; if not, give me Leave to propose the Question to you, and let us endeavour to bring the Enquiry which we have interrupted, to a happy Issue.

When I had spoke thus, *Protagoras* knew not which Part to take, and made no Answer. Wherefore *Alcibiades* turning towards *Callias*, said he, that *Protagoras* does well in not declaring what he will do, whether he will answer or propound.

No, without doubt, said *Callias* ; let him enter the List than, or else let him tell why he will not, that we may know his Reasons, and that thereupon *Socrates* may dispute with some other, or that some one of the Company may dispute with the first who shall offer himself.

Then *Protagoras* being ashamed, as I thought, to hear *Alcibiades* talk so, and to see himself solicited by *Callias*, and almost by all those who were present, at last, resolved with much Difficulty, to enter into Dispute, and desired me to propose Questions to him.

Presently I began to say to him, *Protagoras*, do not think that I will converse with you upon any other Design than to search into the Bottom of some Matters, whereof I still daily doubt ; for I am persuaded that *Homer*

In the tenth
Book of his *Iliads*.

hath very well said, *Two Men who go together see Things best, for one sees what the other sees not.* In effect, we

poor Mortals, all of us whatever, when we are together, we have a greater Felicity for all that we have a Mind to say, do, or think ; whereas one Man alone, tho' never so able and witty, seeks always somebody to communicate his Thoughts, and to conform himself till such Time as he has found what he sought. Behold also why I converse more willingly with you than with another, being very well persuaded that you have better examined than another Man all the Matters that an honest Man ought in Duty to search into the

Bottom

Bottom of, and particularly all that relates to Vertue. Alas ! to whom could one address himself rather than to you ? First, you value yourself on being a very honest Man ; and besides that, you have an Advantage that most honest Men have not, that is, that being vertuous, you can also make those vertuous who frequent your Company : You are so sure of doing it, and rely so much upon your Wisdom, that whereas the other Sophists hide and disguise their Art, you make publick Profession of it, by posting of it up, if I may say so, in all the Cities of *Greece*, that you are a Sophist ; you give yourself out publickly to be a Master in the Sciences and in Vertue ; and you are the first who have set a Value upon yourself, and put a Price upon your Precepts : Why then should we not call you to the Examination of Things that we enquire after, and that you know so well ? Why should we not be impatient to ask you Questions, and to communicate our Doubts to you ? For my Part, I can't refrain it, and I die with Desire that you would make me remember the Things that I have already asked you, and that you would explain to me those which I have still to ask.

The first Question I asked you, I remember it very well, is, if Science, Temperance, Valour, Justice, and Sanctity ; I say, if these five Names are applicable to one only and the same Subject, or if every one of those denotes a particular Essence, a Thing which has its distinct Properties, and is different from the other four. You answered me, that these Names were not applicable to one only and the same Subject, but that each of them served to denote a Thing separate and distinct, and that they were all Parts of Vertue, nor similar Parts, as those of Gold, all which resemble the whole Mass whereof they are Parts, but dissimilar Parts, as the Parts of the Face which are all Parts of it, without any Resemblance to each other, and without resembling the whole, whereof they are Parts, and which have every one their different Properties and Functions. Tell me then if you are still of this Opinion ; and if you have altered it, explain your Thoughts to me ; for if you have changed your Opinion.

306 Protagoras ; or, *The Sophists.*

I will not hold you to the Rigour, but leave you an entire Liberty to gainsay yourself ; and shall not in the least be surprized that you have broached those Principles at first, as it were to try me.

But I tell you most seriously, *Socrates*, answered *Protagoras*, those five Qualities which you have named, are Parts of Vertue. To tell you the Truth, there are four of them which have some Resemblance to each other : But Valour is very different from all the rest, and by this you shall easily know that I tell you the Truth ; you shall find an infinite Number of the People who are very unjust, very impious, very debauched, and very ignorant ; yet at the same Time they are valiant to Admiration.

Socrates is going to prove that Valour cannot be without Knowledge, and that consequently Valour is inconsistent with Imprudence and Ignorance.

I stop you there, said I, for I must examine what you have advanced. Do you call those who are bad, Valiant ? Is that your Meaning ?

Yes, and those who go headlong where others fear to go.

Let us see then, my dear *Protagoras*, don't you call Vertue a fine Thing ? And don't you boast of teaching it as something that is fine ?

Yes, and as something that is very fine, otherwise I have lost my Judgment.

But is that Vertue fine in Part and ugly in Part, or is it altogether fine ?

It is altogether fine, and that very fine.

Don't you find some People who throw themselves headlong into Wells and deep Waters ?

Yes, our Divers.

Do they do it because it is a Trade they are accustomed to and expert in, or for some other Reason ?

Because it is a Trade they are expert at.

Who are those who fight well on Horse-back ? Are they such as know how to manage a Horse well, or those who cannot ?

Doubtless those who can manage a Horse.

Is it not the same with those who fight with a Buckler ?

Yes

Yes certainly, and in all other Things the same, those who are expert in them are more brave and courageous than those who are not, and the same Troops, after having been well disciplined and inured to War, are far different from what they were before they had learned any Thing.

But, said I, you have seen People who without having learned any Thing of what you say, are notwithstanding very brave, and very courageous upon all Occasions ?

Yes certainly, I have seen some, and those most brave.

Don't you call those People who are so brave and so bold, valiant Men ?

You don't consider, *Socrates*, what you say ; then Valour would be an ugly and shameful Thing, for those Men are Fools.

But I say have not you called bold Men, valiant Men ?

Yes, so far.

And nevertheless now those bold Men seem to you to be Fools, and not valiant ; and just now, quite contrary, you thought the most learned, and the most wise to be the most bold. If they are the most bold, then according to your Principles, they are the most valiant ; and consequently Science is the same Thing as Valour.

You don't well remember, *Socrates*, What I answer'd to ; you demand if valiant Men were bold, I answer'd, Yes. But you did not at all ask me if bold Men were valiant ; for if you had, I should have brought a Distinction, and have told you that they are not all so. Hitherto my Principle, that the Valiant are bold, remains in its full Strength, and you have not been able to convict it of any Falshood. You make it appear very well that the same Persons are more bold when they are instructed and well trained-up, than before they had learned any Thing ; and that disciplined Troops are more bold than those that are not disciplined ; and from thence you are pleased to conclude, that

'Tis an Evasion of the Sophist drawn from the Rule of universal affirmative Propositions, which are not convertible but by adding some Restriction to the Attribute which become the Subject.

that Valour and Science are but one and the same Thing. By this fine Way of arguing, you will also find that Strength and Science are but one and the same Thing. For first, you'll ask me after your usual Way of Grada-

That's true also,
and *Socrates*
will soon make
it appear in the
Sequel.

tion, * Are the Strong, Puissant ? I should answer you, yes. Then you'd add, are those who have learned to wrestle more puissant than those who have not learned ? And the same Wrestler, is he not more puissant after having learned, than he was before he knew any Thing of that Exercise ? I should still answer, yes. And from those two Things which I should have granted, you would believe, that by making use of the same Proofs, you might lawfully draw this Consequence, that by my own Confession Science is Strength. Fair and softly, I pray you ; I have not granted, neither do I grant that the Puissant are strong, I only say that the Strong are puissant. For Puissance and Strength are far from being the same Thing. Puissance comes from Science, and sometimes from Choler and Fury ; whereas Strength comes always from Nature and from the good Nourishment that is given to the Body. It is thus that I have said that Boldness and Valour were not the same Thing, and that there were some Occasions wherein the valiant were bold, but that it could not be inferred from thence that all the Bold were valiant. † For Men become bold by

* To understand *Protagoras's* Way of arguing, we must know that by *Strength*, he means the natural Disposition of a Robust Body ; and that by *Puissance*, he means a supernatural Vigour like that of a frantick Person, who in his Fits breaks Chains, and he also means acquired Vigour, like that of a Champion. This is the Reason why he grants that the Strong are Puissant, and denies that Puissant are Strong, for Strength is natural, and Puissance springs from Habit, or from an Impulse of the Mind. But in the Bottom 'tis nothing but a mere Quibble wherein the Sophist even contradicts himself, as will be seen immediately.

† He means that the more Men are disciplined, trained up to rear, or transported with Anger, they are the more bold. He compares Boldness to Puissance, and Valour to Force. But he does
not

by Exercise and Art, and sometimes by Anger and Fury, just as they become puissant. But Valour proceeds from Nature and the good Nourishment that is given to the Soul.

|| But don't you say, my dear *Protagoras*, that certain People live well, that is to say, agreeably, and that others live ill, that is to say, disagreeably ?

Without doubt.

And do you say that Man lives well, when he spends his Life in Troubles and Grief ?

No assuredly.

But when a Man dies after having spent his Life agreeably, don't you think he lived well ?

Yes, I do.

After your reckoning then, is it not a good Thing to live pleasantly, and is it not a very bad Thing to live disagreeably ?

* 'Tis according as one delights in what is decent and honest, said he.

What, *Protagoras*, said I, will you be of the Opinion of the Vulgar, † and will you, with them, call certain Things that are agreeable, bad, and some others that are disagreeable, will you call them good ?

not see that in confessing that Valour proceeds from the Good Nourishment given to the Soul, he acquiesceth with *Socrates's* Principle, that Valour is nothing but Science. *Socrates* is going to lead him another Way.

|| To know well what Valour is, one must first fix well what Grief and Pleasure is ; and this is what *Socrates* is going to do after an admirable Way, worthy of so great a Philosopher.

* *Protagoras* is ashamed of what he just now confessed, for he sees the Consequence of it ; therefore he contradicts himself all of a sudden, and he acknowledges that a Man who spends his Life in honest Things, and who delights therein, lives agreeably, even tho' the said Things be painful. *Socrates* makes good use of this Confession, and is going to pursue this Principle which will overthrow the Sophist immediately.

† For the Vulgar are persuaded that there were some agreeable Things that are bad, and some disagreeable Things that are good. But they reckon them good or bad only by their Consequences ; for to consider them in themselves, they find the Things that are agreeable to be good, and the disagreeable bad.

Yes

Yes certainly.

How say you ? Those agreeable Things, are they bad in that which makes them agreeable, independently from all that may happen ? And those disagreeable Things, are they good after the same Manner independently on all Consequences ?

* Yes, it is just so.

† Then they are not bad in so far as they are disagreeable.

In Truth, *Socrates*, said he, I know not if I ought to make my Answers as simple and as general as your Questions, and if I ought to assert absolutely, that all agreeable things are good, and that all disagreeable things are bad. Methinks, that not only in this Dispute, but also in all others that I may have, it is surest to answer, that there are certain agreeable Things that are not good, and that among the Disagreeable, there are certain Things that are not bad ; and that there is a third Kind which keeps the Middle, and which are neither good nor bad.

But don't you call those Things agreeable, that are joined with Pleasure, and which give Pleasure ?

Most assuredly.

I ask you then if they are not good, in so far as they are agreeable, that is to say, is not the Pleasure they cause something of good ?

To that, *Socrates*, said he, I answer you what you daily answer others, that is, that we must examine it, and if it agrees with Reason, and we find that the agreeable and the good are but one and the same Thing, we must acquiesce therewith, if not, there is an open Field for Dispute.

* This Sophist confesseth one thing here, whereof he is not in the least persuaded ; he also retracts it in the following Answer, for he fore-sees very well that that Confession would engage him too far. He knows not how to rid himself out of the Trouble and Confusion he is in.

† 'Tis a necessary Consequence of what this Sophist confessed just now. For if disagreeable Things are good independent from what may follow, they cannot be bad because they are disagreeable.

Which

Which do you like best then, *Protagoras*, said I, will you be pleased to lead me in this Inquiry, or shall I lead you?

It is most reasonable that you should lead me, for you began.

I will do it, said I, and here's perhaps a Means, that will make the Thing appear plain, as a Master of Exercise, or Physician seeing a Man whose Constitution he would know, in order to judge of his Health, or the Strength and good Disposition of his Body, does not content himself with looking on his Hands and Face, but says to him, strip yourself, I pray you, and let me see your Breast and your Back, that I may judge of your State with the more certainty ; I have a Mind to use the same Conduct with you for our Inquiry ; after having known your Sentiments of Good and of Argeeable, I must still say to you as that Master of Exercises, my dear *Protagoras*, discover yourself a little more, and tell me your Thoughts of Science. Are your Thoughts of that like those of the Vulgar, or are you of other Sentiments ?

For this is the Opinion of the Vulgar in Reference to Science or Knowledge :

They think it is a Thing that is neither strong, capable of Conduct, nor worthy to command : They can't fancy to themselves that it has any of those Qualities ; and they persuade themselves, that when Science is found in a Man, it is not that which leads and conducts him, but a quite different Thing ; that sometimes 'tis Anger, sometimes Pleasure, sometimes Sadness, at other Times Love, and most frequently Fear. In a word, the Vulgar take Science to be a vile Slave always insulted and domineered over, and dragged along by the other Passions.

Are you of the same Opinion with 'em ? Or do you think on the contrary, that Science is a firm thing, that it is capable of commanding Man, and that it can put him into a State never to be con-

For the Knowledge of Things that are agreeable or disagreeable depends solely upon Science.

The Opinion that the Vulgar had of Science.

A fine Portraiture of Science, the Character whereof was explained in the Argument.

quer'd

quer'd by any Passion, and that all the Potentates upon Earth shall never be able to force him to do any Thing but what Science shall command him, for it is alone sufficient to deliver him.

* I do not only think all that you have said, *Socrates*, answered *Protagoras*, of Science ; but I add, that it would seem worse in me than in any other Man, not to maintain that it is the strongest of all human Things.

You have Reason *Protagoras*, that is true. However you know very well that the Vulgar don't believe us upon this Subject, and that they maintain that most Men do to little Purpose know what is most just, and what is best, for they do nothing of it, although it be in their Power, and that frequently they act quite contrary. Those of whom I have asked the Cause of so strange a Conduct, have all told me, that those People are overcome with Pleasure, or by Sadness, or vanquished, and carried away by some other Passion. I am apt to believe that those whom I have consulted, are deceived in that, as in many other Things. But, let us see, endeavour with me here to teach them, and to make them plainly know what this unhappy Inclination is, and wherein it consists, which occasioneth them to be overcome by Pleasures, and that they do not act that which is best, though they know it. For perhaps, if we should say to them, Friends, you are deceived and you have a false Principle, they would ask us in their Turn, *Socrates* and you, *Protagoras*, What ! Is it not a Passion to be overcome by Pleasures ? Tell us then what it is ? from whence it comes, and wherein it consists ?

* Yes, but *Socrates* speaks of another Science far different from that which the *Sophist* means, and whereof he boasts, for he speaks of the Knowledge of God and of the Knowledge of the Truth, which alone can deliver Man ; whereas the *Sophist* speaks of human Science, which is more capable of destroying a Man than saving him.

How,

How, *Socrates* ! said my Antagonist, are we obliged to stand to the Opinions of the Vulgar, who speak at random all that comes into their Heads ?

However, methinks, answered I, that this serves in some Measure to make us understand the Coherence that Valour may have with the other Parts of Vertue. If therefore you will stand to what you first accepted of, which is, that I should lead you through that Way which I think the best and the shortest, follow me ; if not, as you think fit, I give it over.

On the contrary, said he, *Socrates*, I pray you to continue as you began.

Resuming my Discourse then, If those same People, said I, my dear *Protagoras*, should persist to ask us, how do you call that State which we call to be overcome by Pleasures ? What should we answer ? For my Part, this is the Way I should take to answer them. I should immediately say to them, My Friends, hearken, I pray you, for *Protagoras* and I are going to endeavour to give a satisfactory Answer to your Question. Do you think that any other Thing happens to you than what really happens, at all Times when you are enticed by the Pleasure of Feasting, or by that of Love, which seems very agreeable to you, you yield to the Temptation, though you know very well that those Pleasures are very bad and very dangerous ? They would not fail to answer, that 'tis nothing else. We should afterwards ask them, Why say you that those Pleasures are evil ? Is it because they give you a Sort of Pleasure in the very Minute that you enjoy them, and that they are both agreeable ? Or is it because in the Sequel they ingender Diseases, that they throw you headlong into Poverty, and that they draw after them a thousand and a thousand Misfortunes that are as fatal ? Or suppose they should not be followed by any of those Mischiefs, would you always call them bad, * because they cause Man to rejoice, and
to

* For that's what would be needful to say, to confess, as *Protagoras* has already done, that agreeable Things are bad independent of their Consequences. This is a Principle altogether Divine. *Socrates*
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to rejoyce in Vice is the most deplorable of all Vices, and the Punishment of Sin ? Let us consider, *Protagoras*, what other thing could they answer to us, than that they are not bad, by Reason of the Pleasure they occasion at the Time of Enjoyment, but because of the Diseases and other Accidents which they draw after them ?

† I am persuaded, said *Protagoras*, that that's what all of them almost would answer.

Does not, say I, all that which destroys our Health, or which causeth our Ruin, vex us ? I fancy they would agree to it.

Without doubt, said *Protagoras*.

Then should I continue, You think, my Friends, as we say, *Protagoras* and I, that those Pleasures are not bad because they terminate in Sorrow, and deprive Men of other Pleasures which they desire to enjoy ? They would not fail to acquiesce therein.

Protagoras consents to it.

But, say I, if we should take the contrary Side, and should ask them, My Friends, you say that disagreeable Things are good, how do you understand it ? Will you speak by Example of bodily Exercises of War, of Cures that the Physicians perform by Incision, by Purgations, or by the strictest of Diet ? Do you say that those Things are good, but that they are disagreeable ? They would be of that Opinion.

Without any Difficulty.

Why do you call them good ? Is it because at the

crates does not insist upon this, because he finds it too sublime for the Vulgar ; and that he knew very well that it is not their Opinion.

† And consequently *Protagoras* has spoke against his own proper Sentiments, when he answered, that certain agreeable Things were bad by the very same Thing that made them agreeable, and independent from all that might happen, and that certain disagreeable Things were good after the same Manner, independent of all that may follow. We must observe this wonderful Art whereby *Socrates* makes *Protagoras* contradict himself so plainly, without ever offending him,

very

very Minute they cause the greatest of Aches and infinite Pain ? Or because by their Operation, they occasion Health and a good Habit of Body, that they are the Preservation of Cities, that they raise to Empire, and that they heap Glory and Riches upon certain States ? Without doubt they would make no Scruple to take the last Part : And *Protagoras* acquiesceth therein.

But suppose I should go on and ask if all those Things which I have named are good for any other Reason than because they end in Pleasure, and that they remove and chase away Vexation and Sadness ? For could you have any other Motive which should oblige you to call those Things good, than the removing of Vexation and the Expectation of Pleasure ? I can't believe it.

Nor I neither, said *Protagoras*.

Therefore don't you seek after Pleasure as a good thing, and don't you avoid Vexation, as an Evil ?

Without Contradiction.

And consequently you take Vexation for an Evil, and Pleasure for a Good ? You call Pleasure itself an Evil, when it deprives you of certain Pleasures that are greater than those which it procures you, and when it causes you Troubles more sensible than all its Pleasures. For if you shall have any other Reason to call Pleasure an Evil, and if you should find that it had any other End, you would make no Difficulty to tell it us, but I am sure you can't find it.

I am also sure that they can't find any, said *Protagoras*.

Is it not the same Thing with Grief or Pain ? Don't you call it Good when it delivers you from certain Anguishes that are greater than those which it occasions you, or when the Pleasures it procures, are greater than its Vexations ? For if you could propose to yourself any other End than what I have told you, for calling Pain Good, you would without doubt tell it us ; but you can't.

That is very true, *Socrates*, said *Protagoras*.

Suppose, continued I, you should ask me in your Course, why I turn the Thing so many Ways ? I should say, Pardon me, my Friends, this is my Way of examining

mining into Subjects on all Sides. For first, it is not easy to demonstrate to you what that is which you call to be overcome by Pleasures ; and on the other hand,

The only Way to make sure Demonstrations is to examine into the Objections on all Sides.

there is no means to make certain and sensible Demonstrations. But you are still at your Liberty to declare unto me, if you find Good to be any other Thing than Pleasure, and Evil to be any other Thing than Pain and Sadness. Tell me,

would not you be very well satisfied to spend your Time agreeably, and without Vexation ? If you are contented therewith, and if you can't find that Good and Evil are any other thing than what I say, hearken to what follows.

That being presupposed, I maintain that there is nothing more ridiculous than to say as you do, that a Man knowing Evil to be Evil, and being able to prevent his abandoning himself thereunto, ceaseth not to commit it, because he is hurried along by Pleasure, and that it is no less absurd to advance as you do ; on the other Side, that a Man knowing good, yet refuseth to do it, because of some present Pleasure that puts him off from it. The Ridiculousness that I find in those two Propositions will visibly appear to you, if we don't make Use of many Names, which only serve to embroil us, as *Agreeable, Disagreeable, Good, Evil*. Seeing therefore we speak but of two Things, let us make use only of two Names : Let us at first call them by the Names of *Good* and *Evil* ; and afterwards we shall call them by those of *Agreeable* and *Disagreeable*. That being granted, let us say, *That a Man knowing Evil, and being sensible that it is so, ceaseth not to commit it*. We shall certainly be asked, *why does he commit it ?* We shall answer him, *because he is overcome*. And by *what is he overcome*, they will say ? We can answer no more by the *Agreeableness* of it, that is to say, by *Pleasure*, for 'tis a Word that is banished, and in Lieu thereof, we have agreed to make use of that Word *Good*. Therefore we must make use of that Term only, and we must answer, *That that Man commits Evil only because he is overcome and surmounted*

surmounted. By what? We must cut short the Words, overcome and surmounted by Good. If he who questions us has ever so little Inclination to Raillery, and if he be a Man who can push us home, you see what a fine Field we give him. He will laugh immediately with all his Might, and will say to us, in Truth that's a very pleasant Thing, that a Man who knows Evil, and is sensible that it is so, and being able to forbear doing of it, ceaseth not to commit it, because he is overcome by Good. He will add, do you think that Good is incapable of surmounting Evil? Or is it capable of it? Without doubt we will answer that it is not capable of it, for otherwise he whom we say to be overcome by Pleasure would not have sinned. But for what Reason is Good incapable of surmounting Evil? Or why has Evil the Strength to surmount Good? Is it not because one is greater, and the other less? Or because one is more numerous and the other less? For we have no other Reasons to alledge to them.

For if Good had been capable of surmounting Evil, he would have done it, and consequently the Evil would not have been committed.

Then it is evident from this, would he add, that according to you, *to be overcome by Good, is to chuse the greatest Evils in Room of the least Good.* There's an End on that Side. Now let us change those Names by calling this *Good* and *Evil* by the Names of *Agreeable* and *Disagreeable*. And let us say that a *Man does*, we have hitherto said *Evil*, but let us now say *disagreeable Things*. *A Man then does Things that are disagreeable, knowing that they are so, he does them because he is overcome and surmounted by those that are agreeable, and that notwithstanding are incapable to overcome and surmount.* And what is it that makes Pleasure incapable of surmounting Grief? Is it not the Excess or the Defect of the one in Reference to the other? that is to say, when the one is greater or less than the other; when one is more or less flat and dull than the other.

But if any Body should object to us * that there is a great Difference between a present † Pleasure, and a Pleasure or a Pain that is to come and expected : I ask upon that Head : But do they differ by any other Thing than by Pleasure or Pain ? They can differ in nothing else. Now I say, that a Man who knows how to balance Things well, and who puts agreeable Things on one side, and disagreeable things on another, as well these that are present, as those that he may foresee are to come, knows very well which are the most numerous. For if you weigh the Agreeable with the Agreeable, you must always chuse the most numerous, and the greatest ; if you weigh the Disagreeable with the Disagreeable, you must chuse the least in Number, and the smallest ; and if you weigh the Agreeable with the Disagreeable, and that the last are surmounted by the first, || whether it be that the present are surmounted by the absent, or the absent by the present, we must always

* That's the last Refuge of those who maintain, that Men commit Evil voluntarily, because they are carried away by Pleasures, for the Man prefers a present Pleasure to a future one, and this Pleasure is still more preferable than Pain that he foresees. This is what *Socrates* is going to refute after a very plain manner, and with much Strength.

† This is *Socrates*'s Answer to the foregoing Objection. Pleasure and Pain differ only in the Number or Degree of the Pains, and Pleasures. Therefore it is ridiculous to think that a Man should be so much an Enemy to himself, as voluntarily to prefer a small present Pleasure to a great Pleasure that he is sure of, and to run after a Pleasure which he sees is followed by a certain Pain. For it is agreed that every Man seeks the Good and shuns the Evil. All that is in Question is to take a Balance, and to weigh the Good and the Evil, seeing they are known. This is not done, and it is a sure Token that they are not known, and consequently 'tis the want of Knowledge, that is to say, Ignorance, that precipitates us into Evil. This is without all Doubt.

|| That is to say, whether the present Pains be less numerous than the Pleasures that are expected, or the Pains that are expected fewer than the present Pleasures, the greatest Number ought always to be chosen : In a word, we must run after Good when it is greater than Evil, whether that Evil be present or absent. A great Principle.

chuse

chuse the greatest Number, that is, the first, the Agreeable ; and if the latter, I mean the Disagreeable, weigh down the Scales, we must beware of making so bad a Choice. Is not that all the Art to be used ? Yes, without doubt, they would say. *Protagoras* also agrees to it.

Since that is so, I would say, answer me, I pray ? Does not an Object appear greater near at hand than at a Distance ? Don't you understand a Voice better when it is near you, than when it is far off ?

Without Contradiction.

If therefore our Happiness consisted always in chusing and doing that which is least, what should we do, and to what should we have Recourse to assure us of Happiness all our Life-time ? Should we have Recourse to the Art of Measuring, or should we content ourselves with Appearances, and with a simple Glance of the Eye ? But we know that the Sight has often deceived us, and that when we have judged by the Eye, we have been often obliged to change our Opinion when the Question to be decided has been which is the greatest ? Whereas the Art of Measuring has always removed those false Appearances, and by making the Truth appear, has set the Mind at Ease, which relied upon this Truth, and has ascertained the Happiness of our Life. What would our Disputants say to that ? Would they say that our Safety depends upon the Art of Measuring, or upon any other Art ?

If our Happiness depended upon the Greatness of Subjects, every Body would measure with all possible Exactness.

Upon the Art of Measuring, without doubt.

And if our Safety should depend upon the Choice of even and odd, every Time that one must chuse the least, and compare the most with the most, or the least with the least, and the one with other, whether they be near or at a Distance, upon what Art would our Safety depend ? Is it not upon the Art of Arithmetick ? or the Art of Measuring, which teacheth us nothing but the

If our Safety should depend upon Numbers, there is nobody but who would learn to cypher.

the Greatness of Things, is no longer the Business in Question; it would be requisite to know the Even and the Odd, and nothing but the Knowledge of Arithmetick can reach us that. Would not our People agree to that?

Affuredly, said *Protagoras*.

* That's well then, my Friends. But since it has appeared to us that our Safety depends upon the good Choice which we should make between Pleasure and Pain, that is to say, between that which in those two Kinds is the greatest or the least, the most numerous or the least, the nearest or the furthest off; Is it not true that the Art of Measuring is the Art of examining the Largeness of Things, and of comparing their different Resemblances?

It can't be otherwise.

Then the Art of Measuring must be † an Art and a Science, they could not disagree to it. We shall examine another Time what that Art is, which at the same Time is an Art and a Science: now that the Art of Measuring is a Science, we agree to it, and that suffices for a Demonstration that we ought to give you, *Protagoras*, and I, upon the Question that you have proposed to us; for at the same Time that you and I have agreed, that there is nothing so strong as Science, and that wherever it is found, it is victorious over Pleasure, and all other Passions, you have contradicted us, in assuring us, that Pleasure is often victorious, and that it triumphs over Man, even when he knows the Poison of it: and as we have not agreed to your Principle, then if you remember it, you have demanded, *Protagoras*, and you, *Socrates*, if that be not to be overcome by Pleasure, tell us then what

* Our Safety depends upon the good Choice between Pleasure and Pain. We are only unhappy because we deceive ourselves in our Choice. Our Misfortunes proceed only from our Ignorance, for nobody desires to be unhappy.

† It is an Art, because there are Rules and a Method; and 'tis a Science, because its Objects are Things necessary and immaterial, and because it makes its Demonstrations by infallible Arguments built upon necessary Principles that are incontestable and certain.

it is, and how do you call that Inclination that carries us away. If we should have answered you upon the Spot that we called it *Ignorance*, you would have laughed at us. Laugh on now, and you will laugh at yourselves. For you have confessed that those who deceive themselves in the Choice of Pleasure and of Pain, that is to say, of Good and Evil, are not deceived, but for want of Knowledge ; and afterwards you further agreed, not only for Want of Knowledge, but for Want of that Science which teacheth to measure. Now every Action wherein one is deceived for Want of Knowledge ; you know very well yourself, that it is an Ignorance, and by Consequence it is a very great Ignorance to be overcome by Pleasure. *Protagoras*, *Prodicus*, and *Hippias*, boast that they can cure this Ignorance, and you because you are persuaded, that this unhappy Inclination is some other thing than Ignorance ; you will not apply yourself, and will not send your Children to those Sophists who are such excellent Masters, as holding it for a certain Truth that Vertue cannot be taught, and you save the Money which you would be obliged to give them. And it is that fine Opinion that causes all the Misfortunes not only of the Republick, but also of particular Persons.

That's what we would answer to those honest People. But I apply myself now to you, *Prodicus* and *Hippias*, and I ask you as well as *Protagoras*, if you think what I just now said be true or false ?

They all agreed that they were very sensible Truths.

You agree then, said I, that Agreeable is that which is called Good, and Disagreeable, that which is called Evil. For as for that Distinction of Names which *Prodicus* would have introduced, I kiss his Hands. In effect, *Prodicus*, call Goodness Agreeable, Delectable, Delicious, Charming ; and invent still more Names if that pleases you, it is alike to me : Answer only to what I ask you.

Prodicus agrees to it, smiling, as do also the others.

Every Action which tends to make us live without Pain is fine, and consequently good and useful.

Then what do you think of this, my Friends, said I, are not all Actions fine which tend to live agreeably, and without Pain? And is not a fine Action at the same Time good and useful?

They agree to it.

If it be true that Agreeable be good, and that it be the Good, then it is not possible that a Man knowing that there are better things than those which he does, and knowing that he can do them, should notwithstanding do the Evil and leave the Good. Therefore to be overcome by Pleasure is nothing else than to be in Ignorance ; and to overcome Pleasures is nothing else than to have Knowledge.

They acquiesced therein.

But, said I to them, what do you call it to be in Ignorance? Is it not to have a false Opinion, and to deceive one's self in Things that are very essential and very important?

Without Contradiction.

It follows then, from this Principle, that no Person runs voluntarily into Evil, nor into that which he takes to be Evil. * And it is not at all in the Nature of Man to run after Evil, as Evil, instead of running after Good. And when one is forced to chuse one of two Evils, you will find nobody who would chuse the greatest, if it were in his Power to take the least.

That seemed to us all to be manifest Truth.

Then, said I, what call you Terror and Fear? speaks *Prodicus*. Is it not the Expectation of an Evil, whether you call it Terror or Fear ;

Protagoras and *Hippias* acquiesced, that Terror and Fear were nothing precisely but that, and *Prodicus* confessed it of Fear, but denied it of Terror. But that is no Matter, my dear *Prodicus*, answered I. The only

* For it is a certain Truth our Will never inclines to any Thing but that which pleaseth it most. And there is nothing but Good, or what it takes for such, that pleases it,

important Point is to know if the Principle which I just now asserted be true. If it be so, all your Distinctions are useless. In effect, who is the Man who would run after that which he fears, when he might go before that which he fears not ? That is impossible by your own Confession ; for from the time that a Man fears a thing, he confesseth that he believes it to be bad : and there is nobody that volutarily seeks after and receives that which is bad.

They agreed to it.

Those Foundations being laid down, *Prodicus* and *Hippias*, said I, *Protagoras* must now justify and prove the Truth of what he at first asserted ; or rather I must grant him Quarter for what he advanced at first, for he said that of the five Parts of Vertue, there is not one that resembles another, and that they had each of them their own Qualities and a different Character. I will not insist upon that, but let him prove what he said afterwards, that of those five Parts there were four which had some Resemblance to each other, and one which was altogether different from the other four, that is to say, Valour.

He added, that I should know this Truth by this evident Mark, that is, said he, *Socrates*, that you shall see Men who are very imperious, unjust, debauched and ignorant, and yet have a heroick Valour ; and you will understand by that, that Valour is extremely different from the other Parts of Vertue.

I confess that at first I was very much surprized at this Answer, and my Surprize hath been greater since I examined the Thing with you. I asked him if he did not call bold and resolute Men, Valiant ? He told me, that he gave that Name to those bold Spirits who run headlong into Danger ; for you remember it very well, *Protagoras*, that was the Answer you made me.

I do remember it, said he.

Tell us then whercin are the Valiant bold, is it in Things that the Timorous undertake ?

No, without doubt.

Is it in others ? In those that the Brave undertake ?

Affuredly.

Assuredly.

Don't Cowards run upon those Things that seem to be safe, and the Valiant upon those that seem to be terrible?

So People say, *Socrates* answered *Protagoras*.

You say true, *Protagoras*; but that's not what I ask you, I would know your Sentiment. Wherein do you say are the Valiant bold? Is it in things that are terrible and that they themselves find so?

Don't you remember, *Socrates*, that you have plainly made it appear already, that that was impossible.

You are in the right, *Protagoras*, I had forgot it. Then it is a Thing demonstrated, that nobody runs upon Things that he finds to be terrible, because it is most certainly an Ignorance to

suffer one's self to be overcome by Passions.

'Tis agreed to.

But on the other Side, both the one and the other, * the Brave and the Coward run upon Things that seem to be safe and without Danger, and by that Means the Cowards undertake the same Things as the Brave.

There is a great Difference, *Socrates*; The Cowards do the quite contrary to what the Brave do; without going further, the one seeks War, and the other flies from it.

But do they find it to be a fine thing to go to War?

Yes, certainly, most fine.

* 'Tis a necessary Consequence of what *Protagoras* just now confessed, that the Brave don't run upon terrible Things because it is an Evil. Then they run upon Things that are safe, and that appear to be without Danger; and by Consequence they do the same Thing as the Cowards, and they tend to the same Mark: That is certain; but here's the Difference between the Cowards and the brave Men, that the brave Men acting always by Knowledge, are never deceived in the Side they chuse; for they certainly know what is terrible, and what is not. Whereas the Cowards acting by Ignorance, and fixing Safety where Danger is, and Danger where Safety is, are always deceived. How many great Truths are cleared by this Principle!

If it be fine, it is also good, for we have agreed that all Actions that are fine are good.

That is most true, said he to me, and I have always been of that Sentiment.

I am very glad of it. But who are those then who will not go to the War which they find to be so fine and so good ?

They are Cowards, said he.

In the mean Time, said I, to go to War is a fine and a good Thing ; is it not also agreeable ?

It is a Sequel of the Principles which we have agreed to.

Do the Cowards refuse to go to that which is finer, better, and more agreeable, although they know it to be what it is ?

They don't know it, then they are in Ignorance.

But, *Socrates*, if we should confess that, then we overthrow all our first Principles.

How say I, do not the Brave run upon all that they think to be the finest, the best, and the most agreeable ?

It can't be denied.

Then it is evident that the Brave have not a shameful Fear when they fear, nor a shameful Assurance when they are firm and assured ?

The Brave fear where one should fear, but not otherwise.

'Tis true.

If they are not shameful, then they are fine and honest ; Is it not so ? And if they be honest, they are good ?

Yes.

And are not the Cowards, tho' rash and furious, quite contrary ? Have they not unworthy Fears and shameful Assurances ?

Cowards and Fools fear unreasonably, and trust after the same Manner.

I confess it.

And from whence come those unworthy Fears and shameful Assurances ? Is it not from Ignorance ?

That is certain.

But,

But, what do you call that which makes Cowards, Cowards ? Do you call it Valour or Cowardise ?

I call it Cowardise, without doubt.

Then the Cowards appear to you to be so, because of their Ignorance of Sensible Things.

Most assuredly.

Then 'tis that Ignorance which makes them Cowards ?

I agree to it.

You have agreed that it is Cowardise that makes Cowards ?

Assuredly.

According to you, Cowardise is the Ignorance of Things that are terrible, and of those that are not ? He made a Signal that he agreed to it. At the same Time Valour is opposite to Cowardise ? He made the same Sign of Approbation.

And consequently the Knowledge of Things that are terrible, and of those that are not in Opposition to the Ignorance of the same Things ? He gave another Sign of his Consent.

Is Ignorance, Cowardise ?

He passed this over with some Difficulty.

And is not the Knowledge of Things that are terrible, and of those that are not, Valour ; seeing it is contrary to the Ignorance of the same Things ?

Oh ! upon that ne'er another Sign, and not one Word.

How, said I, *Protagoras*, will you neither grant me what I demand, nor deny it me ?

Come to an End only, said he.

Then I ask you only one small Question more. I ask you if you still think as you did lately, that there are Men who are very ignorant and yet very brave ?

He has made it appear that that's impossible.

Seeing you are so pressing, said he to me, and that you will oblige me to answer you still, I will do you that Pleasure. I tell you then, *Socrates*, that that which you ask me, seems impossible, according to the Principles that we have established,

I assure you, *Protagoras*, said I to him, that I propose all those Questions to you with no other Design, than to examine narrowly into all the Parts of Vertue, and to know well what Vertue itself is; For I am persuaded that that being well known, we should certainly find what we seek for, and what we have discoursed so much upon, I in saying that Vertue can't be taught, and you in maintaining that it can. And at this close of our Dispute, if I durst presume to personate Vertue, I should say that it mightily upbraids us and laughs at us, in saying to us, you are pleasant Disputants, *Socrates* and *Protagoras*! You, *Socrates*, after having maintain'd that Vertue can't be taught, you are now running to contradict yourself, by endeavouring to make it appear that all is Science, to wit, Justice, Temperance, Valour, &c. which is just going to draw a Conclusion, that Vertue can be taught: For if Knowledge be different from Vertue, as *Protagoras* endeavours to prove it, it is evident that Vertue can't be taught: whereas, if it passes for a Science, as you would have it be acknowledged, * Men will

* That is founded upon this erroneous Opinion which is very common, that every Science can be taught. *Socrates* sensibly proves it to be an Error, seeing by maintaining that Vertue is a Science, he asserts at the same Time, and proves after a most solid Manner that Men cannot teach it. And it is not difficult to see what he aims at: He means that it can be learned of no body but God; for he is the God of Sciences, *Deus Scientiarum*, as he is called in the Holy Scripture; *1 Kings 2. Psal. 119. 66. Psal. 119. 66. Psal. 94. 10.* wherefore *David* says to him, *Lord teach me Knowledge*; and he assureth us, that it is he who teacheth it to Men, *qui docet hominem scientiam*. If that be true of Knowledge, it is also true of Valour, seeing *Socrates* hath already proved, that Valour and Knowledge are but the same Thing. *Plato* was not the first Heathen who had the Idea of those excellent Truths; above three hundred Years before him, *Homer* had said, when he brings in *Agamemnon* speaking to *Achilles*, *If thou be so valiant, from whence comes thy Valour? Is it not God who gave it thee? And almost three hundred Years before Homer, David* had said, *'tis God who teacheth my Hands to War, qui docet manus meas ad præ-*

In the first Book of his II. Psal. 18. 34. and 144. 1.

him.

will never apprehend that it can't be taught. And, *Protagoras*, on the other hand, after having maintained that it can be taught, contradicts himself also, by endeavouring to persuade us that it is some other thing than Knowledge.

But let us leave the Fiction. For my Part, *Protagoras*, I am heartily sorry to see all our Principles so horribly confounded and turned topsy-turvy ; and I could passionately wish that we could disintangle, and explain

We ought to follow *Prometheus*, and not *Epimetheus* ; that is to say, to govern themselves by the spirit of God, and not by that of the World, which is quite contrary to God.

them ; that after having searched thro' all the Parts of Vertue, we might plainly shew what it is in itself, and that putting our chief Question at last to a Hearing again, we might examine if Vertue could be taught or not, to the End, we might know what to stand by : For I am very much afraid that your *Epimetheus* has deceived us in our Examination, as you say he deceived, and forgot us in the Distribution he made. I will also tell you frankly, that in your Fable, *Prometheus*, has pleased me much better than that Lover of Confusion *Epimetheus* ; and 'tis by following his Example that I take all Care and Precaution to frame my whole Life well, imploying myself solely in those Injuries, and if you would, as I told you just now, I would most willingly dive into the Bottom of all those Matters with you.

Socrates, said *Protagoras* to me, I extremely commend your good Intentions, and your Way of treating upon Subjects. I can boast that I have no Vice, but above all, that I am furthest from that of Envy ;

Hum. But one will say, why does not *Socrates* explain his Meaning ? 'Tis because a Philosopher ought to fix what Vertue is, before he explains from whence it comes, and who are the Masters that teach it ; for Vertue being known, its Author is also consequently known, and the Proof is made.

no Man in the World is less inclined to it than myself : And as for you, I have often said, that you are the only Person of all those I converse with, whom I admire the most, and that there is none of all those of your Age, but who I think are infinitely below you ; and I add, that I shall not in the least be surprized that you be seen one Day among the Number of those great Persons who have rendered themselves famous by their Wisdom. But we shall speak another Time of those Matters, and it shall be when you please. At present, I am obliged to go Home about some other Business.

We must then, *Protagoras*, said I to him, put off the Dispute till another Time, seeing you will have it so ; besides, I should have been gone a great while ago, where I am expected ; but I tarried to oblige handsome *Callias*, who deserved it of me. That being said, every one retired whither his Affairs called him.





T H E
A R G U M E N T
O F T H E
R I V A L S.



H I S Dialogue is only a Recital of a Conference which *Plato* feigns that *Socrates* had with some young People in the School of a Grammarian ; or perhaps that *Plato* has preserved it for us, such as *Socrates* actually had it, and such as he related it to his Disciples. Its intitled, T H E R I V A L S ; for the Ancients quote it by this Name : It is Moral, and treats of Philosophy. *Socrates* disputes here against two Errors which run in the Heads of the young People of his time : Some misunderstanding a Passage of *Solon*, fancied that Philosophy consisted in knowing all the Sciences. And others believed that to deserve the

ἀντιλογίας,
and not
ἰσχυρίας.

the Name of Philosopher, it was sufficient to have a little Smack of Sciences and Arts, that they might be able to discourse of them with Masters, and to acquire the Reputation of an universal Man who could judge of every Thing. *Socrates* argues very solidly against those two Principles. He overthrows the last, in making it appear that there is nothing more ridiculous than to fancy the Philosopher to be a superficial Man, inferior in all to Masters in each Science, and consequently fit for none. And he refutes the first, by insinuating that as too much Food hurts the Body, so too great a Heap of Sciences and Knowledge hurts the Soul; whose Health, like that of the Body, proceeds from a just Measure of the Food that is given it. The most skilful is not always he who knows most, but he who knows well the Things that are necessary. Which puts me in Mind of a fine Saying of one of the most learned Men of this Age, and whose Works are known to every Body: He said,
That he should have been as ignorant as many others, if he had read as much as they.

Mr. le Fevre.

There are Millions of Things useless to lead us to true Philosophy, and which instead of advancing us, put us behind. Philosophy is something greater than Arts, and more admirable than that which is commonly called the Sciences; for it is nothing else but the Knowledge of Things Divine and Human, which disposeth us to submit to the first, and to guide and govern others by the Rules of Prudence and Justice; insomuch that we may be useful to our Neighbours and to ourselves, in opposing Vice, and making Vertue to grow and to flourish. 'Tis by this that one Friend gives good Advice to another; by this a Magistrate does Justice well; by this the Master of a Family governs his House; and, in a word, by this a King governs his People: These are the Truths that *Socrates* teaches in this short Conversation which is very valuable. One would say, that he

he is *Solomon's* Disciple, and that he had heard what Wisdom spoke from his Mouth: *To me belong Counsel, Equity, Prudence, and Strength; 'tis by me that Kings reign, and that Law-givers establish Laws; 'tis by me that Princes command, and that the Powers of the Earth decree Justice.*

Another very important Truth which *Socrates* also teacheth here, is, that the most Learned are not always those who are the best disposed to true Wisdom. The most Ignorant is frequently nearer to it, than he who has grown old in Books, and who has seen and read all. We have Instances of it every Day.





THE R I V A L S.



SOCRATES. I went t'other Day into the School of *Denis*, who teacheth Learning. I found there some of the handiomeſt young People, and of the beſt Families of the City, with their Lovers. I there obſerved above all, two of them who were diſputing together, but I could

not underſtand the Subject of their Diſpute ; it ſeemed to me to be upon ſome Points of the Doctrines of *Anaxagoras* or *Oenopidas*, for they were drawing of Circles, and quite ſtooping ; they were imitating certain Turnings and Motions of the Heavens with a wonderful Attention. Curious to know what it was, I addreſſed myſelf to a young Man who ſat by me ; and it happened that he was the Lover of one of thoſe who were diſputing together. I aſked him then, jogging him a little with my Elbow, what occaſions this great Attention ? Is the Subject of the Diſcourſe ſo great and ſo fine, as to require ſuch a ſerious Application ?

Socrates always obſerves the Corruption that reigned at *Athens*.

Good, answered he, ſo great and ſo fine ! they are prating of heavenly Things, and they do nothing but ſpeak Folly with all their Philoſophy.

Surprized

Surprized at the Answer, How, said I, my Friend, do you think it is Folly to be a Philosopher? How comes it that you speak so harshly? Another young Man that was seated by him, who was his Rival, and had heard my Question, said to me, In Truth, *Socrates*, you will not find your Account in applying yourself to that Man; and in asking him if he believes Philosophy to be Folly: don't you know that he has spent all his Life in eating, sleeping, and in bodily Exercises? Can you expect any other Answer from him, unless it were, that there is nothing more shameful nor more foolish than Philosophy? He who spoke to me thus, had always apply'd himself to Sciences; whereas the other whom he treated so ill, apply'd himself wholly to Exercises.

I thought it convenient to let alone that Champion who had neglected the Mind, only to exercise the Body, and to keep to his Rival, who pretended to be more able. And that I might the better draw from him what I desired, I said, what I asked at first, I asked it of you both in common. And if you think you are more able to answer me, than he, I apply myself only to you. Answer me, do you think that it is a fine Thing to be a Philosopher? Or do you believe the contrary? The two Disputants, who had heard us, gave over their Dispute, and drawing nearer, they resolve to hear us with a deep Silence. I know not what Influence this Approach had on our two Rivals; for my Part I was surprized at it, for it is usual to me, I cannot see handsome young People * without admiring them.

He to whom I spoke did not seem to be less touched than myself; however, he did not fail to answer me with some Sort of Assurance and Self-love: For my Part, *Socrates*, if I thought it was a Shame to be a Philosopher,

* It was an Admiration that produced in him the Desire of being able to contribute to the making of them as vertuous as they were handsome. See what *Maximus de Tyr.* has said on this Passage.

I should not believe myself to be a Man: And whoever has that Thought, I have altogether as bad an Opinion of him. By that he hit his Rival home; therefore he raised his Voice that he might be understood by him whom he loved.

Then 'tis a fine thing, answered I, to be a Philosopher! Yes assuredly, said he. But, answered I, do you think it possible for one to decide whether a Thing be fine or ugly, unless he knows it before? Do you know what it is to be a Philosopher? Without doubt, said he, I know it. Then I asked him, what is it?

'Tis nothing else answered he, than what *Solon* said: *In making myself old, I learn an Infinity of Things.* For, methinks, that he who would be a Philosopher ought to learn something every Day of his Life, both in his Youth and in his old Age, to the End, that he may know all that can be known.

At first, methought, he spoke something. But after having paused a little upon it, I asked him if he held that Philosophy was nothing else but a Polymathy, that is to say, a Heap or a confused Mass of all the Sciences? He told me, it was nothing but that. But, said I, do you think that Philosophy is only a fine Thing, or do you believe it also a good Thing? I believe it to be very good, answered he. Do you think that is particular to Philosophy, continued I, or do you find the same Thing in others? For Example, do you think the Love of Exercises is as good as it is fine, or are you of Opinion that it is neither fine nor good. In my Opinion, answered he, jesting merrily, for you, that Love is very fine and very good; but as for him, speaking of his Rival, it is neither the one nor the other. And do you believe, said I, that the Love of Exercises consists in having a Mind to do all Exercises? Without doubt, said he; as the Love of Wisdom, that is to say, Philosophy, consists in having a Mind to know all things. But, I asked him, Do you think that those who apply themselves to Exercises have any other Aim than that of the Health of their Body? No, without doubt, said he, they

they propose to themselves no other End. And consequently, said I, is it not the great Number of Exercises that makes People enjoy their Healths ?

Would it be possible, answered he, that one could be in good Health by applying himself only to a few Exercises ?

Upon that I thought fit to stir up my Champion a little, that he might come to my Assistance with the Experience he had in Exercises : Then directing my Discourse to him, why are you silent, said I, my Dear, when you hear your Rival speak of your Art ? Do you also believe as he, that 'tis the great Number of Exercises that causeth Health ? Or, on the other Hand, do you think that it is to use such of them as you shall think fit, and neither to exercise yourself too much nor too little ?

For my Part, *Socrates*, he answered me, I am still persuaded, as I have always been, that there is nothing more true than what the common Proverb says, that moderate Exercises cause a good Health : Is not that a fine Proof of it ? That poor Man with his Application to Study, and his Desire to know every Thing, see how he is : He has lost his Appetite, and does not sleep : He is as stiff as a Stake, and as dry as a Match.

At these Words the two young Men fell a laughing, and the Philosopher blushed.

Seeing his Confusion, I turned towards him, What do you pretend to then, said I ? Don't you confess now that 'tis neither the great nor the small Number of Exercises that cause Health ; but moderate Exercises, and to keep directly in the mid-Way ? Will you resist too ?

If I had to do with him only, said he, I would make my Part good, and I find myself strong enough to prove to him what I have advanced, even though it should be far less probable ; he's so far from being a dangerous Enemy. But with you, *Socrates*, I will not dispute against my Opinion. I confess then, that it is not the great Number of Exercises, but moderate Exercises, that cause Health.

Is it not the same with Food, said I ? He agreed to it, and I made him confess the same, as to all other Things

things that relate to the Body, that it was the just Middle that was useful, and in no wise the too much, nor the too little. And as to what relates to the Soul, said I afterwards, is it the Quantity of Food that is given it which is useful, or is it only a just Measure?

'Tis the just Measure, said he to me.

But, continued I, are not Sciences of the Number of those Foods of the Soul? He acknowledged it. And consequently, said I to him, It is not the great Number of Sciences that nourish the Soul well, but the just Measure, which is equally distant from too much and too little?

He acquiesced in it.

To whom then should we reasonably address ourselves, continued I, to know exactly what is that just Measure of Food and Exercises that is useful for the Body? We all there agreed that it must be to a Physician, or to a Master of Exercises. And as to sowing of Seed, to whom should we apply ourselves to know that just Measure? To a Husbandman without doubt. And as to other Sciences, I add, whom shall we consult to know the just Medium that must be kept in sowing or planting them in the Soul? Upon that we found ourselves all three equally full of Doubts and Uncertainties. Seeing we cannot overcome this Difficulty, I told them smiling, shall we call those two handsome young Youths to our assistance, or shall we be ashamed to call them, * as Homer says of *Penelope's* Lovers, who not being able to bend the Bow, would not have it that any other could do?

When I saw that they despaired of finding what we sought after, I took another Method. What Sciences, said I, shall we fix upon that a Philosopher ought to

* In the 21 Book of the *Odysse*. v. 285. the Lovers of *Penelope* only testify the fear they were in that the Beggar, who was not yet known to be *Ulysses*, should bend the Bow, whereof *Penelope* was to have the Reward.

learn? For we have agreed that he ought not to learn them all, nor even the greatest Part.

The learned Man, answering, said they ought to be the finest, the most agreeable, and those that could do him the greatest Honour; and that nothing could do him more Honour than to seem to understand all the Arts, or at least the most considerable; and that thus a Philosopher ought to learn all the Arts that were worthy of an honest Man's Knowledge, as well those that depend upon the Understanding, as those that depend upon Handy-work.

You mean, continued I, for Example, the Joiners Trade: One may have a very able Joiner for five or six Marks. That's a Trade that depends

For 15 or 20
Pistoles.

upon Handy-work. And the Art of Architecture depends on the Understanding.

But you can't have an Architect for ten thousand Drachms; for there are very few among the *Greeks*. Are not those the sorts

For 100 Crowns.
Architects scarce
in Greece in So-
crates's Time.

of Arts you mean? When he had answered me yes; I asked him, if he did not think it impossible that a Man could

learn two Arts perfectly, and much more to learn a great Number, and those also the most difficult?

Upon that, he answered me, don't you understand me, *Socrates*? 'Tis not my Meaning that a Philosopher should know those Arts as perfectly as the Masters, who practise them: it is sufficient that he knows them like a Gentleman, so as he may understand what those Masters say better than the Vulgar Sort of Men; and also be able to give his Opinion, to the end that he may make it appear, that he has a very fine and delicate Taste of all that is said or done in Relation to those Arts.

And I, still doubting what his Meaning was, said, see, I pray you, if I apprehend your Idea of a Philosopher; you pretend that a Philosopher should be the same with the Tradesman, * as a Pentathle or Cham-

* This Passage is extraordinary fine, and furnished *Longinus* with the Idea of the Comparison he made of *Demosthenes* with *Hippias*, and which I have explained in the Remarks upon that Rhetorician, Chap. 28. p. 173.

pion, who does five Sorts of Exercifes in the Academy with the Runner or the Wreftler ; for he is overcome by all thofe Champions in the Exercifes that are proper to each, and holds but the fecond Rank after them ; whereas he is above all the other Champions who enter the Lift againft him. Perhaps that's the Effect which you pretend Philosophy produces upon thofe who follow it ; they are truly below Mafters in the Knowledge of every Art, but they are alfo fuperior to all other Men who pretend to judge of them. Infomuch, that according to you, we muft conceive a Philofopher, as a Man who in every Thing is below the Mafters that profefeth it. That I believe, is the Idea that you would give of a Philofopher.

Very well, *Socrates*, faid he to me, you have admirably well comprehended my Meaning, and there is nothing more juft than your Comparifon ; for the Philofopher is truly a Man who does not keep to one Thing only, like a Slave, fo as to neglect all others, as the Tradefmen do, in order to carry it to the laft Perfection : But he applies himfelf indifferently to all.

After this Answer, as if I ftill defired to know his Meaning more clearly, I asked him if he believed that able Men were ufeful or ufelefs.

I believe them to be very ufeful, *Socrates*, answered he.

If the able are very ufeful, replied I, the unable are very ufelefs.

He agreed to that.

But, faid I, are the Philofophers ufeful or not ?

They are not only ufeful, answered he, but alfo very ufeful.

Let us fee then, reply'd I, if you fay true, and let us examine how it can be that thofe Philofophers, who hold only the fecond Rank in any thing whatfoever, fhould be fo ufeful ; for by what you juft now faid, it is clear as the Day, that the Philofopher is inferior to Tradefmen in all the Arts which they profefs.

He agrees to it.

Oh ! said I, let's see, if you or any of your Friends for whom you had a great Love were sick ; tell me, I pray you, would you call a Philosopher, that inferior Man, or would you send for a Physician to recover your Health, or that of your Friend ?

For my Part, I would send for both, answered he.

Ah ! don't tell me that, answered I, you must chuse which of them you would rather call.

If you take it that Way, said he, I think there is nobody would hesitate, but would much rather call a Physician.

And if you were in the middle of the Sea, tossed with a furious Tempest, to whom would you abandon the Conduct of your Ship, to the Philosopher, or to the Pilot ?

To the Pilot, without doubt, said he.

Thus then both in Storm and in Sicknefs, and in all other Things, while the Artist or the Master of every one of those Things is present, is not the Philosopher very uselefs ? Would he not be as it were, a dumb Person ?

So methinks, answered he.

And consequently, replied I, the Philosopher is a very uselefs Man : For we have Artists in every thing, and we have agreed that the able are only useful, and that others are not. He was obliged to agree to it. Shall I presume to ask you some other Things, said I to him, and will not you look upon it as clownish and Rustick to ask you so many Questions ?

Ask me what you think fit, said he.

I want nothing more than that we should agree again on what we have said. Methinks, we have agreed on one Side, that Philosophy is a fine Thing ; that there are Philosophers ; that Philosophers are able Men ; that able Men are useful ; and that unable Men are uselefs ; and on the other hand, we have agreed that Philosophers are uselefs, when we have People by that are Masters of every Profession, and there are always some. Is not that what we have agreed to ?

'Tis so, answered he.

And

And consequently, say I, seeing Philosophy, according to you, is only the Knowledge of all Arts, while Arts shall flourish among Men, the Philosophers will not have any Lustre among them; on the other hand, they will be altogether useless. But, believe me, the Philosophers are not what we have fancied to ourselves; and to be a Philosopher is not to meddle with all Arts, and to spend his Life in all Shops stooping and working like a Slave. Neither is it to learn many Things. Upon my Word, 'tis something more sublime and more noble. For that Application is shameful, and those who take it upon them are only called Mechanicks and mean Tradesmen. The better to see, if I speak true, answer me further, I pray you, who are those that can break a Horse well? Are not they such as can make him better?

Yes.

And is it not the same of Dogs?

Yes.

Thus one and the same Art breaks them and makes them better?

Yes.

But that Art which breaks them, and makes them better, is it the same by which one knows those that are bad? Or is it another?

No, said he, 'tis the same.

Will you say the same Thing of Men, replied I? The Art which makes them better, is it the same with that which reclaims them, and which knows those who are good, and those who are bad?

'Tis the same, said he.

Does the Art which judges of many, judge also of one, and that which judges of one, does it also judge of many?

Yes.

Is it the same, said I, of Horses, and of all other Animals? He agrees to it. But say I, how do you call the Science or Art which chastises and reclaims the wicked Rake-hells that are in the Cities, and who violate the Laws? Is it not Judicature? And is not this Art or Judicature, that which you call Justice?

Without

Without doubt, answered he.

Thus said I to him, that Art which serves the Judges to correct the Wicked, serves also to make them know who are wicked and who are good ?

Affuredly.

And the Judge who knows one of them, may also know more ; and he who can't know many of them, can't know one ? Is it not so ?

I confessed it, said he.

Is it not also true, said I, that a Horse which knows not the other Horses that are good or bad, do's not know what he is himself ? I say as much of all other Animals.

He agreed to it.

Why then, added I, a Man who knows not Men, if they be good or bad, is he not also ignorant what he is himself, tho' he be a Man ?

That's most true, said he.

Not to know one's self, is it to be wise, or to be a Fool ?

• To be a Fool.

And consequently, continued I, to know one's self is to be wise. Thus the Precept that is wrote upon the

Gate of the Temple of *Delphos*, exhorts
Know thyself. us to apply ourselves to Wisdom and Justice. It is the same Art that teacheth us to chastise and punish the Wicked ; by the Rules of Wisdom we know how to know them, and to know ourselves also.

That seems to me to be very true, said he.

And consequently, say I, Justice and Wisdom are but the same Thing. And that which makes Cities well governed and peopled, is the Punishment of the Wicked. Is not that the Occasion of good Government ?

He agreed to it.

When a Man, say I, governs a City or State well, what Name is given to that Man ? Is he not called King ? Without doubt.

Then he governs by the Royal Art, by the Art of Kings :

Kings ; and is not that Art the same with those we just now spoke of ?

So methinks.

When a private Man governs his House well, what Name is given to him ? Is he not called a good Steward, or good Master ?

Yes.

By what Art does he govern his House so well ? Is it not by the Art of Justice ?

Certainly.

Then methinks that King, Politician, Steward, Master, Just, and Wise, are but one and the same Thing ; and that Loyalty, Policy, Oeconomy, Wisdom and Justice, are but one and the same Art ?

He agreed with me.

What then, continued I, shall a Philosopher be ashamed when a Physician shall speak before him of Dis-temper, or some other shall speak of his Art ; I say, shall he be ashamed that he does not understand what they say, and that he can't give his Advice ? and when a King, a Magistrate, a Politician, an Oeconomist, shall speak of their Art, he should not be ashamed that he can't understand them, or say any Thing of his own Head.

How should it not be much more shameful, *Socrates*, said he to me, not to be able to say any Thing upon so great and so important Things ?

But, continued I, shall we fix it, that upon these same things the Philosopher should be as the Pentathle, whom we just now spoke of, that is to say, always below the Masters, and that he is but of the second Rank, so that he will always be useless when those Masters are present ? Or shall we rather say, that he ought to be Master himself, that he may not be of the second Rank, and may not give his House to the Conduct of another, but that he may manage it himself in the Rules of Wisdom and Justice, if he would have it well governed, and that it should prosper ?

He agreeth with me.

In fine, said I to him, if his Friends should abandon themselves to his Conduct, or his City call him to the Office

Office of the Magistracy, or should order him to be Arbitrator upon publick or private Affairs, would it not be a Shame for him to be only of the second or third Rank, instead of being the Head?

So methinks, said he.

Then, my dear, Philosophy wants much of being a Love of all Sciences, or an Application to all Arts. At these Words the learned Man being confounded, knew not what to answer, and the illiterate Man assured me that I was in the right. All the rest likewise submitted to those Proofs.

F I N I S.



